SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII NOVEMBER, 1910 NO. 5

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I.—THE LAND OF THE BUFFALO

INTRODUCTION

WHAT young man of our race would not gladly give a year of his life to roll backward the scroll of time for five decades, and live that year in the romantic by-gone days of the Wild West; to see the great Missouri while the buffalo pastured on its banks, while big game teemed in sight and the red man roamed and hunted, unchecked by fence or hint of white man's rule; or, when that rule was represented only by scattered trading-posts, hundreds of miles apart, and at best the traders could exchange the news by horse or canoe, and months of lonely travel?

I, for one, would have rejoiced in tenfold payment for the privilege of this backward look in our age, and had reached middle life before I realized that, at a much less heavy cost, the miracle was possible to-day.

For the uncivilized Indian still roams the far reaches of absolutely unchanged, unbroken forest and prairie leagues, and has knowledge of white men only in bartering furs at the scattered trading-posts where locomotive and telegraph are unknown; still the wild buffalo elude the hunters, fight the wolves, wallow, wander, and breed; and still there is hoofed game by the million to be found where the Saxon is as seldom seen as on the Missouri in the times of Lewis and Clarke. *Only* we must seek it all, not in the West, but in the far Northwest; and for "Missouri and Mississippi" read "Peace and Mackenzie Rivers," those noble streams that northward roll their mile-wide turbid floods a thousand leagues to the silent Arctic Sea.

This was the thought which spurred me to a six months' journey by canoe. And I found what I went in search of, but found, also, abundant and better rewards that were not in mind, even as Saul, the son of Kish, went seeking asses, and found for himself a crown and a great kingdom.

I.—DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH

IN 1907 I set out to journey by canoe down the Athabaska and adjoining waters to the sole remaining forest wilds—the far north-west of Canada—and the yet more desert Arctic Plains, where still, it was said, were to be seen the caribou in their primitive condition.

My only companion was Edward A. Preble, of Washington, D. C., a trained naturalist, an expert canoist and traveller, and a man of four seasons' experience in the Hudson Bay region and the Mackenzie Valley.

All travellers who had preceded me into the Barren Ground had relied on the abundant game, and in consequence suffered dreadful hardships, in some cases starved to death. I proposed to rely on no game, but to take plenty of groceries, the best I could buy in Winnipeg, which means the

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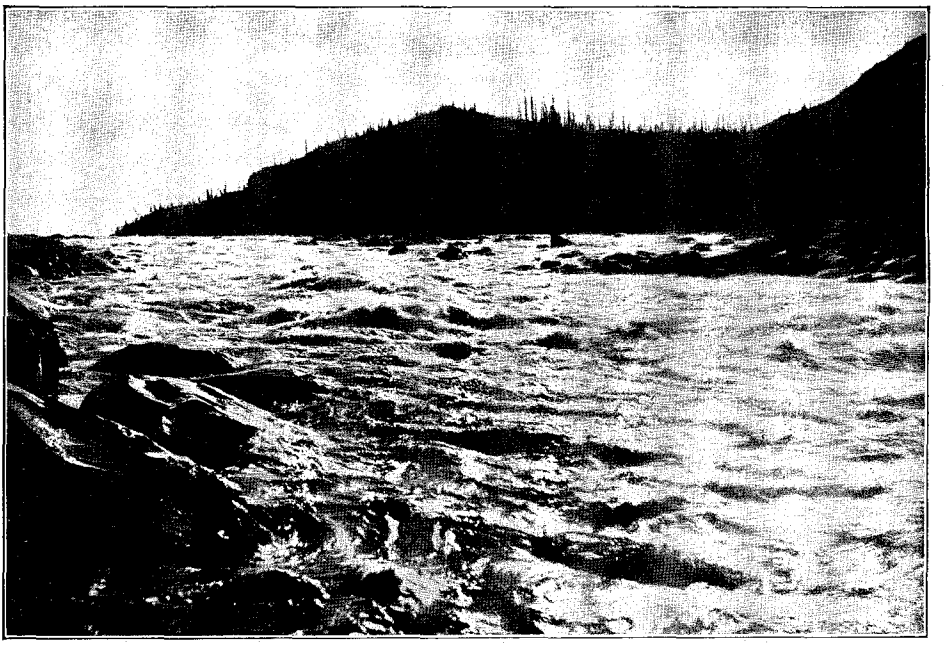
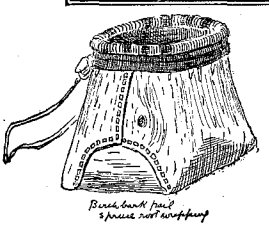


Grand Rapids, Athabaska River.



best in the world; and as will be seen later, the game, because I was not relying on it, walked into camp every day.

But one canoe could not carry all these provisions, so most of it I shipped on the Hudson's Bay Company scows, taking with us in the canoe food for not more than a week, which with camp outfit was just enough for ballast.

II.—DOWN THE NOISY RIVER WITH THE VOYAGEURS

At Athabaska Landing, on May 18, 1907, 10.15 A.M., we boarded the superb Peterborough canoe that I had christened the *Ann Seton*. The Athabaska River was aflood and clear of ice; thirteen scows of freight, with sixty half-breeds and Indians to man them, left at the same time, and in spite of a strong head wind we drifted northward fully three and a half miles an hour.

The men of mixed blood jabbered in French, Cree, and Chipewyan chiefly, but when they wanted to swear, they felt the inadequacy of these mellifluous or lisping tongues, and fell back on virile Saxon, whose tang, projectivity, and wealth of vile epithet evidently supplied a long-felt want in the Great Lone Land of the dog and canoe.

On the second night we reached the Indian village of Pelican Portage and landed by climbing over huge blocks of ice that were stranded along the shore. The adult male inhabitants came down to our camp, so that the village was deserted, except for the children and a few women. As I walked down the crooked trail along which straggled the cabins I saw something white in a tree at the far end. Supposing it to be a white rabbit in a snare I went near and found, to my surprise, first, that it was a dead house-cat, a rare species here; second, under it, eying it and me alternately, was a hungry-looking lynx. I had a camera, but it was near sundown and in the woods, so I went back to the boat and returned with a gun. There was the lynx still prowling, but now farther from the village. I do not believe he would have harmed the children, but a lynx is game. I fired, and he fell without a quiver or a sound. This was the first time I had used a gun in many years, and it was the only time on the trip. I felt rather guilty, but the carcass was a godsend to two old Indians who were sickening on a long

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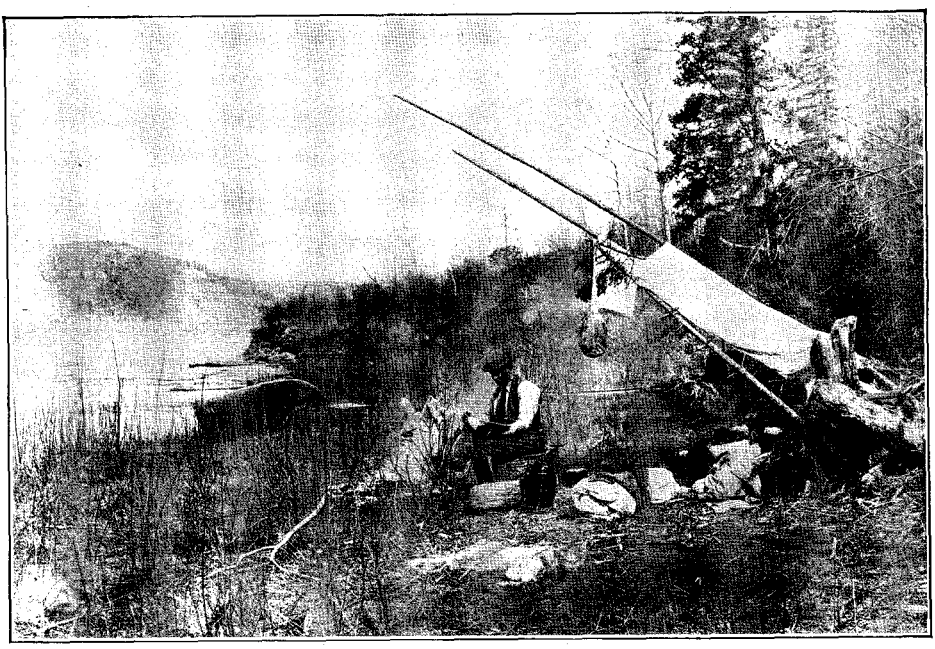
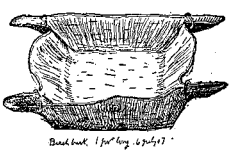


Our camp above Grand Rapids, Athabaska River.

diet of salt pork, and that lynx furnished them tender meat for three days afterward, while its skin and skull went to the American Museum.

Being the organizer, equipper, geographer, artist, head, and tail of the expedition, I was, perforce, also its doctor. Equipped with a 'pill-kit,' an abundance of blisters and bandages, and some 'potent purgatives,' I had prepared myself to render first and last aid to the hurt in my own party. In taking instructions from our family physician I had learned the value of a profound air of great gravity, a noble reticence, and a total absence of doubt, when I did speak. I compressed his creed into a single phrase: In case of doubt look wise and work at his 'bowels.' This simple equipment quickly gave me a surprisingly high standing among the men. I was a medicine-man of repute, and soon had a larger practice than I desired, as it was entirely gratuitous.

Several colds and sprains were successfully treated and then another cure on a much larger scale was added to my list. An Indian had "the bones of his foot broken," crushed by a heavy weight, and was badly crippled. He came leaning on a friend's shoulder. His foot was blackened and much swollen, but I soon satisfied myself that no bones were broken, because he could wriggle all the toes and move the foot in any direction.



"You'll be better in three days, and all right in a week," I said with calm assurance. Then I began with massage. It seemed necessary in the Indian environment to hum some tune, and I found that the "Koochy Koochy" lent itself best to the motion, so it became my medicine song.

With many "Koochy-Koochy"-ings and much ice-cold water he was nearly cured in three days and sound again in a week. But in the north, folk have a habit (not found elsewhere) of improving the incident. Before long it was known everywhere that the Indian's *leg was broken*, and that I had set and healed it in three days. In a year or two, I doubt not, it will be his neck that was broken, not in one, but in several places.

III.—DOWN THE SILENT RIVER

I HAD made several unsuccessful attempts to get an experienced native boatman to go northward with me. All seemed to fear the intended plunge into the unknown. So

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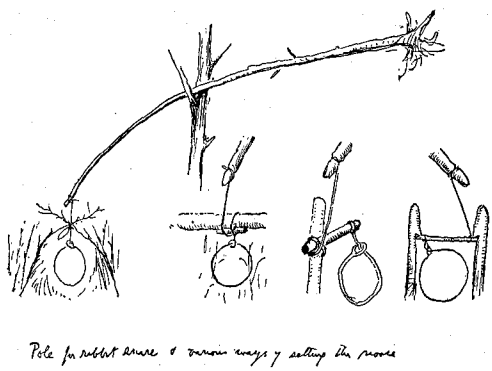
I was agreeably surprised when a sturdy young fellow, of Scottish and Cree parentage, came and volunteered for the trip. A few inquiries proved him to be of good reputation as a river-man and worker, so William C. Loutit was added to my expedition and served me faithfully throughout.

I found out later that Billy was a famous traveller and had made several record journeys on foot and, much more important, he was a first-class cook.

That night we camped far down the river and on the side opposite the fort, for experience soon teaches one to give the dogs no chance of entering camp on marauding expeditions while you sleep. About ten, as I was beginning to doze, Preble put his head in and said, "Come out here if you want a new sensation."

In a moment I was standing with him under the tall spruce trees, looking over the river to the dark forest a quarter mile away, and listening intently to a new and wonderful sound. Like the slow tolling of a soft but high-pitched bell it came. *Ting, ting ting, ting*, and on rising and falling with the breeze, but still keeping on about two "*tings*" to the second, and on, dulling as with distance, but rising again and again.



Pole for rabbit snare & various ways of setting the snare

From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

It was unlike anything I had ever heard, but Preble knew it of old. "That," says he, "is the love-song of the Richardson owl. *She* is sitting demurely in some spruce top, while he sails around, singing on the wing, and when the sound seems distant, he is on the far side of the tree."

Ting, ting ting, ting, it went on and on, this soft belling of his love, this amorous music of our northern bell bird.

Ting, ting ting, ting ting, ting ting, TING TING, TING TING, TING, oh, how could any lady owl resist such strains? and on, with its *ting, ting ting, ting ting*, TING TING, TING, the whole night air was vibrant. Then, as though by plan, a different note was heard, the deep booming "*Oho—oh—who—oh who hoo*" of the great horned owl, singing a most appropriate bass.

But the little owl went on and on; five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes at last had elapsed before I turned in again and left him; more than once that night I awoke to hear his tinging serenade upon the consecrated air of the piney woods.

Yet Preble says this one was an indifferent performer. On the Mackenzie he has heard far better singers of the kind; some that introduce many variations of the pitch and modulation. I thought it one of the most charming bird-voices I had ever heard—and felt that this is one of the things that make the journey worth the while.

IV.—OUT WITH SOUSI BEAULIEU

A PATROL of mounted police, under Major Jarvis, was travelling north with the Hudson's Bay Company boats. The genial major was an old school friend, and we united our forces for a time.

Among other matters he had to report on the number of buffalo still existing in the region. I gladly accepted an invitation to join him in an expedition to seek light.

Our first difficulty was, of course, to get a guide. It was quite clear that the natives did not wish us to go in there, and they exerted themselves to discover or manufacture difficulties.

There were four who hunted that country—Sousi, Kiya, Kerma, and Pierre Squirrel.

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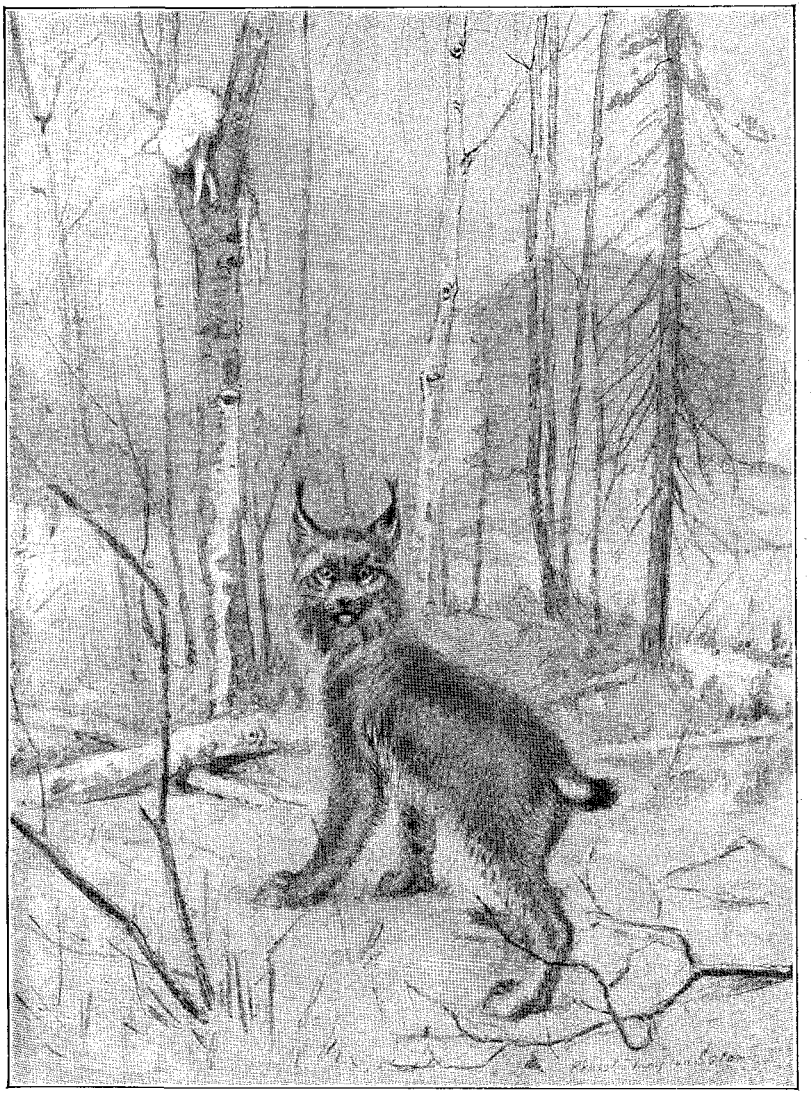

I found it was a dead house-cat; . . . under it was a hungry-looking lynx.—Page 514.

After many conferences we persuaded Sousi to act as guide, and the three of us, Jarvis, Sousi, and myself, set out from Fort Smith on a buffalo hunt, about 3 P.M., June 13, 1907, all mounted, and the native leading a pack-horse with provisions.

And now we had a chance to study our guide. A man's real history begins, of course, about twenty years before he is born. In the middle of the last century was a notorious old border outlaw named François Beaulieu, a cold-blooded ruffian of the worst type. Montreal was too slow for him, so he invaded the north-west, with a chosen crew of congenial pirates. His history is one of cowardly crime. He had a wife in every village, and it is said was actually married to eight at the same time.

His alleged offspring are everywhere in the country, and most travellers, on their return from this region, sound a note of warning: "Look out for any one of the name of Beaulieu. He is sure to be a mean, treacherous coward; there hath never yet been found a speck of good in the breed." And now we had committed ourselves and our fortunes into the hands of

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Beaulieu's second, or twenty-second, son, I could not make sure which. He is a typical half-breed of medium height, thin, swarthy, and very active, although he must be far past sixty. Just how far is not known, whether he is fifty-nine, sixty-nine, or seventy-nine; he himself seemed uncertain, but he knows there is a nine in it. The women of Smith's Landing say fifty-nine; the men say seventy-nine or eighty-nine.

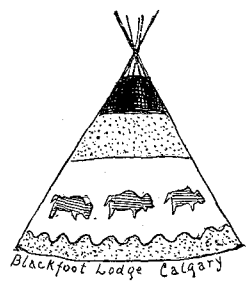
He is clad in the cast-off garments of a white tramp, except for his beaded moccasins. However sordid these people may be in other parts of their attire, I note that they always have some redeeming touch of color and beauty about the moccasins which cover their truly shapely feet. Sousi's rifle, a Winchester, also was clad in a native mode. An embroidered cover of moose leather protected it night and day, except when actually in use; of his weapons he took most scrupulous care.

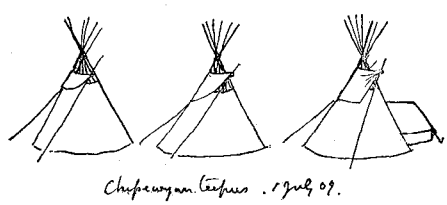
Unlike the founder of the family, Sousi has no children of his own. But he has reared a dozen waifs under prompting of his own kind heart. He is quite a character—does not drink or smoke, and I never heard him swear. This is not because he does not know how, for he is conversant with the vigor of all the five languages of the country, and the garment of his thought is like Joseph's coat. Ethnologically speaking, its breadth and substance is French, but it bears patches of English, with flowers and frills, stropes and classical allusions of Cree and Chipewyan, the last being the language of his present home circle.

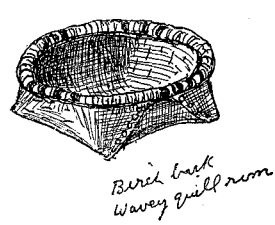
There was one more peculiarity of our guide that struck me forcibly—he was forever considering his horse. Whenever the trail was very bad, and half of it was, Sousi dismounted and walked, the horse usually following freely, for the pair were close friends.

This, then, was the dark villain against whom we had been warned. How he lived up to his reputation will be seen later.

After four hours' march through a level, swampy country we came to Salt River, a clear, beautiful stream, but of weak brine. Here we camped for the night.







From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

V.—THE BUFFALO HUNT

As we rode along next day, Sousi prattled cheerfully in his various tongues. But all his steady flow of conversation abruptly ended when, about 2 P.M., we came suddenly on some buffalo tracks, days old, but still buffalo tracks. All at once and completely he was the hunter. He leaped from his horse and led away like a hound.

Ere long (of course) the trail was crossed by two fresher ones; then we found some dry wallows, and several very fresh tracks. We tied up the horses in a deep hollow and set about an elaborate hunt. Jarvis minded the stock, I set out with Sousi, after he had tried the wind by tossing up some grass. But he stopped, drew a finger-nail sharply across my canvas coat, so that it gave a little shriek, and said, "Va pas," which is "Cela ne va pas"; reduced to its bony framework. I doffed the offending coat, and we went forward as shown on the map (page 525). The horses were left at A, the wind was east. First we circled a little to eastward, tossing grass at intervals, but finding plenty of new sign went northerly and westward, till most of the new sign was east of us. Sousi then led for C, telling me to step in his tracks and make no noise. I did so for long, but at length a stick cracked under my foot; he turned and looked reproachfully at me. Then a stick cracked under his

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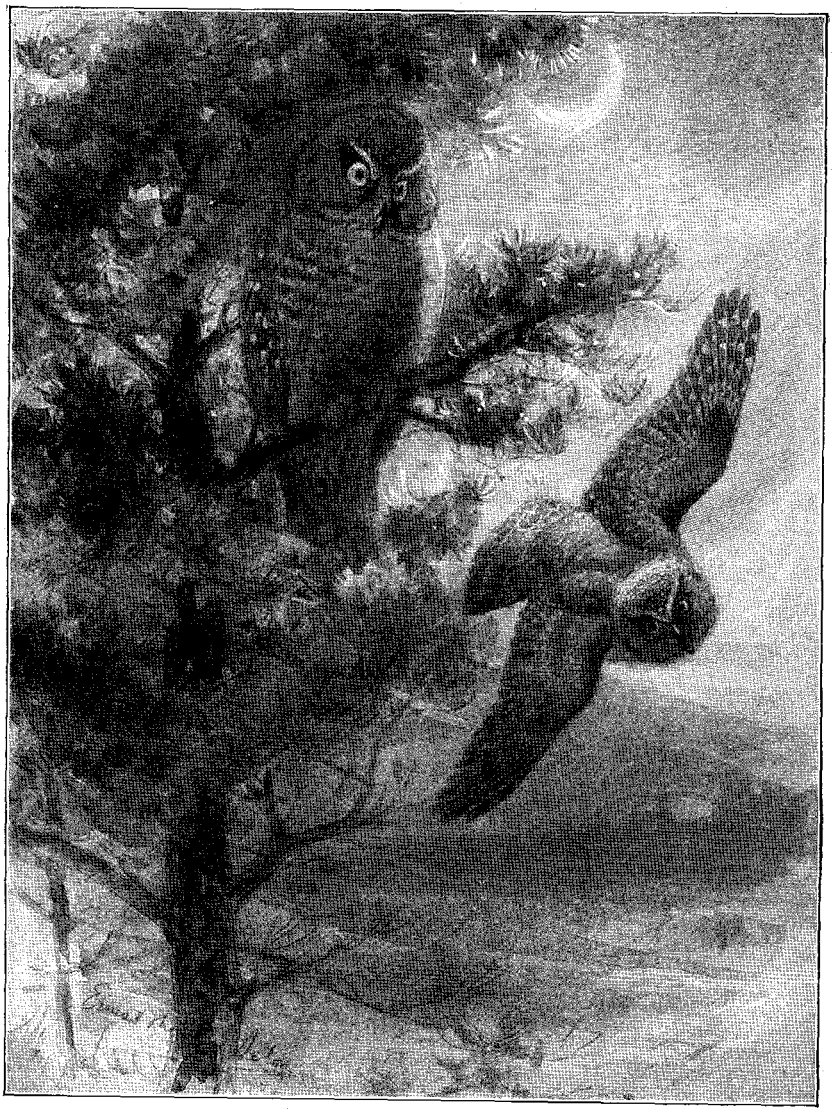

The love-song of the Richardson owl.

foot. I gave him a poke in the ribs. When we got to the land between the lakes Sousi pointed and said, "They are here." We sneaked with the utmost caution that way, it was impossible to follow any one trail, and in two hundred yards Sousi sank to the ground, gasping out, "Là! là! maintenant faites son portrait autant que vous voudrez." I crawled forward and saw, not one, but *half a dozen buffalo*. "I must be nearer," I said, and lying flat on my breast, crawled toes and elbows up to a bush within seventy-five yards, where I made shot number one, and saw here that there were eight or nine buffalo, one an immense bull.

Sousi now cocked his rifle. I said emphatically, "Stop! you must not fire."

"No?" he said, in astonished tones that were full of story and comment; "what did we come for?" Now I saw that by backing out and crawling to another bunch of herbage I could get within fifty yards.

"It is not possible," he gasped.

"Watch me and see," I replied; so I gathered all the near vines and twisted them around my neck; I covered my head with leaves and creeping plants, then pro-

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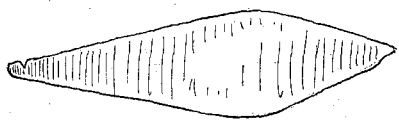
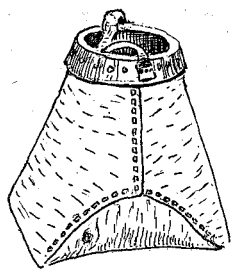
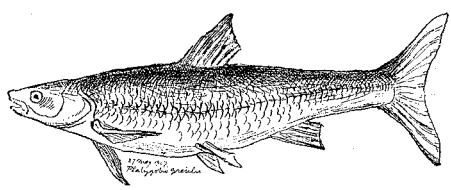
ceeded to show that it *was* possible, while Sousi followed. I reached the cover and found it was a bed of spring anemones on the far side of an old buffalo wallow, and there in that wallow I lay for a moment, revelling in the sight; all at once it came to me: now indeed was fulfilled the long-deferred dream of my youth, for in shelter of those, the prairie flowers of my youth, I was gazing on a herd of wild buffalo. Then slowly I rose above the cover and took my second picture. But the watchful creatures, more shy than moose here, saw the rising mass of herbage or may have caught the wind, rose lightly, and went off. I noticed now, for the first time, a little red calf. Ten buffalo in all I counted. Sousi, standing up, counted thirteen. At the edge of the woods they stopped and looked around, but gave no third shot for the camera.



Spruce net-float. 20×5×$\frac{1}{4}$ inches



Pierre's Water-bucket. 10 in high



From pages of Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

I shook Sousi's hand with all my heart, and he, good, old fellow, said, "Ah, it was for this I prayed last night; without doubt it was in answer to my prayer that the good God has sent me this great happiness."

Then back at camp, two hundred yards away, the old man's tongue was loosed, and he told how the chiefs in conference and every one at the fort had ridiculed him and his Englishmen—"who thought they could walk up to buffalo and take their pictures."

We had not been long in camp when Sousi went off to get some water, but at once came running back, shouting excitedly, "My rifle! my rifle!" Jarvis handed it to him; he rushed off into the woods. I followed in time to see him shoot an old bear and two cubs out of a tree. She fell, sobbing like a human being, "Oh! oh! oh-h-h-h!" I was too late to stop him, and he finished her as she lay helpless. The little ones were too small to live alone, so shared her fate.

It seems that as Sousi went to the water-hole he came on an old bear and her two cubs. She gave a warning, "Koff, koff." The only enemies they knew about and feared were buffalo, moose, and wolves; from these a tree was a safe haven. The cubs scrambled up a tall poplar, then the mother followed. Sousi came, shouting in apparent fear. I rushed to the place, thinking he was attacked by something, perhaps a buffalo bull, but too late to stop the tragedy that followed.

That night he roasted one of the cubs, and as I watched the old cannibal chewing the hands off that little baby bear it gave me a feeling of disgust for all flesh-eating that lasted for days. Major Jarvis felt much as I did, and old Sousi had exclusive joy in all his bear meat.

Next morning I was left at camp while Jarvis and Sousi went off to seek for more buffalo. I had a presentiment that they would find none, so kept the camera, went off to the lake a mile west, and there I made drawings of some tracks, photos, etc.

About ten I turned campward, but after tramping for nearly an hour, I was not only not home, I was in a totally strange kind of country, a continuous poplar woods. I changed my course and tried a different direction, but soon was forced to the conclusion that for the sixth or seventh time in my life I was lost.

"Dear me," I said, "this is an interesting opportunity. It comes to me that once I wrote an essay on 'What To Do and What Not To Do when Lost in the Woods.' Now what in the world did I say in it, and which were the things not to do? Yes, I remember now, these three pieces of advice:

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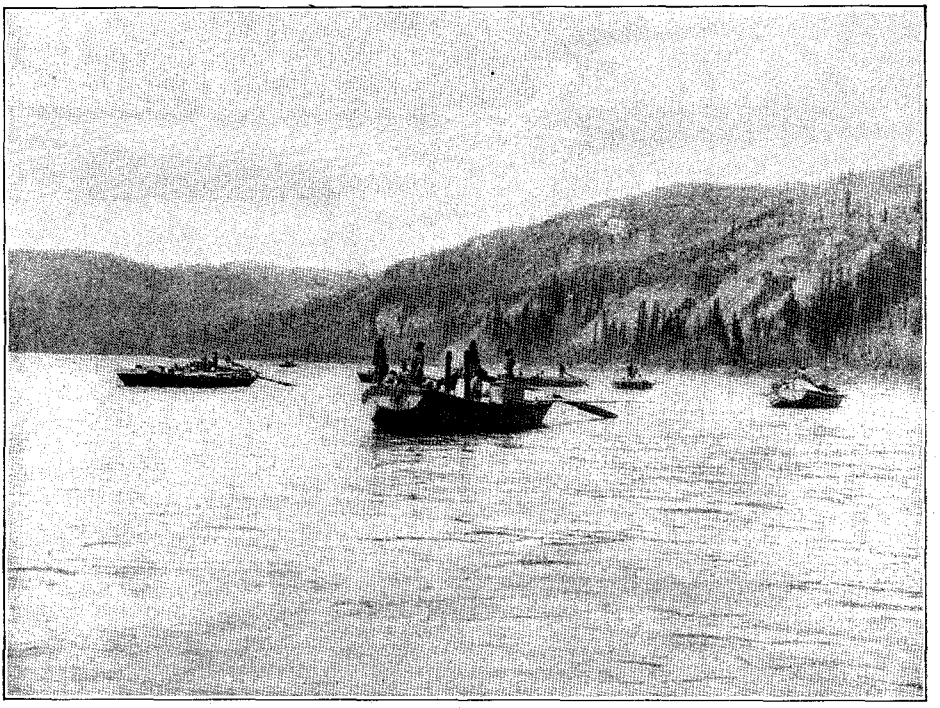

The Hudson's Bay Company convoy descending the Athabaska River.

"1st. 'Don't get frightened.' Well, I'm not; I'm simply amused.

"2d. 'Wait for your friends to come.' Can't do that; I'm too busy; they wouldn't appear till night.

"3d. 'If you must travel, go back to the place where you were sure of the way.' That means back to the lake, which I know is due west of the camp and must be west of me now."

So back I went, carefully watching the sun for guidance, and soon realized that whenever I did not, I *swung to the left*. After nearly an hour's diligent travel I did get back to the lake, and followed my own track in the margin to the point of leaving it, then, with a careful corrected bearing, made for camp and arrived in forty minutes, there to learn that on the first attempt I had swung so far to the left that I had missed camp by half a mile, and was half a mile beyond it before I knew I was wrong. (See map on page 525.)

At noon Jarvis and Sousi came back jubilant; they had seen countless buffalo trails, had followed a large bull and a cow, but had left them to take the trail of a considerable band; these they discovered in a lake. There were four big bulls, four little calves, one yearling, three two-year-olds, eight cows. These allowed them to come openly within sixty yards, then took alarm and galloped off. They also saw a moose and a marten and two buffalo skeletons. How I did curse my presentiment that prevented them bringing the camera and securing a really fine photograph.

At 2 P.M. Sousi prepared to break camp. He thought that by going back on our trail he might strike the trail of another herd off to the south-east of the mountain. Jarvis shrewdly suspected that our guide wanted to go home, having kept his promise, won the reward, and gotten a load of bear meat. However, the native was the guide, and we set out in a shower which continued more or less all day and into the night.

We camped in the rain. Next day it was obvious, and Sousi no longer concealed the fact, that he was making for home as fast as he could go, and duly brought us there on the third day of the trip.

And now to summarize this wicked one of evil ancestry and fame. He was kind, cheerful, and courteous throughout; he did exactly as he promised, did it on time, and

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was well pleased with the pay we gave him. Speak as you find. If ever I revisit that country I shall be glad, indeed, to secure the service of good old Sousi, even if he is a Beaulieu.

VI.—MOSQUITOES

REFERENCE to my Smith Landing Journal for June 17 shows the following:

"The spring is now on in full flood, the grass is high, the trees are fully leaved, flowers are blooming, birds are nesting, *and the mosquitoes are a terror to man and beast.*"

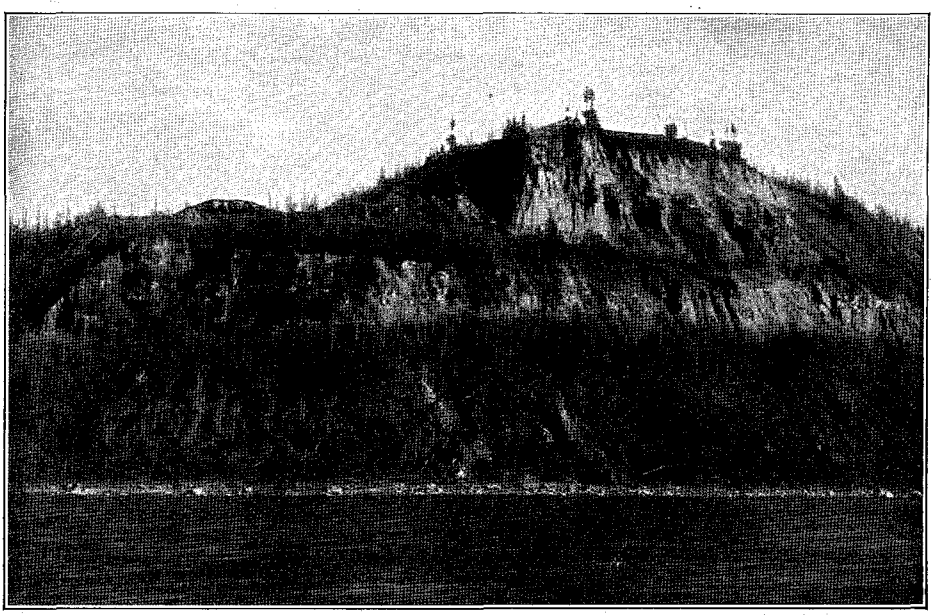
If I were to repeat all the entries in that last key, it would make a dreary and painful reading. I shall rather say the worst right now, and henceforth avoid the subject.

Every traveller in the country agrees that the mosquitoes are a frightful curse. Captain Back, in 1833 (*Journal*), said that the sand-flies and mosquitoes are the worst of the hardships to which the northern traveller is exposed.

Hutchins, over a hundred years ago, said that no one enters the Barren Grounds in the summer, because no man can stand the stinging insects.

I had read these various statements, but did not grasp the idea until I was among them. At Smith Landing, June 27, mosquitoes began to be troublesome, quite as numerous as in the worst part of Jersey marshes. An estimate of those on the mosquito bar over my bed showed 900 to 1,000 trying to get at me; day and night, without change, the air was ringing with their hum.

This was early in the season. On July 9, on Nyarling River, they were much worse, and my entry was as follows:



Lobsticks or monument trees on the skyline, Athabaska River.

"On the back of Billy's coat, as he sat paddling before me, I counted a round 400 mosquitoes boring away; about as many were on the garments of his head and neck, a much less number on his arms and legs. The air about was thick with them, at least as many more, fully 1,000 singing and stinging and filling the air with a droning hum. The rest of us were equally pestered.

"The major, fresh, ruddy, full-blooded, far over 200 lbs. in plumpness, is the best feeding-ground for mosquitoes I (or they, probably) ever saw; he must be a great improvement on the smoke-dried Indian. No matter where they land on him they strike it rich, and at all times a dozen or more bloated bloodsuckers may be seen hanging like red currants on his face and neck. He maintains that they do not bother

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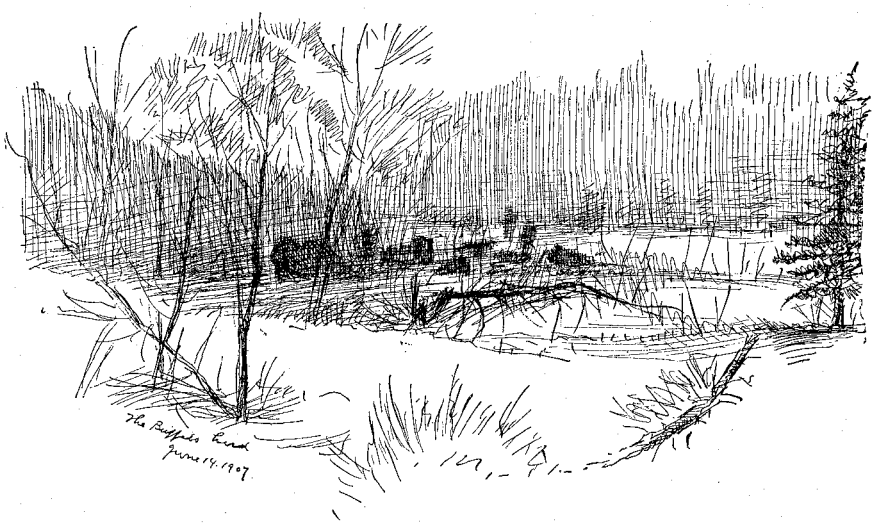
Buffalo dry wallows for relief from flies.
A page from Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

him, and scoffs at me for wearing a net. They certainly do not impair his health, good looks, or his perennial good humor, and I, for one, am thankful that his superior food quality gives us a corresponding measure of immunity."

At Salt River one could kill 100 with a stroke of the palm, and at times they obscured the color of the horses.

A little later they were much worse. On 6 square inches of my tent I counted 30 mosquitoes, and the whole surface was similarly supplied; that is, there were 24,000 on the tent; and apparently as many more flying about the door. Most of those that bite us are killed, but that makes not the slightest perceptible difference in their manners or numbers. They reminded me of the Klondike goldseekers. Thousands go; great numbers must die a miserable death, not more than 1 in 10,000 can get away with a load of the coveted stuff; and yet each



The buffalo herd.
A page from Mr. Seton's sketch-book

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Shot number one made at seventy-five yards.

Unfortunately, this negative and shot number two were not sharp and required some retouching to bring out the buffalo.

Though poor as photographs they have the merit of being the first taken of a truly wild herd of buffalo.

believes that he is to be that one, and pushes on.

Dr. L. O. Howard tells us that the mosquito rarely goes far from its birthplace. That must refer to the miserable degenerates they have in Jersey, for these of the north offer endless evidence of power to travel, as well as to resist cold and wind.

On 21 July, 1907, we camped on a small island on Great Slave Lake. It was about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long, several miles from mainland, at least half a mile from any other island, apparently all rock, and yet it was swarming with mosquitoes. Here, as elsewhere, they were mad for our blood; those we knocked off and maimed would crawl up, with sprained wings and twisted legs, to sting as fiercely as ever, as long as the beak would work.

We thought the singing pests of the buffalo country as bad as possible, but they proved mild and scarce compared with those we yet had to meet on the Arctic Barrens of our ultimate goal.

Each day they got worse; soon it became clear that mere adjectives could not convey any idea of their terrors. Therefore I devised a mosquito gauge. I held up a bare hand for 5 seconds by the watch; then counted the number of borers on the back; there were 5 to 10. Each day added to the number, and when we got out to the buffalo country there were 15 to 25 on the one side of the hand, and elsewhere in proportion. On the Nyarling in early July the number was increased, being now 20 to 40. On Great Slave Lake, later that month, there were 50 to 60. But when we reached the Barren Grounds, the land of open, breezy plains and cold-water lakes, the pests were so bad that the hand held up for 5 seconds often showed from 100 to 125 long-billed mosquitoes boring away into the flesh. It was possible to number them only by killing them and counting the corpses. What wonder that all men should avoid the open plains that are the kingdom of such a scourge!

Yet it must not be thought that the whole country is similarly and evenly filled. There can be no doubt that they flock and fly to the big moving creatures they see or smell. Maybe we had gathered the whole mosquito product of many acres. This is shown by the facts that if one rushes through thick bushes for

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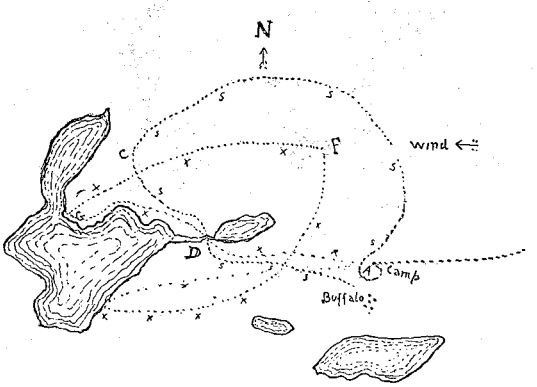
Shot number two. Herd disappearing in brush.

a distance, into a clear space, the mosquitoes seem absent at first. One must wait a minute or so to gather up another legion.

When landing from a boat on the Northern Lakes there are comparatively few, but even in a high wind, a walk to the nearest hill top results in one again moving in a cloud of tormentors. Does not this readiness to assemble at a bait suggest a possible means of destroying them?



x x x x course taken by Mr. Seton when he became lost. At F he turned back to the lake. s s s shows Sousi's course when stalking the buffalo.

Every one, even the seasoned native, agrees that they are a terror to man and beast. But thanks to our fly-proof tents we sleep immune. During the day I wear my net and gloves, uncomfortably hot, but a blessed relief from the torment. It is easy to get used to these coverings; it is impossible to get used to the mosquitoes.

For July 10 I find this note:

"The mosquitoes are worse now than ever before; even Jarvis, Preble, and the Indians are wearing face-protectors of some kind; the major has borrowed Preble's closed net, much to the latter's discomfiture, as he himself would be glad to wear it."

This country has, for six months, the finest climate in the world, but two and a half of these are ruined by the malignancy of the fly plague. Yet it is certain that knowledge will confer on man the power to wipe them out.

Now, to sum up: after considering the vastness of the regions affected, and the number of diseases these insects communi-

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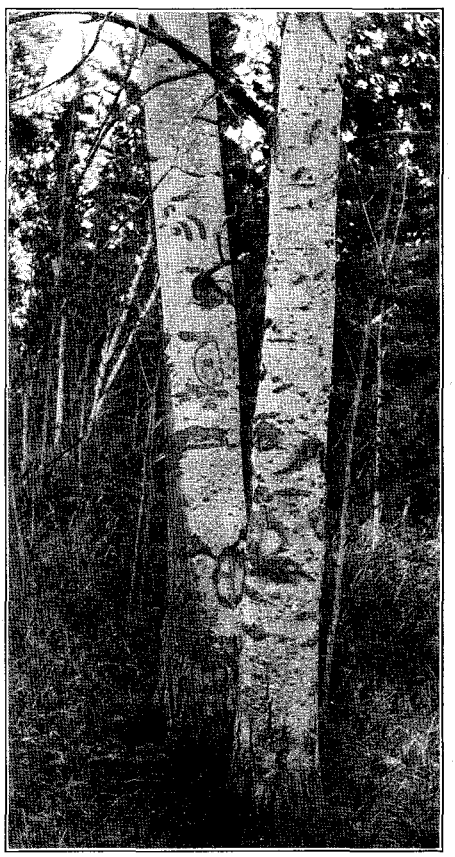
cate (in other countries), one is inclined to say that it might be a greater boon to mankind to extirpate the mosquito than to stamp out tuberculosis. The latter means death to a considerable proportion of our race, the former means hopeless suffering to all mankind; one takes off each year its toll of the weaklings, the other spares none, and in the far north, at least, has made a hell on earth of the land that for seven months of each year might be a human paradise.

VII. — THE SECOND BUFFALO HUNT

THOUGH so trifling, the success of our first buffalo hunt gave us quite a social lift. The chiefs were equally surprised with the whites, and when we prepared for a second expedition, Kiya sent word that though he could not act as guide, I should ride his own trained hunter, a horse that could run a trail like a hound and was without guile.



Bear claw-marks on tree.

I am always suspicious of a horse (or man) without guile. I wondered what was the particular weakness of this exceptionally trained, noble, and guileless creature. I have only one prejudice in horse-flesh—I do not like a white one. So, of course, when the hunter arrived, he was white as marble, from mane to tail and hoofs; his very eyes were of a cheap china color, suggestive of cataractine blindness. The only relief was a morbid tinge of faded shrimp pink in his nostrils and ears. But he proved better than he looked. He certainly did run tracks by nose like a hound, provided I let him choose the trail. He was a lively walker and easy trotter, and would stay where the bridle was dropped. So I came to the conclusion that Kiya was not playing a joke on me, but really had lent me his best hunter, whose sepulchral whiteness I could see would be of great advantage in snow time, when alone one is supposed to hunt.

Not only Kiya, but Pierre Squirrel, the head chief, seemed to harbor a more kindly spirit. He now suddenly acquired a smattering of English and a fair knowledge of French. He even agreed to lead us through his own hunting grounds to the big buffalo range, stipulating that we be back by July 1, as that was Treaty Day, when all the tribes assembled to receive their treaty money, and his presence as head chief was absolutely necessary.

We were advised to start from Fort Smith, as the trail thence was through a dryer country, so on the morning of June 24 at 6.50 we left the fort on our second buffalo hunt. Major A. M. Jarvis, Mr. E. A. Preble, Corporal Selig, Chief Pierre Squirrel and myself, plus two pack-horses, prepared for a week's campaign.

Riding ahead in his yellow caftan and black burnoose was Pierre Squirrel on his spirited charger, looking most picturesque. But remembering that his yellow caftan was a mosquito net, his black burnoose a H. B. coat, and his charger an ornery Indian cayuse, robbed it of most of its poetry.

Next afternoon we had covered the low country and our road now lay over the high upland of the Salt Mountain, among its

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Camp on the Great Slave Lake.

dry and beautiful woods. The trip would have been glorious but for the awful things I am not allowed to mention outside of the preceding chapter.

Pierre proved a pleasant and intelligent companion; he did his best, but more than once shook his head and said, "Chevaux no good."

We covered fifteen miles before night, and all day we got glimpses of some animal on our track, three hundred yards behind in the woods. It might easily have been a wolf, but at night he sneaked into camp, a forlorn and starving Indian dog.

Next day, at noon, we reached the long-looked-for Little Buffalo River. Several times of late, Pierre had commented on the slowness of our horses and enlarged on the awful muskegs that covered the country west of the Little Buffalo. Now he spoke out frankly and said we had been two and a half days coming forty miles, when the road was good; we were now coming to very bad roads, and had to go as far again. These horses could not do it and get him back to Fort Smith for July 1, and back at any price he must be.

He was willing to take the whole outfit half a day farther westward, or, if we preferred it, he would go afoot or on horseback with the pick of the men and horses for a hasty dash forward, but to take the whole outfit on to the buffalo country and get back on time was not possible.

This was a bad shake. We held a council of war, and the things that were said of that Indian should have riled him if he understood. He preserved his calm demeanor; probably this was one of the convenient times when all his English forsook him. We were simply raging; to be half-way to our goal, with abundance of provisions, fine weather, good health, and everything promising well, and then to be balked because our guide wanted to get back!

I felt as savage as the others, but on calmer reflection pointed out that Pierre told us before starting that he must be back for Treaty Day, and even now was ready to do his best.

Then in a calm of the storm (which, by the way, he ignored) Pierre turned to me and said: "Why don't you go back and try the canoe route. You can go down the

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The Nyarling Tessi or underground river.

Great River to Grand Detour; then portage eight miles on to the Buffalo, go down this to the Nyarling, then up the Nyarling into the heart of the Buffalo country; two and a half days will do it, and it will be easy, for there is plenty of water and no rapids," and he drew a convincing map.

There was nothing to be gained by going half a day farther.

To break up our party did not fit in at all with the plans, so after another brief, stormy debate, in which the guide took no part, we turned without crossing the Little Buffalo, and silently and savagely began the homeward journey.

VIII.—THE THIRD BUFFALO HUNT

THE Indians are simply large children. No matter how reasonable your proposition, they take a long time to consider it and are subject to all kinds of mental revulsions. So we were lucky to get away from Fort Smith on July 4, with young François Bezkya as guide. He was a full-blooded Chipewyan Indian, so full that he had knowledge of no other tongue, and Billy had to be go-between.

Bezkya came well recommended as *a good man and a moose-hunter*. A good man means a strong, steady worker, as canoeman or portager. He may be morally the vilest outcast unhung; that in no way modifies the phrase that "he is a good man." But more: the present was a moose-hunter; this is a wonderfully pregnant phrase. Moose-hunting by fair stalking is the pinnacle of woodcraft. The Crees alone as a tribe are supposed to be masters of the art. But many of the Chipewyans are highly successful. One must be a consummate trailer, a good shot, have tireless limbs and wind, and a complete knowledge of the animal's habits and ways of moving and thinking. One must watch the wood without ceasing, for no hunter has the slightest chance of success if once the moose should wind him. This last is a fundamental, a three-times sacred principle. Not long ago one of these Chipewyans went to confessional. Although a year had passed since last he got cleaned up, he could think of nothing to confess. Oh, spotless soul! However, under pressure of the priest, he at length remembered a black transgression. The fall before, while hunting, he went to the *windward* of a thicket that seemed likely to hold his moose, because on the lee, the proper side, the footing happened to be very bad, and so he lost his moose. Yes, there was indeed a dark shadow on his recent past.

A man may be a good hunter, *i. e.*, an all-round trapper and woodman, but not a moose-hunter. At Fort Smith are two or three score of hunters, and yet I am told there are *only three moose-hunters*. The phrase is not usually qualified; he *is*, or *is*

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not, a moose-hunter. Just as a man is or is not an Oxford M.A. The force, then, of the phrase appears, and we were content to learn that young Bezkya, besides knowing the buffalo country, was also a good man and a moose-hunter.

We set out on July 4 in two canoes, Bezkya and Jarvis in the small one, Billy, Selig, Preble, and I in the large one, leaving the other police boys to make Fort Resolution in the Hudson Bay steamer.

The second day was spent in portaging overland, and on the next day we embarked on the Little Buffalo River, beginning what should have been and would have been a trip of memorable joys, but for the awful, awful, awful——. (See chapter VI.)

The Little Buffalo is the most beautiful river in the whole world, except, perhaps, its affluent, the Nyarling.

This statement sounds like mere impulsive utterance. Perhaps it is. But I am writing now, after thinking the matter over for two and a half years, during which time I have seen a thousand others, including the upper Thames, the Afton, the Seine, the Arno, the Tiber, the Iser, the Spree, and the Rhine.

A hundred miles long is this uncharted stream; fifty feet wide, eight feet deep, crystal-clear, calm, slow, and deep to the margin; a steamer could ply on its deep, placid, unobstructed flood, a child could navigate it anywhere. The heavenly beauty of the shores, with virgin forests of fresh green spruces towering a hundred feet on every side, or varied in open places, with long rows and thickset hedges of the gorgeous wild red Athabaska rose, made a stream that most canoemen, woodmen, and naturalists think without a fault or flaw, and with every river beauty in its highest possible degree. Not trees and flood alone had strenuous power to win our souls; at every point and bank, in every bend, were living creatures of the north, beaver, and bear, not often seen, but abundant; moose tracks showed from time to time, and birds were here in thousands. Rare winter birds, as we had long been taught to think them in our southern homes; here we found them in their native land, and heard not a few sweet melodies of which in far-away Ontario, Jersey, and Maryland we had been favored only with promising scraps when wintry clouds were broken by the sun. Nor were the old familiar ones away—flicker, sapsucker, hairy woodpecker, kingfisher, least flycatcher, alder flycatcher, robin and crow and horned owl were here to mingle their noises with the stranger melodies and calls of Lincoln sparrow, fox sparrow, olive-sided flycatcher, snipe, rusty blackbird, and bohemian waxwing.

I never saw horned owl as plentiful elsewhere. I did not know that there were so many bear and beaver left. I never was so much impressed by the splendid raucous clamor of the cranes, the continual spatter of ducks, the cries of gulls and yellowlegs. Hour after hour we paddled down that stately river, adding our three and a half miles to its one-mile speed; each turn brought to view some new and lovelier aspect of bird and forest life. I never knew a land of balmier air; I never felt the piney breeze more sweet; nowhere but in the higher mountains is there such a tonic sense abroad; the bright woods and river reaches were eloquent of a clime whose maladies are mostly foreign-born. But, alas! I had to view it all swaddled, body, hands, and head, like a bee-man handling his swarms. Songs were muffled, scenes were dimned by the thick protecting, suffocating veil, without which men can scarcely live.

Ten billion dollars would be all too small reward, a trifle totally inadequate to compensate, mere nominal recognition of the man who shall invent and realize a scheme to save this earthly paradise from this its damning pest and malediction.

IX.—DOWN TO FUNDAMENTALS

At 8.30 A.M., ten miles from the portage, we came to the Clew-ee or White Fish River; at 6.30 P.M., made the Sass Tessi or Bear River, and here camped, having covered fully forty miles.

Now, for the first time, we were all together, with time to question our guide and plan in detail. But all our mirth and hopes were rudely checked by Corporal Selig announcing that there were only two days' rations left.

In the dead calm that followed this bombshell we all did some thinking, then a rapid fire of questions demonstrated the danger of having a guide who does not speak our language.

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It seems that when asked how many days' rations we should take on this buffalo hunt, he got the idea *how many days to the buffalo*. He said five, meaning five days each way, and as much time as we wished there. We were still two days from our goal. Now, what should we do? Skurry back to the fort or go ahead and trust to luck? Every man present voted, "Go ahead," on half rations.

We had good, healthy appetites; half rations was veritable hardship, but our hollow insides made hearty laughing. Preble disappeared as soon as we camped, and now, at the right time, he returned and silently threw at the cook's feet a big six-pound pike. It was just right, exactly as it happened in the most satisfactory books. It seems that he always carried a spoon hook and went at once to what he rightly judged the best place, a pool at the junction of the two rivers. The first time he threw he captured the big fellow. Later he captured three smaller ones in the same place, but evidently there were no more.

That night we had a glorious feast; every one had as much as he could eat, chiefly fish. Next morning we went four and a half miles farther, then came to the mouth of the Nyarling Tessi or Underground River that joins the Buffalo from the west. This was our stream; this was the highway to the buffalo country. It was a miniature of the river we were leaving, but a little quicker in current.

Lunch consisted of what remained of the pike, but that afternoon Bezkya saw two little brown cranes on a meadow, and manœuvring till they were in line, killed both with one shot of his rifle at over a hundred yards, the best shot I ever knew an Indian to make. Still, two cranes, totalling sixteen pounds gross, is not enough meat to last five men a week, so we turned to our moose-hunter.

"Yes, he could get a moose." He went on the small canoe with Billy; we were to follow, and if we passed his canoe, leave a note. Four miles farther up, the river forked; a note from the guide sent us up the South Fork; later we passed his canoe on the bank and knew he had landed and was surely on his way to market. What a comfortable feeling it was to remember that "Bezkya was a moose-hunter." We left word and travelled till seven, having come eleven miles up from the river mouth. Our supper that night was crane, a little piece of bread each, some soup, and some tea.

At ten the hunters came back empty-handed. Yes, they found a fresh moose track, but the creature was so pestered by clouds of —— that he travelled continually as fast as he could, against the wind. They followed all day, but could not overtake him. They saw a beaver, but failed to get it. No other game was found.

Things were getting serious now, since all our food consisted of one crane, one tin of brawn, one pound of bread, two pounds of pork, with some tea, coffee, and sugar, not more than one square meal for the crowd, and we were five men far from supplies, unless our hunting proved successful, and going farther every day.

Next morning (July 9) each man had coffee, one lady's finger of bread, and a single small slice of bacon. Hitherto on this trip I had, from choice, not eaten bacon, although it was a regular staple served at each meal. But now, with proper human perversity, I developed an extraordinary appetite for bacon. It seemed quite the most delicious gift of God to man. Given bacon, and I was ready to forego all other foods. Nevertheless we had divided the last of it. I cut my slice in two, revelled in half, then secretly wrapped the other piece in paper and hid it in the watch pocket of my vest, thinking, "the time is in sight when the whole crowd will be thankful to have that scrap of bacon among them." (As a matter of fact they never got it, for five days later we found a starving dog, and he was so utterly miserable that he conjured that scrap from the pocket next my heart.)

We were face to face with something like starvation now; the game seemed to shun us, and our store victuals were done. Yet no one talked of giving up or going back—we set out to reach the buffalo country and reach it we will.

That morning we got seven little teal, so our lunch was sure, but straight teal without accompaniments is not very satisfying; we all went very hungry. And with one mind we all thought and talked about the good dinners or specially fine food we once had had. Selig's dream of bliss was a porterhouse steak with a glass of foaming

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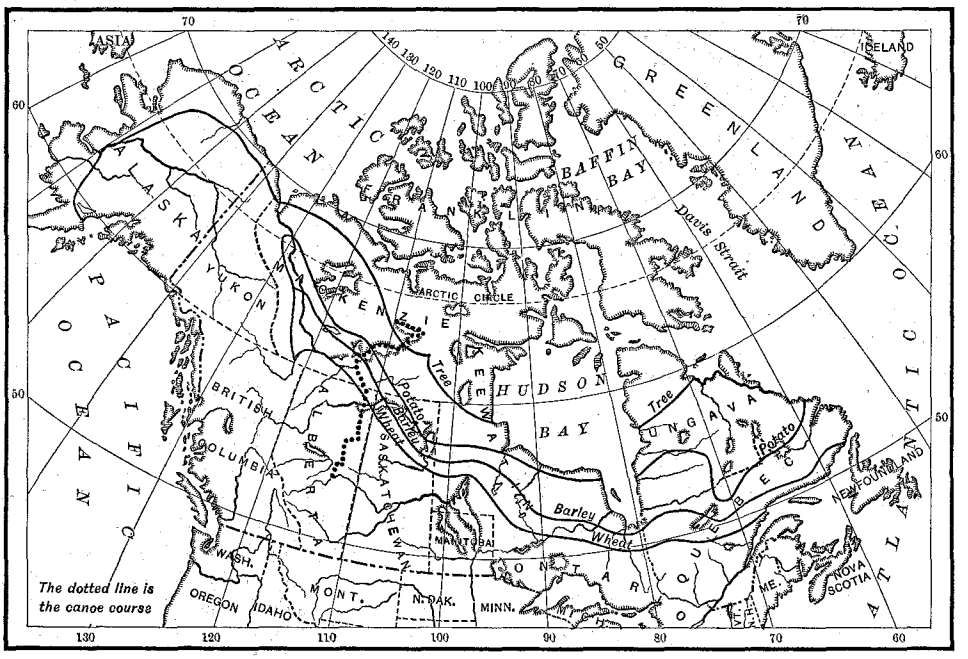

The four lines across map show respectively the north-west limit of trees and the limit for successful growth of potatoes, barley, and wheat.

beer, Jarvis thought champagne and roast turkey spelt heaven, just now I think of my home breakfasts and the Beaux Arts at New York, but Billy says he would be perfectly happy if he could have one whole bannock all to himself. Preble says nothing.

X.—WHITE MEN AND RED

THERE was plenty of hollow hilarity, but no word of turning back. But hold, yes, there was among us one visage that darkened more each day and finally the gloomy thoughts broke forth in words—from the lips of our Indian guide. His recent sullen silence was now changed to open and rebellious upbraiding. "He did not come here to starve," "he could do that at home," "he was induced to come by a promise of plenty of flour." All of which was perfectly true. "But" (he went on) "we were still one and a half days from the buffalo, and we were near the head of navigation; it was a case of tramp through the swamp with our beds and guns, living on the country as we went, and if we did not have luck, the coyotes and ravens would."

Before we had a chance to discuss this prospect, a deciding step was announced by Jarvis. He was under positive orders to catch the steamer *Wrigley* at Fort Resolution on the evening of July 10. It was now midday of July 9, and only by leaving at once and travelling all night could we cover the intervening sixty miles.

So then and there we divided the remnant of food *evenly*, for "Bezkya was a moose-hunter."

Then Major Jarvis and Corporal Selig boarded the smaller canoe. We shook hands warmly, and I, at least, had a lump in my throat, they were such good fellows in camp; and to part this way, when we especially felt bound to stick together, going each of us on a journey of privation and peril, seemed especially hard; and we were so hungry. But we were living our lives; they rounded the bend; we waved good-by, and I have never seen them since.

Now I was in sole command and called a council of war. Billy was stanch and ready to go anywhere at any cost. So was Preble. Bezkya was sulky and rebellious. Physically, I had been at the point of a total breakdown when I left home, the outdoor life had been slowly restoring me, but the last few days had weakened me sadly, and I was not fit for a long expedi-

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tion on foot. But of one thing I was sure, we must halt till we got food. A high wind was blowing and promised some respite to the moose from the little enemy that sings except when he stings, so I invited Bezkya to gird up his loins and make another try for moose.

Nothing loath he set off with Billy. I marked them well as they went: one lithe, sinewy, active, animal-eyed; the other solid and sturdy, following doggedly, keeping up by sheer, blundering strength. I could not but admire them, each in his kind.

Two hours later I heard two shots, and toward evening they came back slowly, tired but happy, burdened with the meat, for Bezkya *was* a moose-hunter.

Two miles farther we went up that river, and two days more we spent living on moose, moose, moose, with a straight monotony that was becoming loathsome, but nothing did we see of buffalo except a few tracks. Our time was up, and on July 11 we turned about to make for Fort Resolution.

We set out early to retrace the course of the Nyarling which, in spite of associated annoyances and disappointments, will ever shine forth in my memory as the "Beautiful River."

It is hard indeed for words to do it justice. The charm of a stream is always within three feet of the surface and ten feet of the bank. The broad Slave then by its size wins in majesty, but must lose most all its charm; the Buffalo, being fifty feet wide, has some waste water; but the Nyarling, half the size, had its birthright compounded and intensified in manifold degree. The water is clear, two or three feet deep at the edge of the grassy banks, seven to ten feet in mid-channel, without bars or obstructions, except two log-jambs that might easily be removed. The current is about one mile and a half an hour, so that canoes can readily pass up or down; the scenery varies continually and is always beautiful. Everything that I have said of the Little Buffalo applies to the Nyarling with fourfold force, because of its more varied scenery and greater range of bird and other life. Sometimes, like the larger stream, it presents a long, straight vista of half a mile through a solemn aisle in the forest of mighty spruce trees that tower one hundred feet in height, all black with gloom, green with health, and gray with moss.

Sometimes its channel winds in and out of open, grassy meadows that are dotted with clumps of rounded trees, as in an English park. Now it narrows to a deep and sinuous bed through alders so rank and reaching that they meet overhead and form a shade of golden green; and again it widens out into reedy lakes, the summer home of countless ducks, geese, tattlers, terns, peetweets, gulls, rails, blackbirds, and half a hundred of the lesser tribes. Sometimes the foreground is rounded masses of kinnikinick in snowy flower, or again a far-strung growth of the needle bloom, richest and reddest of its tribe—the Athabaska rose. At times it is skirted by tall poplar woods where the claw-marks on the trunks are witness of the many black bears, or some tamarack swamp showing signs and proofs that hereabouts a family of moose had fed to-day, or by a broad and broken trail that told of a buffalo band passed weeks ago. And while we gazed at scribbled records, blots, and marks, the catlike visage of the lynx was seen peering from the bank, or the loud "slap plong" of a beaver showed from time to time that the thrifty ones had dived at our approach.

We pressed on all day, stopping only for our usual supper of moose and tea, and about seven the boys were ready to go on again. They paddled till dark at ten. Camped in the rain, but every one was well pleased, for we had made forty miles that day and were that much nearer to flour.

This journey had brought us down the Nyarling, and fifteen miles down the Buffalo.

It rained all night; next morning the sun came out once or twice, but gave it up, and clouds with rain-sprinklings kept on. We had struck a long spell of wet; it was very trying, and fatal to photographic work.

After a delicious, appetizing, and inspiring breakfast of straight moose, without even salt, and raw tea, we pushed on in the line of least resistance, *i. e.*, toward flour.

At 10.30 we landed at Fort Resolution and pitched our tent among thirty tepees with two hundred huge dogs that barked, scratched, howled, yelled, and fought around, in, and over the tent ropes all night long. Oh how different from the tranquil woods of the Nyarling!

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THE BIGOT

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

WE had fallen to talking of religion, my friend Mr. Abner Hood and I, as to which my friend had rather advanced views—holding that religion was progressive as well as civilization. He had relapsed into a reverie, from which he suddenly emerged with a gesture of decision:

"I had an experience once which I think had a decided influence on my views. I got a glimpse of the stern reality of Puritanism, whose shadow I had always felt, even in the West, where men are free."

He was satisfied with my interest, and proceeded:

My people came from W. (he mentioned a small town in New England) which had been a centre of the theocratic oligarchy which spread its steely tenets over New England and ruled it with a rod of iron. My grandfather moved first to Philadelphia and then on to the Ohio River, to what was then known as the Far West, but is really only on the inner fringe of the Eastern seaboard. When he died my father had enough to do to bring up a growing family, all girls but myself, and we never heard much of my relatives back in the East. In fact, in those times I think the West rather prided itself on being independent of the East. A man who talked about his ancestry was put down as a poor specimen. It was only after the war, when the tide of foreign immigration swept in, that we began to talk of our connection back in the East, and boasted of being the old original Americans.

My father was killed in the war, in which I had also taken part, having run off from home to join the army, and when I reached home I was the only man of my name whom I knew, and I began to feel rather lonely. I accordingly decided one autumn to avail myself of the chance offered by a business trip to New York, to run on and take a look at the old home of the family in W. and see if any members of the clan still survived. I conjectured that they had all long since disappeared. The only one I had ever heard anything of was an old great-uncle, about whom some mystery appeared to hang; but as he was my grandfather's eldest brother I imagined that he must have died long ago. My grandmother rarely spoke of him, and then with a lowered voice, in a tone of severe moral reprobation, as "an unbeliever." It was clear that he was, when living, the black sheep of the flock, and the fact that we had not been beneficiaries in his will had not contributed to lighten his color. He had not cared for his own family, and was worse than an infidel.

I arrived at W. one crystal October afternoon, just the sort of an afternoon I had pictured as New England fall weather, with the Tyrian dyes of autumn flung all over forest and pasture, and the leaves on the ground like dappled sunlight. And, finding my somewhat breezy Western way received with stolid coldness and staring surprise, by those I first accosted, I soon laid it aside for occidental use, and drew myself into a shell which I suddenly discovered somewhere handy about me for my encasement. As I descended from the jerky train at the tidy little station on the outskirts of the rambling village among the hills, I found myself eyed by the two or three persons about the platform with an expression which was certainly not sympathetic, and, if it contained any hint of interest, it was close akin to mere speculation.

I inquired of the first person I came to —a thin, dust-colored man, with a slightly grizzled mustache, who appeared busy about small things—where I could find the hotel. His only reply was a call:

"Sam, here's a man wants to go to Simpson's."

A voice sounded from somewhere: "A-all ri-ight," and an ancient vehicle, which I later learned was known as the "Old Ship of Sion," because "she had carried many thousands," and "would carry many more," hove slowly in sight from behind the station,

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piloted by a stout individual with a dyed mustache of some weeks' standing. I got in with my bag, which suddenly appeared to me of extraordinary weight, and we drove slowly off in the direction of the cluster of houses I had seen among the big trees in the distance, with a solid-looking brown church shouldered out from among them.

We passed a number of newish houses, white or yellow or brown, hugging the roadside, and reaching out with modern enterprise toward the railway station; but soon passed beyond them into a broad, curving avenue bordered by great elms, interspersed with ash, sugar-maples, or oaks, golden or scarlet from the autumn nights. And behind these were houses of a wholly different type, some built on the street line, some set back in yards; but all with harmonious proportions, ornamental doorways and cornices and dormer windows, bearing a sort of resemblance, as of members of a family grown old together, and still preserving their air of distinction. Some had wings, with porticoes; some had none; but all had certain features distinctly alike. A few children were seriously playing about in the walkway, but most of those I saw were raking up the leaves. We passed the church, which stood in an open space by itself. It was the only building without trees about it, and its bareness appeared to give it a certain air of being set apart; but this may have been due to its square and block-like proportions and its thick, heavy spire, with a great white clock-face in its front, on which in huge black characters was painted the stern warning: "Memento Mori."

I had soon got to talking with my driver, who, while a dry and brief-spoken person, appeared to be something of a philosopher, and possibly, even, of a humorist. My first inquiry as to the hotel received a prompt response.

"Pete's? Oh! I guess he'll take you in. He's taken in a good might before."

As this was enigmatical, I inquired about the fare.

"Oh! it's purty fair. They ain't been no manna rained down—not lately—and I ain't heard of no quails bein' blown this way exactly—not this season; but if you've got good teeth I guess you can sustain life."

About this time he apparently decided to ask me a few questions.

"Travellin' man?"

"Well, no—not exactly."

After a pause:

"Lookin' for horses?"

"No, not exactly."

"Lookin' for land?"

"No, not exactly."

A longer pause. Then:

"Well, exactly what air you a-lookin' fur?"

I thought this a propitious time to elicit some information, so I said:

"Well, exactly, I came to see somebody by the name of Hood, or, failing him, somebody who might be related to the old family of that name who used to live here. Is there anybody of the name living here now?"

"Yep, guess there is, unless old Ab's passed away as he's lived, without askin' anybody's advice or leave."

"Old Ab—who's he?"

"Just old Ab—so—old Abner Hood 't lives in the old house on the hill, like an owl in his tree, and don't see nobody from year's end to year's end."

"Why, how does he live? How old is he?" I asked in one breath. He answered the latter question first.

"If he's as old as they say he looks, he must be nigh on a hundred. I guess from what I've heard that he's in and about ninety year."

"Didn't you ever see him?"

"Yep—when I was a lad I see him often when we boys used to go up the hill for chestnuts and peeked at him of a evenin.' I guess it's twenty year since I las' seen him."

I was now much interested. He might be my great-uncle.

"What was he doing? Is he an invalid?"

"Just perambulatin' up and down. No, I don't know as he is. He's got a man there as looks after him, named Simon Morse, and I see him last year once or twice."

"Is he mad?—the old man, I mean."

"Not as I knows on—least, no madder than he's been this sixty year, since he first shut himself up and said 'Farewell, vain worl'.'"

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"We-a-ll—they say he had a blight—I don' know, but he certainly had somethin'"

"A blight?"

"Was disapp'inted in his affections. Well, he's disapp'inted a good many since."

"How?"

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"By holdin' on. There's some several been waitin' for him to git out; but he'll see 'em through yet, if his old house don't fall down on him one o' these here windy nights. And they'll never git a cent, anyways."

"Who are 'they'? What are their names, and what relation are they to him?" I asked.

"The Kinsies and the Wynneses. I don't rightly know how nigh they be—some—the older he gits, the nigher they gits. But they needn't," he chuckled; "he'll never have nothin' to do with 'em in this worl', nor the next, if he can help it."

"Well, tell me, what sort of house does he live in?" I had determined to seek him out, if possible.

"Oh! It was once a fine house—the biggest abaout here—they called it The Hall onct—but it's purty well tumbled down now. You have to look for it to find it among the trees, and but for it's bein' so high up the hill you couldn' find it at all. They say the bushes grow up through the porch. You see, he's somethin' of what you might call a re-cluse."

It did look so.

I determined not to seek out the other relatives who were more distant, of whom my friend had told me; but to slip up unobserved if I could, and go boldly and try to see my old uncle. So, having succeeded in getting away, so far as I could tell, without anybody's suspecting my destination, I made my way in the direction my friend had indicated, and soon recognized the house he had described, on the middle slope of a long wooded hill which commanded the village. It was at sight the retreat of a recluse. The road which had once led up to it from "the street," as the high-road was called, had been walled up and planted in shrubbery, now grown to trees. The entrance to "the grounds," where there had once been stone pillars and an iron gate of some pretension, was now situated in a tangled wild, the pillars dilapidated, and the gate buried a foot in the soil. Within, the grounds had become a wilderness, where the trees grew thick, and the tangled shrubbery filled the intervening spaces in an impenetrable jungle.

I had expected, after my guide's account, to find some obstructions in my way, but nothing comparable to this inextricable tangle. But, after reconnoitring sedulously the surroundings of the front of the grounds, I skirted the place and, making my way up on the side through the wood, "fetched a compass," and, climbing a rotten wall, struck into the bosom of the wilderness as boldly as my beating heart would allow. It happened that my easiest line of approach led me through trees and shrubbery to a point at the back of the house, which faced somewhat to the west. As I emerged I found a tumble-down stable and barns once extensive, and a stretch of open ground at the back, flooded by the light of the declining sun, a sort of lawn between the thickets which screened it on the sides, and beyond it a pathway and a sort of track up into the wood above.

But what arrested my attention more than all the rest was the figure of an old man, tall and spare, with long white hair on his shoulders, walking slowly up and down on the grass plot, an old hat slanted over his eyes, his hands behind his back. He was clad in a long frock-coat with a high collar, and a stock about his throat gave him the appearance of a past age, such as I had seen in pictures, but never in life.

But, taking courage of my fears, I at length stepped forward and advanced across the open space, toward a point where I might intercept him at his next turn. He turned as I expected, and, looking up, caught sight of me. He stopped short. His figure straightened, and he wheeled abruptly, and, with a step of such unexpected firmness that it appeared like a stride, he gained the small porch which led to the back door of the mansion. I thought he had escaped me; but I kept on steadily, and, with his hand on the knob, he suddenly turned, and apparently reconsidering his intention, took a step forward and awaited my approach, his whole countenance and figure expressive of resentment. Determined, if possible, to conciliate him, I lifted my hat and accosted him respectfully:

"Good-evening, sir."

"How do you do? What do you want?" he demanded, sternly.

"I have called to pay my respects to you sir, as the head of our house." I spoke very deferentially, observing him closely—as he also was observing me.

"Who may you be, and where do you, come from?" he demanded, but little placated.

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"I come from the West, from the State of ——, and my name is Abner Hood."

"Abner Hood! How did you come by that name, and by what right do you invade my retirement?"

"I come by it honestly," I said, smiling a little, "and I have taken the liberty of intruding on you because I wanted to know you."

"Why should you wish to know me?" His eye was suspicious and his tone was cold.

"Because I have your brother's blood in my veins—" I began, but he interrupted me.

"Cain had the blood of Abel's parents in his veins, the theologians say, but I am not aware that that proved affection. David and Joab had common blood in their veins, but the former's last message to his son was to slay him, and he slew him at the altar. It has not been my experience that common blood proves affection, and I have had longer experience of life than you, young man."

I thought that his talking so much was a propitious sign, and his manner had relaxed a little, though his words were still hostile, so I said:

"I assure you, sir, that I am neither Cain nor Abel—only Abner—who, if I recollect aright, had more cause to complain of Joab than Joab of him."

The old fellow gave a grunt.

"I see that you still know something of the Bible." But his manner softened. And I continued:

"I assure you that I want nothing from you, but to know you and pay my respects to you as one of your younger kinsmen—possibly your nearest."

"I have no near kinsmen," he interrupted, shortly. "Those I had I found a little less than kin and a good deal less than kind."

"I know nothing of that. I have never done you any wrong, except to intrude today, as you say, on your privacy, and I ask your pardon for that, in consideration of my real desire to meet you and be friends with the only male relative I have in the world."

Again he gave me one of those shrewd glances, after which he appeared to be considering. And I stood waiting, conjecturing what his reply would be to my appeal.

"Whose son did you say you were?" he asked at length. I told him my father's name, and his father's father's: "Jedediah Hood."

"Jed's grandson, eh!" he muttered, and looked me over from under his bushy eyebrows. "Why didn't they name you after him? Didn't like the name, I guess; means 'Beloved of the Lord.'"

"No, sir, I don't think that was the reason. They preferred yours."

"Eh?"

I almost thought I had lost my chance, he remained so long in reflection. He, however, decided in my favor.

"Wait a moment." He opened the door and went into the house, closing and locking the door behind him, with a loud grating of the key in the huge old lock. Again I felt that my visit had been in vain. A moment later, however, I heard his voice calling some one, and in a little while the key turned in the lock again, the door opened, and I was invited in.

The entrance was a narrow back-hall, which was closed at the far end by a door which I later found admitted one into a somewhat spacious front hall, from which a pretty stairway led up to the floor above. We did not, however, now pass the further door, but turned off from the first hall by a little passage, past what was evidently the kitchen, and with another turn entered a sitting and living room in the back of one of the wings. The furniture in it was meagre, and was old and worn; but it had once been handsome. The large arm-chair, beside the table near one of the windows, was, like the table, of carved mahogany now black with age, and it had once been covered with red velvet, though only portions of the upholstery now remained, and the seat was now filled with old papers flattened on the broken, crooked springs. A few time-faded prints hung on the walls, among them portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Samuel Adams, and James Otis; also an old-fashioned allegorical tree of many roots and branches, representing the Tree of Knowledge, with a serpent curled about its stem, and the Virtues and Vices—the latter in somewhat undue proportion—springing therefrom. There were many books, generally old, in a bookcase with a glass front, and lying about on chairs, or piled on the boxes in the corners. On the table lay a large old Bible worn to tatters. An old flint-lock musket, with a powder-horn tied to it,

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hung on the wall, and a rapier or dress-sword and a sabre were crossed below them. I was offered the arm-chair, but, of course, took another one—the only other in the room.

As soon as we entered the house he became the host, and treated me with a graciousness wholly different from his former manner, into which he only relapsed occasionally when reference was made to his past.

After his apology for bringing me into such an untidy apartment, which he explained by saying, "Old age has few wants, and warmth and quietude are chief among them," he began to ask me a few questions as to my family; but he was rarely interested enough in my replies to make any comment on them. Once he said:

"Did your father ever tell you why he went West?"

I knew he meant my grandfather, of course; but I replied:

"No, sir."

He gave a short grunt. "We quarrelled."

"I am sorry for that, sir. I never heard it."

"No, we Hoods were always close-mouthed."

After wondering what the cause of the quarrel was, and giving him a chance to cast light on it, I ventured to ask him what it was about.

"About Religion. Bigotry, cupidity, and brutality are the three chief causes of dissension. All have their sources in selfishness."

"Well, there isn't religion enough to quarrel about now," I said. It was the first thing I had said which appeared to please him.

"Quite true," he observed. "As far as I can judge—for I never go out—you are quite right. It is perishing out of the earth—slain in the revolt against superstition and bigotry.

"What Church do you belong to?" he suddenly demanded. I told him that I had never united myself with any Church, because I did not think myself good enough to do so; but had always looked forward to joining my mother's church, which was the old Established Church.

"Well, I should think you were quite good enough to join that Church now," he said, with a faint gleam of humor in his deep eyes. "You cannot be a very wise man."

"How is that?"

"Why, as you are, you are among those judged—but if you joined the Church, you would be among the judges."

Wishing to get off of the subject of religion, which appeared to engross his thoughts, and to learn something of his history, I grew bolder.

"Why did you never marry?" I asked him, suddenly. A change came over his face, and his whole person, I might say. A flash came into his eye, and his form stiffened. I felt that I had made a mistake, and was about to try to rectify it, when he said:

"Did they never tell you?"

"No, sir, not a word."

"Well, I will, if you have the patience to listen.—Because I was fool enough to be honest—and others could not bear the truth."

I assured him that I was deeply interested, and he told me his curious story.

"I was your father's elder brother" (he always spoke of my grandfather as my father)," and as such I came into possession of this estate on my father's death, your father receiving his portion in money and other property, which I dare say he soon squandered in riotous living, for he was always inclined to be wild and light, while I, on the other hand, was sober, frugal, reflective, and earnest. As the property was an ample one—more than ample—I determined to secure a helpmate; but I had a high ideal. I was ambitious to preserve an ancient and honorable name, and I was very proud—proud of my position, proud of my intellect, proud of my knowledge. My opening mind had discovered that this little corner of the world was a very small and narrow corner, and that men had been shackled by others in a slavery worse than African slavery—the slavery of the mind—but, having been born in this slavery, I had not initiative to break my bonds and declare my freedom. I was the slave of John Calvin and his offspring, and, while I could not at heart subscribe to his frightful tenets, I lived bound to the stake he had planted, and tortured with the perpetual fires he had kindled, and which the iron-divines of predestinary doctrine had blown through each succeeding generation. What your father and others

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like him took lightly, I shrivelled before, and at one time I even thought of adopting the ministry as a means of salvation, not for others, but for my miserable self.

"I was saved from this by meeting and becoming enamored of a young woman, the daughter of one of our leading elders, himself a stern and unbending believer, who would sooner have been damned himself than not have believed that others would be damned. She had been absent at an academy while I was at college, and about the time of my return home to assume my duties as my father's successor, I met her, for the first time in years. I had known her in her pretty childhood as a wild young hoiden with gazelle-like eyes. But she had fallen under the spell. She had ripened into all that her childhood had promised—and more—only she had become demure and serious-minded beyond anything that could have been believed. Her sobriety, however, simply added to her charms, in my then state of mind, and I fell desperately in love with her, and had the happiness to have my passion returned. Gifted with intellect far beyond the majority of her sex, she inspired me to study and opened up to me new vistas of thought. We read much together, and, as Theology was the chief subject in those days, we studied it together, but, while the more we read the stronger grew her belief, the stronger grew my doubts—doubts which I hesitated to tell her of, for fear of imparting them to her and causing her some of the unhappiness I was experiencing.

"Wishing to see something of the outside world before settling down, and also desiring to add to the furnishing of my home in a manner suitable to my means, and thus testifying my devotion to her, for she was poor, I determined to visit New York. In those days we travelled much of the way in stage-coaches, and I spent a number of days in company with a fellow passenger who made a deep impression on me. He was a divine so different from any one that I had ever hitherto been thrown with, that he at once gained both my confidence and my affection. He was a youngish man, with a gentle, refined face and burning eyes such as I never saw equalled. I was first attracted to him by his tenderness to a bereaved mother who happened to be a fellow passenger with us in the earlier part of the journey, and who was in her first paroxysm of desolation over the death of her only child. His sympathy drew from her not only an account of her bereavement, but the secret of her inconsolable anguish. A preacher to whom she had applied for consolation had told her that there were infants in hell a span long, predestined to damnation, and in her agony she had conceived the idea that her child might be among them. Her reason had almost been unsettled.

"'Madam,' said our clergyman, 'the man who told you that was not only a brute and an idiot, but was a blasphemous brute and idiot. That man was not teaching from the gospel of Jesus Christ—who likened the kingdom of heaven to a little child—but from his own hardened heart.' And then he began to expound to her—I ask his pardon in heaven, where he now is—I mean he began to talk to her of the love of God, of his tenderness and loving care, in a way which not only soothed her and brought her peace, but calmed the storm which had so long been raging in my breast.

"I sought the first opportunity to open my heart to him, and he at once began to remove my doubts—preaching, and proving from the Bible, a gospel so widely different from the decrees of wrath that I had been accustomed to hear pronounced from the pulpit, that, for the first time in my life, I began to get an idea of God's goodness and fatherhood, and that night I prayed in humility and love, and not in rage and fear.

"He dealt with my questionings as to Adam's fall, predestined damnation, certain miracles, and literal inspiration in so conclusive a manner that I wondered I had not thought of it before, only my mind had been blinded by the false prophets of wrath. He repudiated literal inspiration as unreasonable; but accepted plenary inspiration as consonant with reason. Christ's work, he declared, was not in the least dependent on miracles, nor was it taught in the Bible that salvation depended on belief in miracles. Yet His greatest miracle was not raising Lazarus from the dead, but raising a dead world from corruption and sin. Salvation was a matter of the heart, not of the head. Christ's death and passion were not needed to reconcile God to man, but to bring men to God. God was Love, and his justice was not what hard

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men had distorted it into; but was tempered by the infinite pity of an infinitely wise and compassionate Father, who pitied his children, knew their infirmities, and remembered that they were but dust.

II

"I RETURNED home sooner than I had intended, so relieved was I by the teaching of my new evangel that I was eager to impart it to my betrothed. I only remained long enough to forward the new furniture for our home, which I had purchased in New York with the joy of one who feels that he is rendering homage to the most beautiful and perfect of God's creatures.

"The evening I arrived was prayer-meeting evening, and I never attended a divine service with such a feeling of joy and reverence as that. Every one, of course, attended, and Miss —, my betrothed, was the cynosure of all eyes as we entered together; for I had arrived only in time to call for her and have a blissful ten minutes before leaving for church, in which I placed on her hand the jewel I had got in New York to celebrate our engagement. She informed me that it had been decided to appoint me an elder in place of an old man who had just died and that I had received every vote but one, that of a man named Wynne,—who was a distant relative of some kind—and whose son had been an unsuccessful suitor of Hilda Morrison's. The devotional part of the services I participated in with more fervor than I had ever done before; for my heart was filled with thankfulness, and I could listen without a tremor to the man-imagined wrath of a man-im-

The entrance to "the grounds" was now situated in a tangled wild . . . the gate buried a foot in the soil.—Page 535.

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agined Deity. I only awaited an opportunity to explain to my betrothed the happy change in my condition.

"I had not long to wait. It was the custom among us then for different men to be called on to speak in the meeting, and, by a sort of common consent, it appeared, it had been determined to call on me and ask me to give a sort of account of my trip and its necessarily novel experiences. Accordingly, when the regular devotional exercises were concluded, the pastor called attention to the fact that I had just returned from distant parts, and that it was greatly desired by my friends and fellow citizens that I should give them some account of my experiences during my travels, and particularly any new spiritual experiences I might have had.

"Encouraged by a smile from her, I rose and gave them a general outline of my trip, with an episode or two which they appeared to consider sufficiently diverting, and then I started to take my seat; but I was again interrogated as to whether I had heard any of the great preachers, and, if so, as to my opinion of them. I replied that, while I had heard a number of them, the man who had made most impression on me was a fellow traveller, and I proceeded to relate my experience with my friend and the effect of his teaching on my views.

"Borne on by my feeling, I made a complete confession of my questionings and of the slough of despond into which I had sunk, and of my providential escape therefrom, with the joy and peace that I had since been conscious of. I spoke well, I know, for I spoke from my heart.

"If you can imagine a snowfall in the midst of summer warmth, you will get a faint idea of the reception of my words. First a dead silence fell on them, and then a murmer of such disapprobation and hostility as might have greeted me had I preached a universal and horrifying damnation instead of the unspeakable mercies of a compassionate and all-wise Father. I sat down and looked around, to encounter only an appalled and appalling horror. I looked at my betrothed. She was as pale as though I had confessed to some terrible crime, and sat with trembling eyelids and white lips, overwhelmed with consternation. The congregation rose in icy silence. The elders, by a tacit consent, drew together and, after a word or two, they gathered about the preacher and moved toward his room back of the pulpit, one of them turning at the door and saying solemnly that I was desired to wait a few moments in the church. I had not known till then how grave was my situation, but I felt relieved that I had unburdened my soul. I had spoken the truth, and I was ready to abide the consequences, however serious they might be. A few of the congregation also remained, grim and silent.

"In a few moments the door of the room where the elders were in session opened, and one of my judges desired my attendance. I walked in and knew instantly that my sentence had been passed, and that nothing I could say would avail.

"'Mr. Hood,' said the preacher 'it is not necessary, after your voluntary and appalling confession this evening, for us to state the grounds of our action. It is sufficient to say that you can no longer remain connected with this Church, which is a Church of God. Your removal, immediate and final, has been unanimously decided on by us.' He was here interrupted by one of the elders, a stony-faced individual by the name of Wynne, with two steely eyes drilled above his hatchet nose. He objected to the word 'removal' as being too mild. The word he had written in the resolution was, he declared, 'expulsion.' This was agreed on, and, with a bow, I walked out.

"In my new-found happiness I was not even then wholly overthrown. I was able to thank God that I felt no rancor toward them. I simply pitied them for their blindness, and I looked forward to the happiness of my home, chastened by a sense of my own unworthiness, but sustained by the sympathy and confidence of my wife. While cast down, therefore, I was far from destroyed.

"When I walked out, my betrothed was sitting as I had left her, and when I approached her she rose and joined me without a word, and we left the church together. At the threshold I offered her my arm, and she laid her hand lightly on it, but the touch, light as it was, thrilled me. The night was dark, but I did not take note of it till later. Her presence was light enough for me. For a time she was silent, as I was; but presently she asked me quietly what had occurred when I was called before the elders. I told

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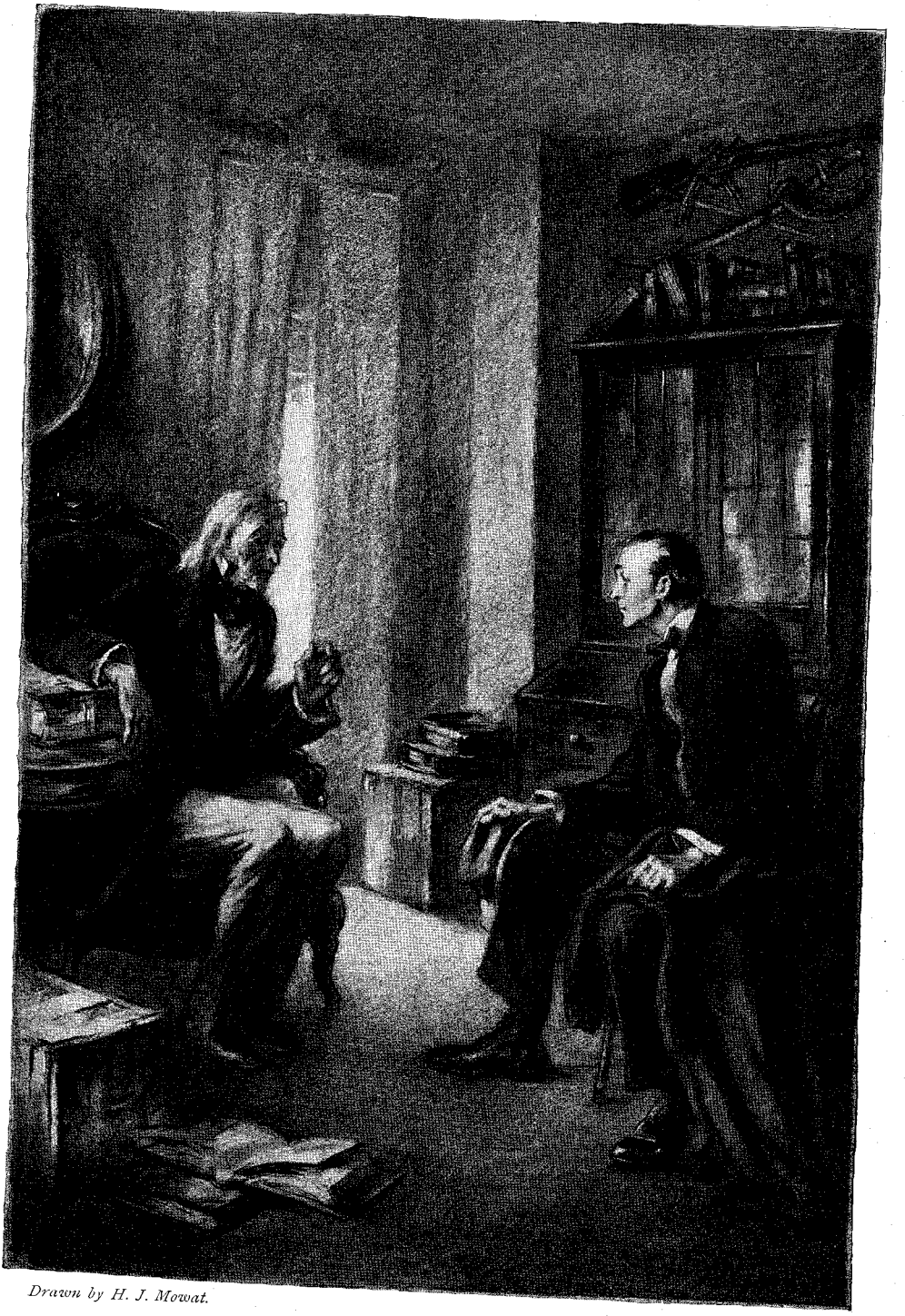

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

I assured him that I was deeply interested, and he told me his curious story.—Page 537.

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her that I had been turned out of the Church. She gave a little exclamation of horror, but, beyond her 'Oh!' she made no comment, and we walked on in silence. After a few moments she withdrew her hand from my arm and walked a little further apart from me. I observed it with a certain pang, but, as she was engaged in removing her glove, I made no remark upon it. We had by this time reached her father's door, and she stopped, as I thought, to express her pent-up sympathy, but instead, she held her hand out to me.

"'I want to restore this to you,' she said, in a calm tone.

"'What is it?' I held out my hand, and she placed in it our engagement ring, the jewel I had placed on her finger but a few hours before, with a renewal of our vows of life-long confidence and devotion.

"'If you have been turned out of the Church, I cannot marry you.'

"I was so overwhelmed that all I could say was, 'Do you mean it, Hilda?'

"'I do, Abner,' she said.

"'Have you reflected on it, Hilda?'

"'I have, Abner.'

"'Is this irrevocable, Hilda?'

"'It is, Abner.'

"'Then good-by, Hilda,' I said.

"'Good-by, Abner,' she replied. And I turned and came away. It was only when I stumbled at the gate that I remarked how dark the night was. As I climbed the hill, the clock tolled the midnight hour. I have never heard it since without feeling my heart crushed anew beneath its iron hammer. Since that hour I have lived in exile—the exile of the heart.

"Now you know why I never married," he said, grimly, after a silence in which he had been reflecting on his strange past, while I watched him with a new tenderness for the lonely old man who had fallen a victim to a cruel bigotry burnt into his blood.

"For a time I thought that possibly she might relent; but I did not know the unfathomable depth of bigotry—and when no sign came, I shut myself up and gradually withdrew from all association with men."

"But did you never see her again?" I asked.

"Certainly not."

"What became of her, sir?" He paused a moment before he replied. Then he said grimly:

"I never inquired."

"How have you lived?"

"Oh! very well—sufficiently well. I had an old man to look after me, and when he died his son took his place, and I suppose when he goes I shan't need another. Years ago certain persons claiming to be my kin undertook to try to regulate my affairs; but I soon shut them off. Your father was one of them. I imagine he meant well; but I wished to forget mankind as they had forgotten me. Since then I have never gazed voluntarily on a woman's face. I have not seen a man until you came to-day in I do not know how many years, perhaps twenty, and I do not know why I permitted you to come in, unless it be that I am getting in my dotage. Possibly, your name or something about you reminded me of a time that I had thought almost obliterated from my memory."

"But," I said, coming back to the main cause of his embitterment, as I thought, "you know the world has moved. Many now go much beyond what you declared as your conviction."

"No doubt. I have seen as much intimated," he said dryly. "In the reaction they have come to believe nothing. But I believe." He laid his hand on an old tattered book on his table. "I cannot but believe. It alone has sustained me."

"What did my grand—" (I hesitated) "father do? Did he take sides against you?"

"No. He wished me to yield my principles—to make overtures to—however, it is so long ago now, it is of no use to open that long-sealed past. He took life more lightly. He did not know how deep was my wound."

"Where did you say you lived?" he asked, suddenly. I told him.

"Write it down." I did so, signing my name "Abner Hood, Jr."

"If you come this way again next year, you may come and see me." He rose.

Seeing that my visit had been ended by him, I thanked him and took my leave, and, as I shook hands with him at his door, I felt again that sudden tenderness for the old man that I had felt once or twice before during the interview.

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Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

Half a dozen or more elderly men and women, very busy examining the papers and rubbish taken from the desk.—Page 544.

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"Good-by, uncle," I said, as I held his withered and wrinkled old hand, with its high veins and thick brown freckles, and laid my other hand on it. "If you ever want me or want anything done that I can do for you, telegraph me and I'll come immediately."

"Good-by. I hardly think I shall want anything. I have passed wanting."

As I forced my way back through the tangled thickets, I made my plan to leave at once, so as to escape the questioning of my driver or the host at Simpson's. And so I did. I kept my room under plea of fatigue, and then, having paid my bill, took my bag and walked down to meet the night train. It was late, owing to an accident, and, as I waited, I heard the village clock toll sullenly the same hour to which my lonely old kinsman had listened so often.

Some months later, in the spring, I received a despatch signed "Simon Morse," announcing the death of the old man. Without waiting to procure a black suit, I took the first train for the East, and went to W. There I learned that the old hermit had passed away three days before, and was to be buried that afternoon, apparently with much pomp. The town was full of excitement over the event. The difficulty of access to the place, the mystery connected with his life, and other circumstances combined, had started a hundred different stories as to the old man's rigorous seclusion, varying all the way from madness over a broken-off love-affair to the commission of some heinous crime. It was said generally that he had died without a will, and that his nearest heirs were the not very near cousins in the village, with whom he had always been on bad terms.

I made my way up the hill by a winding track which the supposed nearest of kin had had made for the occasion through the thickets which had so long filled the grounds. As I passed the church in its bare lot, I observed that many flowers and plants were being carried in from a fine florist's wagon with the name of a neighboring town on it in flaring letters, and a grave had been dug in a lot near the door.

On arrival at the house, I found the front entrance, closed for so many years, opened, and quite a concourse of vehicles and people, drawn by curiosity, gathered in the grounds. Having asked one of the men, apparently busy about the funeral, where I might find the deceased's old attendant, I received in reply a solemn and silent wave in the direction of the door; so I entered to make my way back in the direction of the old man's living apartment, where I had visited him. I was surprised to discover what a handsome house it was. Though sombre and musty and dusty from being so long closed, the hall and the apartments opening on it were handsome, and the hall, with its beautiful cornice and tasteful old stairway, was distinguished. A number of old paintings hung on the walls, all draped, however, in coverings gray and brown with dust and cobwebs. The carpets on the floors were soft with the dust upon them. The walls were scarred and streaked with the damp and mould of many years, and the ceiling had fallen in places where the rain and melted snow had soaked in from some rotted section of the roof.

I made my way back to the rear, and discovered that the old man's apartment was the scene of considerable bustle. It was filled with a party of, perhaps, half a dozen or more elderly men and women, dressed in black, and very busy examining the papers and rubbish taken from the desk and boxes which stood open about the room. As I opened the door without knocking—manifestly to their great surprise—they had had no time to desist from their occupation. I was asked somewhat shortly what I wanted, and explained that I was looking for Mr. Hood's old attendant, whom, I had been told, I might find there.

"He is somewhere outside," said one of the women, with a wave, as she returned to her work, while another one added:

"This room is reserved for the family."

With an apology, I withdrew, and before long came on an old fellow dressed in a long-tailed coat and a very ancient high hat, who, though not displaying many signs of mourning in his raiment, showed so much real sorrow in his face that I instantly picked him out.

"Are you the old gentleman's attendant?" I asked.

"I be," he said; "leastways, I was till two days ago."

I knew by his expression and tone what he meant.

"I want to see you outside." He gave me a swift look, and, with a quick glance

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around, signed to me to precede him. At the silent sign from him, I walked out, and he followed me outside to the back, where I had first seen the old recluse walking up and down in the evening sunlight. Here, without apparently looking at me, he made a sign in the direction of the shrubbery, and I walked on, he moving obliquely, as though going in another direction but, once in the screen of the thickets, he joined me.

"Be you Abner, Jr?" he asked briefly, and on my nodding assent he added dryly, "I been expecting you."

He then told me the story of the old man's last hours. He had been as well as usual—"He had taken to talkin' of you a mite," said he, "and was lookin' forward to your comin' back. He said he allowed he was gittin' in his dotage. That was only the night before. That night he was readin' his Bible till late—I saw the light under his door. Here is something for you." He took from his inside pocket, with great deliberation, a letter, carefully sealed, and addressed in a tremulous, but still strong hand to "Abner Hood, Jr., Esquire."

"Is this his handwriting?" I inquired.

"It be—every word—he wrote it the day before he was taken—that is, he copied it off fair that day. He'd been a-workin' at it on and off for some time before. He was particular abaout where he was to be buried—said he didn't want to lie in the shadow of that church."

I opened the packet and found it to contain, as I had conjectured, a will, wholly written with the old gentleman's own hand, and in the quaint phraseology of the past.

After declaring his abiding belief in God, "Who alone judgeth the hearts of men," and committing his soul to His mercy he directed that all debts, if there were any, should be paid; that his faithful attendant, Simon Morse, should have the privilege of living on the place during his life free of rent, and should be paid an annuity of several hundred dollars a year; that I should have the house with all it contained, and so much ground as I might, in my unfettered judgment, deem necessary to support it, and that all the rest and residue of his property should be divided into two equal shares one of which was to be mine absolutely and in fee simple, and the other was to be applied by me to such charitable objects as I might select, including alike individual cases and public charities, I to be the sole judge of the proper beneficiaries, and not to be called to account for any acts of mine in connection therewith by any person except God. The only conditions were that I was not to give in aid of bigotry or superstition, and that I was to see that he was decently and privately buried on his own land, on the hillside facing the east and overlooking the village of W. And, finally, I was left residuary legatee and sole executor of the will.

"It's all right, ain't it?"

"I think so; but, at any rate, I am his next-of-kin and his heir."

His eyes gave a snap of satisfaction, and something like the ghost of a smile flitted about the corners of his mouth.

"Now we'll bury him as he said," he said briefly.

"We will," I nodded. "We'll carry out his wishes to the letter. But we shall have to get the grave dug."

"It's all ready," he said. "I dug it myself last night, and just covered it over with boughs so they wouldn't know. You see, I thought you'd come."

"I wish I had come before," I exclaimed, thinking of the old fellow's loneliness.

"Well, I don't know," reflected Simon. "He didn't like folks araound much. 'Pears like they pestered him."

"But I feel sure he would have seen me."

"Maybe, so. He might. He talked of you considerable. But it appeared to stir him up some. He allowed he was gittin' in his dotage. 'Twas next mornin' after writin' his will he had a stroke."

"The very next morning!"

Simon nodded with conviction.

"The very next mornin'. He was settin' in his cheer when I went in—speechless—and I seen at onct he had a stroke. He was still reasonable, and I made out he wanted me to send for some one. I thought first 'twas the doctor, but he shook his head. Oh, he was reasonable enough! When I thought o' you, he nodded his head—so." (The old chap nodded so violently that he shook his hat off, which apparently caused him much concern. When he had brushed and replaced it, he proceeded:) "Well, he didn't live long. He went so fast I couldn't leave him to call for anybody—and 'twas just as well, I guess; they'd 'a' pestered him, and he didn't want 'em. Soon as he was

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gone, I went down and notified 'em, and they come like ravens. I never see sich grief! 'Twas most ridiculous. They turned the house inside out." (I could not help smiling inwardly at the old fellow's idea of "inside out.") "At first I was like their long-lost brother. I had 'done so much for him —had been like his own son. Did I know of any will? did I know whether he had any other kinfolks?'—and a hundred other things. Well, I've told so many lies in my time 't I thought a lie or two more wouldn't make no difference, so I told 'em he was always so close-mouthed they wouldn't believe it, and if he had any other kinfolks I guess they'd 'a' tried to hunt him up and save his property, if not his soul. And then you'd ought to seen 'em change. They no sooner thought that they was safe than 'Poor Simon' was the dirt under their feet. They ordered me araound 's if I was their slave, and never had been no emancipation proclamation, nuther. They been peerin' and speerin' everywheres till it's scandalous, and they been a-hintin' that they more than suspicionate as how I have stole all the old man's money and silver.—But sich as there is, is in a box in the hole on the inside of the big square chimney and the key is in the secret drawer at the back of his desk. And now I guess you know what to do."

"I guess I do, Simon," said I, "and first I want to say to you that whatever happens you may live where you like and do as you like, and you will be made comfortable."

"I should like to live here," said Simon, "and look after his grave and the grass plot and the caow."

"You shall do it," I said, and we walked back to the house by different ways.

I walked in once more at the front, and, finding the door of one of the rooms open which had been closed when I passed through before, I entered the room, which proved to be the old drawing-room, and found the body laid out there in a coffin, which, with its plated ware, appeared not only handsome, but almost gay. The glass portion of the top was open, and an important-looking undertaker was standing near by, completely absorbed in admiration of the company that were now assembling. As I gazed on the old man's form, lying so placidly and with a certain high scorn on his marble face, I could not help the tears welling up in my eyes at the thought of the long suffering he had endured at the hands of unbending bigotry—his own no less than that of others.

I passed on to the back apartment, and this time entered, followed after a minute by Simon, who had been awaiting me, and this time I found the family sitting solemnly in their chairs, their black gloves on and long veils ready to be lowered. Again they stared at me, and more than one informed me in a low but positive tone that this room was "reserved for the family." But as I entered and appeared somewhat at home, I observed looks of some disquietude exchanged among them.

Finally, as I still remained somewhat stolidly gazing about me, two of the women rose, and, going over to the eldest of the party, held a whispered colloquy, of which I was evidently the subject. At length the latter walked over toward me and said:

"I guess you have made a mistake. Perhaps, you didn't understand that this was the decedent's private apartment and has been reserved for his folks till time for the funeral."

"I know," I said; "but I am one of his kin."

"Ah! What I mean is, his *near* kinsfolks: you are hardly one of them." He was looking at my gray suit, of which I suddenly became conscious. His tone had grown irritated, and I made no reply, which appeared, from their nods, to encourage them all.

"Did he leave no will?" I asked presently.

"He did not." "That he didn't," exclaimed all the women sharply, in a chorus.

"I shall have to ask you to withdraw," said the elder of the men, assuming a very imperative tone, "as your questions and your presence are offensive to these ladies. If you do not—go and ask David Mallow to come here." He addressed old Simon over my shoulder.

"Who is he?" I asked, turning to Simon.

"The constable—the taown-officer."

"Well, I have no intention or desire to be offensive to these ladies, or to you either," I said; "so I am going; but before I go, I want to explain to you that Mr. Hood did leave a will." It was like a bomb to them.

"Left a will! I don't believe it!" exclaimed more than one of them, rising in a

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flutter, aghast at the announcement. The spokesman, however, waved silence.

"How do you know?" he demanded, sarcastically. "I have proof positive that he did not leave a will." He nodded in the direction of Simon.

"Because I have it, and I am the executor, and, what is more, I am his next of kin." I opened the door and walked out, followed by Simon, who remained only long enough to answer one question. Before he closed the door I heard my name repeated, "Abner Hood, Jr.!" in some consternation.

I passed forward to the front of the house, and, seeing the clergyman there, I drew him aside and apprised him of my uncle's selection of the spot for his grave, and, having satisfied him by showing him the will, I requested him to make the necessary arrangements as to the change in the plans. This he civilly undertook to do, and, when I went back a half-hour later, after seeing the grave, I found everything ready for the interment, in accord with my uncle's wishes. The "family" were seated in the drawing-room, at the head of the casket, the ladies with their veils now drawn close enough, and, as I did not wish to be offensive to them, I kept outside by the door.

The old custom of passing around to view the remains before the coffin was closed was still observed there, and, though I had thought of stopping it, I yielded to the clergyman's suggestion that I permit it, and I was glad afterward that I did. The throng that passed around was, it is true, led to it only by curiosity. But at the very end a little old figure in dingy black, with a faded dark veil, appeared in the line. I had observed her as she climbed painfully up the hill a short time before, her figure very bent, and her step very slow and painful. She had remained in the background in a corner till the last. Then she came forward. She paused a moment at the side of the coffin to raise her veil, that she might get a look at the face, and my heart hardened as I thought of the curiosity that would lead even so old a woman, at such pains, to gaze on a corpse; but suddenly she drew from the folds of her dress a little bunch of crumpled flowers, and laid them tenderly on the dead man's bosom, and, bending over the body as though to redraw her veil, she tremblingly touched her wrinkled hand softly to his cold brow, and I saw some tears dropping silently.

"Who is that?" I asked of a man near me.

"That's old Miss Hilda Morrison—lives in the little old tumble-down house behind the church. She's in and about ninety years old, I guess."

She was his betrothed. She had lived, like my uncle, in life-long exile of the heart.

When the procession moved, I kept near the old lady I had seen, and, as we climbed the hill, offered her my arm.

"Won't you let me help you? I am a stranger here," I said. She took it without a word, except to murmur her thanks; but on the way up she asked me if I would mind telling her my name.

"My name is Abner Hood," I said, gently, "and I know who you are." Her hand clutched my arm, then relaxed, then took it again, and I felt her head pressed softly against my shoulder. And from that time she leaned on me firmly.

And from that time she leaned on me firmly.

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THROUGH THE MISTS

I

THE COMING OF THE HUNS

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

IN the middle of the fourth century the state of the Christian religion was a scandal and a disgrace. Patient, humble, and long-suffering in adversity, it had become positive, aggressive, and unreasonable with success. Paganism was not yet dead, but it was rapidly sinking, finding its most faithful supporters among the conservative aristocrats of the best families on the one hand, and among those benighted villagers on the other who gave their name to the expiring creed. Between these two extremes the great majority of reasonable men had turned from the conception of many gods to that of one, and had rejected forever the beliefs of their forefathers. But with the vices of polytheism they had also abandoned its virtues, among which toleration and religious good-humor had been conspicuous. The strenuous earnestness of the Christians had compelled them to examine and define every point of their own theology; but as they had no central authority by which such definitions could be checked, it was not long before a hundred heresies had put forward their rival views, while the same earnestness of conviction led the stronger bands of schismatics to endeavor, for conscience' sake, to force their views upon the weaker, and thus to cover the Eastern world with confusion and strife.

Alexandria, Antioch, and Constantinople were centres of theological warfare. The whole north of Africa, too, was rent by the strife of the Donatists, who upheld their particular schism by iron flails and the war-cry of "Praise to the Lord!" But minor local controversies sank to nothing when compared with the huge argument of the Catholic and the Arian, which rent every village in twain, and divided every household from the cottage to the palace. The rival doctrines of the Homoousian and of the Homoiousian, containing metaphysical differences so attenuated that they could hardly be stated, turned bishop against bishop and congregation against congregation. The ink of the theologians and the blood of the fanatics were spilled in floods on either side, and gentle followers of Christ were horrified to find that their faith was responsible for such a state of riot and bloodshed as had never yet disgraced the religious history of the world. Many of the more earnest among them, shocked and scandalized, slipped away to the Libyan Desert, or to the solitude of

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Pontus, there to await in self-denial and prayer that second coming which was supposed to be at hand. Even in the deserts they could not escape the echo of the distant strife, and the hermits themselves scowled fiercely from their dens at passing travellers who might be contaminated by the doctrines of Athanasius or of Arius.

Such a hermit was Simon Melas, of whom I write. A trinitarian and a Catholic, he was shocked by the excesses of the persecution of the Arians, which could be only matched by the similar outrages with which these same Arians in the day of their power avenged their treatment on their brother Christians. Weary of the whole strife, and convinced that the end of the world was indeed at hand, he left his home in Constantinople and travelled as far as the Gothic settlements in Dacia, beyond the Danube, in search of some spot where he might be free from the never-ending disputes. Still journeying to the north and east, he crossed the river which we now call the Dneister, and there, finding a rocky hill rising from an immense plain, he formed a grotto near its summit, and settled himself down to end his life in self-denial and meditation. There were fish in the stream, the country teemed with game, and there was an abundance of wild fruits, so that his spiritual exercises were not unduly interrupted by the search of sustenance for his mortal frame.

In this distant retreat he expected to find absolute solitude, but the hope was in vain. Within a week of his arrival, in an hour of worldly curiosity, he explored the edges of the high rocky hill upon which he lived. Making his way up a cleft, which was hung with olives and myrtles, he came upon a cave in the opening of which sat an aged man, white-bearded, white-haired, and infirm—a hermit like himself. So long had this stranger been alone, that he had almost forgotten the use of his tongue; but at last, words coming more freely, he was able to convey the information that his name was Paul of Nicopolis, that he was a Greek citizen, and that he also had come out into the desert for the saving of his soul, and to escape from the contamination of heresy.

"Little I thought, brother Simon," said he, "that I should ever find any one else who had come so far upon the same holy errand. In all these years, and they are so many that I have lost count of them, I have never seen a man, save indeed one or two wandering shepherds far out upon yonder plain."

From where they sat, the huge steppe, covered with waving grass and gleaming with a vivid green in the sun, stretched away as level and as unbroken as the sea, to the eastern horizon. Simon Melas stared across it with curiosity.

"Tell me, brother Paul," said he, "you who have lived here so long—what lies at the further side of that plain?"

The old man shook his head.

"There is no further side to the plain," said he. "It is the earth's boundary, and stretches away to eternity. For all these years I have sat beside it, but never once have I seen anything come across it. It is manifest that if there had been a further side there would certainly at some time have come some traveller from that direction. Over the great river yonder is the Roman post of Tyras; but that is a long day's journey from here and they have never disturbed my meditations."

"On what do you meditate, brother Paul?"

"At first I meditated on many sacred mysteries; but now, for twenty years, I have brooded continually on the nature of the Logos. What is your view upon that vital matter, brother Simon?"

"Surely," said the younger man, "there can be no question as to that. The Logos is assuredly but a name used by St. John to signify the Deity."

The old hermit gave a hoarse cry of fury, and his brown, withered face was convulsed with anger. Seizing the huge cudgel which he kept to beat off the wolves, he shook it murderously at his companion.

"Out with you! Out of my cell!" he cried. "Have I lived here so long to have it polluted by a vile trinitarian—a follower of the rascal Athanasius? Wretched idolater, learn once for all, that the Logos is in truth an emanation from the Deity, and in no sense equal or co-eternal with Him! Out with you, I say, or I will dash out your brains with my staff!"

It was useless to reason with the furious Arian, and Simon withdrew in sadness and wonder, that at this extreme verge of the

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known earth, the spirit of religious strife should still break upon the peaceful solitude of the wilderness. With hanging head and heavy heart he made his way down the valley, and climbed up once more to his own cell, which lay at the crown of the hill, with the intention of never again exchanging visits with his Arian neighbor.

Here, for a year, dwelt Simon Melas, leading a life of solitude and prayer. There was no reason why any one should ever come to this outermost point of human habitation. Once a young Roman officer —Caius Crassus—rode out a day's journey from Tyras, and climbed the hill to have speech with the anchorite. He was of an equestrian family, and still held his belief in the old dispensation. He looked with interest and surprise, but also with some disgust, at the ascetic arrangements of that humble abode.

"Whom do you please by living in such a fashion?" he asked.

"We show that our spirit is superior to our flesh," Simon answered. "If we fare badly in this world we believe that we shall reap an advantage in the world to come."

The centurion shrugged his shoulders.

"There are philosophers among our people, Stoics and others, who have the same idea. When I was in the Herulian Cohort of the Fourth Legion we were quartered in Rome itself, and I saw much of the Christians, but I could never learn anything from them which I had not heard from my own father, whom you, in your arrogance, would call a Pagan. It is true that we talk of numerous gods; but for many years we have not taken them very seriously. Our thoughts upon virtue and duty and a noble life are the same as your own."

Simon Melas shook his head.

"If you have not the holy books," said he, "then what guide have you to direct your steps?"

"If you will read our philosophers, and above all the divine Plato, you will find that there are other guides who may take you to the same end. Have you, by chance, read the book which was written by our emperor Marcus Aurelius? Do you not discover there every virtue which man could have, although he knew nothing of your creed? Have you considered, also, the words and actions of our late emperor Julian, with whom I served my first campaign when he went out against the Persians? Where could you find a more perfect man than he?"

"Such talk is unprofitable, and I will have no more of it," said Simon, sternly. "Take heed while there is time, and embrace the true faith; for the end of the world is at hand, and when it comes there will be no mercy for those who have shut their eyes to the light." So saying, he turned back once more to his praying-stool and to his crucifix, while the young Roman walked in deep thought down the hill, and mounting his horse, rode off to his distant post. Simon watched him until his brazen helmet was but a bead of light on the western edge of the great plain; for this was the first human face that he had seen in all this long year, and there were times when his heart yearned for the voices and the faces of his kind.

So another year passed, and save for the chance of weather and the slow change of the seasons, one day was as another. Every morning, when Simon opened his eyes, he saw the same gray line ripening into red in the furthest east, until the bright rim pushed itself above that far-off horizon across which no living creature had ever been known to come. Slowly the sun swept across the huge arch of the heavens, and as the shadows shifted from the black rocks which jutted upward from above his cell, so did the hermit regulate his terms of prayer and meditation. There was nothing on earth to draw his eye, or to distract his mind, for the grassy plain below was as void from month to month, as the heaven above. So the long hours passed, until the red rim slipped down on the further side, and the day ended in the same pearl-gray shimmer with which it had begun. Once, two ravens circled for some days round the lonely hill, and once a white fish-eagle came from the Dneister and screamed above the hermit's head. Sometimes red dots were seen on the green plain where the antelopes grazed, and often a wolf howled in the darkness from the base of the rocks. Such was the uneventful life of Simon Melas the anchorite, until there came the day of wrath.

It was in the late spring of the year 375 that Simon came out from his cell, his gourd in his hand, to draw water from the spring. Darkness had closed in, the sun had set, but one last glimmer of rosy light

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rested upon a rocky peak, which jutted forth from the hill, on the further side from the hermit's dwelling. As Simon came forth from under his ledge, the gourd dropped from his hand, and he stood gazing in amazement.

On the opposite peak a man was standing, his outline black in the fading light. He was a strange, almost a deformed figure, short-statured, round-backed, with a large head, no neck, and a long rod jutting out from between his shoulders. He stood with his face advanced, and his body bent, peering very intently over the plain to the westward. In a moment he was gone, and the lonely black peak showed up hard and naked against the faint eastern glimmer. Then the night closed down, and all was black once more.

Simon Melas stood long in bewilderment, wondering who this stranger could be. He had heard, as had every Christian, of those evil spirits which were wont to haunt the hermits in the Thebaid and on the skirts of the Ethiopian waste. The strange shape of this solitary creature, its dark outline and prowling, intent attitude, suggestive rather of a fierce, rapacious beast than of a man, all helped him to believe that he had at last encountered one of those wanderers from the pit, of whose existence, in those days of robust faith, he had no more doubt than of his own. Much of the night he spent in prayer, his eyes glancing continually at the low arch of his cell door, with its curtain of deep purple wrought with stars. At any instant some crouching monster, some horned abomination, might peer in upon him, and he clung with frenzied appeal to his crucifix, as his human weakness quailed at the thought. But at last his fatigue overcame his fears, and falling upon his couch of dried grass, he slept until the bright daylight brought him to his senses.

It was later than was his wont, and the sun was far above the horizon. As he came forth from his cell, he looked across at the peak of rock; but it stood there bare and silent. Already it seemed to him that that strange dark figure which had startled him so was some dream, some vision of the twilight. His gourd lay where it had fallen, and he picked it up with the intention of going to the spring. But suddenly he was aware of something new. The whole air was throbbing with sound. From all sides it came, rumbling, indefinite, an inarticulate mutter, low, but thick and strong, rising, falling, reverberating among the rocks, dying away into vague whispers, but always there. He looked round at the blue, cloudless sky in bewilderment. Then he scrambled up the rocky pinnacle above him, and sheltering himself in its shadow, he stared out over the plain. In his wildest dream he had never imagined such a sight.

The whole vast expanse was covered with horsemen, hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands, all riding slowly and in silence, out of the unknown East. It was the multitudinous beat of their horses' hoofs which caused that low throbbing in his ears. Some were so close to him that he looked down upon them and could see clearly their thin wiry horses, and the strange humped figures of the swarthy riders, sitting forward on the withers, shapeless bundles, their short legs hanging stirrupless, their bodies balanced as firmly as though they were part of the beast. In these nearest ones he could see the bow and the quiver, the long spear and the short sword, with the coiled lasso behind the rider, which told that this was no helpless horde of wanderers, but a formidable army upon the march. His eyes passed on from them and swept further and further, but still, to the very horizon, which quivered with movement, there was no end to this monstrous cavalry. Already the vanguard was far past the island of rock upon which he dwelt, and he could now understand that in front of this vanguard were single scouts who guided the course of the army, and that it was one of these whom he had seen upon the evening before.

All day, held spell-bound by this wonderful sight, the hermit crouched in the shadow of the rocks, and all day the sea of horsemen rolled onward over the plain beneath. Simon had seen the swarming quays of Alexandria, he had watched the mob which blocked the hippodrome of Constantinople, yet never had he imagined such a multitude as now defiled beneath his eyes, coming from that eastern skyline which had been the end of his world. Sometimes the dense streams of horsemen were broken by droves of brood-mares and foals, driven along by mounted guards. Sometimes there were herds of cattle.

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Sometimes there were lines of wagons with skin canopies above them. But then once more, after every break, came the horsemen, the horsemen, the hundreds and the thousands and the tens of thousands, slowly, ceaselessly, silently drifting from the East to the West. The long day passed, the light waned, and the shadows fell; but still the great broad stream was flowing by.

But the night brought a new and even stranger sight. Simon had marked bundles of fagots upon the backs of many of the led horses, and now he saw their use. All over the great plain, red pin-points gleamed through the darkness, which grew and brightened into flickering columns of flame. So far as he could see both to east and west the fires extended, until they were but points of light in the furthest distance. White stars shone in the vast heavens above, red ones in the great plain below. And from every side rose the low, confused murmur of voices, with the lowing of oxen and the neighing of horses.

Simon had been a soldier and a man of affairs before ever he forsook the world, and the meaning of all that he had seen was clear to him. History told him how the Roman world had ever been assailed by fresh swarms of Barbarians, coming from the outer darkness, and that the Eastern Empire had already, in its fifty years of existence since Constantine had moved the capital of the world to the shores of the Bosphorus, been tormented in the same way. Gepidæ and Heruli, Ostrogoths and Sarmatians, he was familiar with them all. What the advanced sentinel of Europe had seen from this lonely outlying hill, was a fresh swarm breaking in upon the empire, distinguished only from the others by its enormous, incredible size, and by the strange aspect of the warriors who composed it. He alone, of all civilized men, knew of the approach of this dreadful shadow, sweeping like a heavy storm-cloud from the unknown depths of the East. He thought of the little Roman posts along the Dneister, of the ruined Dacian wall of Trajan behind them, and then of the scattered, defenceless villages which lay with no thought of danger over all the open country which stretched down to the Danube. Could he but give them the alarm! Was it not, perhaps, for that very end that God had guided him to the wilderness.

Then suddenly he remembered his Arian neighbor, who dwelt in the cave beneath him. Once or twice during the last year he had caught a glimpse of his tall, bent figure hobbling round to examine the traps which he laid for quails and partridges. On one occasion they had met at the brook; but the old theologian waved him away, as if he were a leper. What did he think now of this strange happening? Surely their differences might be forgotten at such a moment. He stole down the side of the hill, and made his way to his fellow-hermit's cave.

But there was a terrible silence as he approached it. His heart sank at that deadly stillness in the little valley. No glimmer of light came from the cleft in the rocks. He entered and called, but no answer came back. Then, with flint, steel, and the dry grass which he used for tinder, he struck a spark, and blew it into a blaze. The old hermit, his white hair dabbled with crimson, lay sprawling across the floor. The broken crucifix, with which his head had been beaten in, lay in splinters across him. Simon had dropped on his knees beside him, straightening his contorted limbs, and muttering the office for the dead, when the thud of a horse's hoofs was heard ascending the little valley which led to the hermit's cell. The dry grass had burned down, and Simon crouched trembling in the darkness, pattering prayers to the Virgin that his strength might be upheld.

It may have been that the newcomer had seen the gleam of the light, or it may have been that he had heard from his comrades of the old man whom they had murdered, and that his curiosity had led him to the spot. He stopped his horse outside the cave, and Simon, lurking in the shadows within, had a fair view of him in the moonlight. He slipped from his saddle, fastened the bridle to a root, and then stood peering through the opening of the cell. He was a very short, thick man, with a dark face, which was gashed with three cuts upon either side. His small eyes were sunk deep in his head, showing like black holes in the heavy, flat, hairless face. His legs were short and very bandy, so that he waddled uncouthly as he walked.

Simon crouched in the darkest angle, and he gripped in his hand that same knotted cudgel which the dead theologian had once

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raised against him. As that hideous stooping head advanced into the darkness of the cell, he brought the staff down upon it with all the strength of his right arm, and then, as the stricken savage fell forward upon his face, he struck madly, again and again, until the shapeless figure lay limp and still. One roof covered the first slain of Europe and of Asia.

Simon's veins were throbbing and quivering with the unwonted joy of action. All the energy stored up in those years of repose came in a flood at this moment of need. Standing in the darkness of the cell, he saw, as in a map of fire, the outlines of the great Barbaric host, the line of the river, the position of the settlements, the means by which they might be warned. Silently he waited in the shadow until the moon had sunk. Then he flung himself upon the dead man's horse, guided it down the gorge, and set forth in a gallop across the plain.

There were fires on every side of him; but he kept clear of the rings of light. Round each he could see, as he passed, the circle of sleeping warriors, with the long lines of picketed horses. Mile after mile and league after league stretched that huge encampment. And then, at last, he had reached the open plain which led to the river, and the fires of the invaders were but a dull smoulder against the black eastern sky. Ever faster and faster he sped across the steppe, like a single fluttered leaf which whirls before the storm. Even as the dawn whitened the sky behind him, it gleamed also upon the broad river in front, and he flogged his weary horse through the shallows, until he plunged into its full yellow tide.

So it was that, as the young Roman centurion—Caius Crassus—made his morning round in the Fort of Tyras he saw a single horseman, who rode toward him from the river. Weary and spent, drenched with water and caked with dirt and sweat, both horse and man were at the last stage of their endurance. With amazement the Roman watched their progress, and recognized in the ragged, swaying figure, with flying hair and staring eyes, the hermit of the Eastern desert. He ran to meet him, and caught him in his arms as he reeled from the saddle.

"What is it, then?" he asked. "What is your news?"

But the hermit could only point at the rising sun. "To arms!" he croaked. "To arms! The day of wrath is come!" And as he looked, the Roman saw—far across the river—a great dark shadow, which moved slowly over the distant plain.

SNOW-BURDEN

By Edith M. Thomas

They bear the burden of the snow—
  They bear it with a patient grace,
The drooping trees! Yet well they know
  A melting hour comes on apace.

Ah, if but Time, that crowns me white,
  An equal clemency would show,
Then, I some soft, mild day or night,
  Would drop the burden of the snow!

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TOWN MEETING DAY

By Sidney M. Chase

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

A SHAGGY gray horse, drawing an old farmer in a mud-splashed Democrat wagon, ploughed through the depths of a New England country road. A March chill was in the air, and the dark hemlocks still held ragged patches of snow and ice. Presently he came abreast of a white-painted farm-house. In the barn-yard, busy about his chores, was a grim-visaged man in overalls. The driver steered his horse to the roadside, and pulled on the reins.

"Whoa!" he called.

"Ready fer town meetin', Aaron?"

The man in overalls looked up, slowly straightened his rusty length, and spat scornfully at the wood-pile.

"I dunno 's I be, Hiram," he said.

"Sho! Riled ye some, Joel's beatin' ye fer dog officer last year, I cal'late!"

The other came toward the wagon, and lifting one muddy boot, placed it carefully on the hub of a wheel.

"'Tain't thet, Hiram, but I swan t' man! We can't git nothin' 't this end o' the town. The see-lickmen dumps our taxes onto them bogholes o' roads in the South Parish, with this turnpike fairly spilin' fer a few loads o' gravel. They got a load o' new-fangled books intew the lib'ry, an' when Almiry goes thar, the' ain't none never in. An' now"—he exploded—"the old 'Torrent' ain't good enough fer 'em, an' nothin' tew it but they must buy one o' them sody factories, a chemical enjine, they call it! *I* don't want no part in sech crazy doin's!"

"Ef you want to vote fer see-lickmen, you better hurry up 'n' git suthin' warm," observed Hiram; "it's consid'able sharp."

The other glanced unseeingly at the wood-pile, and then expectantly down the road.

"Hold on a minute, Hi," he said hurriedly, as he started toward the house; "I guess I'll go along."

Throughout its sparsely settled length, the little township was alive with interest. The day of the year had come. Over the freezing country roads ancient vehicles, filled with shrewd-faced farmers, creaked joyfully toward the "Centre." As the several roads converged upon the town-house, the caravan grew, and old friends—and enemies—nodded mutual recognition.

"Thar's Nate Ellis," said one sandy-bearded driver. "Hear he figgers to git tree warden ag'in. Says he's got his stickers all printed complete fer thutty-five cents, an' won't buy nobody nothin'."

"'F he don't do no better 'n what he done last year, thet 's all he's wuth," remarked another.

"Hello, here's Uncle Joab a-comin'. Hear 'bout his catchin' the old stray hoss 'n' drivin' him int' the pound? Hoss died, an' Joab couldn't find nobody 't owned him, so he hed to pay fer buryin' of him himself! Cost him a dollar 'n' a quarter, 'n' nigh broke his heart!"

The mud-spattered cavalcade jolted past the "Common" and the white meeting-house, and bore down upon the bleak structure that served as "opera-house" and town-hall. The solemn horses were moored along the fences and in the sheds back of the meeting-house; and down the rows of ancient top-buggies and Democrat wagons their owners gathered in little groups, renewing friendships and shrewdly "figgerin'" chances for a "'propriation" on their pet highway.

"Hear you been dreenin' your swamp medder lot——"

"Wa-al, yes, I never cut more 'n five ton o' hay——"

"Ef you turn under the stubble 'n' sow a green crop of oats, 'n' then plant yer pertaters——"

"I done thet last year, 'n' this year I cal'late to raise a marster crop o' corn——"

"Thet Bear Hill road is the all-firedest wust piece I ever see. Ef the see-lickmen won't do nothin'——"

"Oughter git Aaron t' stan' up in town meetin' 'n' oppose ye—town 'll vote anything ef Aaron 's only ag'in it! Haw, haw!"

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"Down t' the Corners t'other day I swapped that spavined roan mare fer——"

Meanwhile the tide was setting toward the doorway, and presently a stream of rough-coated, barn-scented farmers was surging into the hall. Inside it seemed almost colder than out-doors, though two immense stoves were doing their best to cheer the bleak interior. Around these roaring furnaces buckskin gloves were stripped off, and stiffened fingers thrust toward the heat; and while the thawing-out progressed, knots of bearded politicians nodded, chuckling, over some clever bit of "log-rolling."

As the room filled, the political temperature rose; little groups of voters drew apart with lowered voices; shrewd plots matured; and the thronged, smoke-laden room grew tense with expectation.

On the stage, seated at tables, were several men, one with a big book of records. Presently he rose, and through the buzz of talk came three sharp raps upon the table. A hush fell, and the vacant places on settees were quickly filled, though in the rear many still stood. Talk ceased, and attentive faces turned toward the town clerk, a meager little man, who proceeded to read the warrant.

As the monotonous list of articles to be acted upon—which every one knew by heart—droned on to the end, the clerk announced:

"Article One. To choose a moder-ay-tor to preside at said meeting."

Then he added solemnly:

"Prepar' and for'ard your ballots fer moder-ay-tor!"

A great shuffling of feet began as a line of farmers, each with a mysterious slip of paper, worked its way toward the stage, where each importantly deposited his slip in what appeared to be an old contribution-box borrowed from the meeting-house. As each voted, his name was called by the clerk, and checked by the selectmen. When the last man had passed, the contribution-box was overturned upon the table before the selectmen, who counted the slips of paper.

Presently the clerk announced pompously:

"Whole number of votes for moder-ay-tor, eighty-six; nec'sary fer choice forty-four; Ichabod N. Peaslee hes eighty-six, 'n' I declar' him u-nanimously elected!"

Out in the audience a stocky, red-bearded man arose, and, removing his hat, made his way to the platform.

He took his place amid a tumult of noise, and dealt the table a resounding bang. Then he swept the room with a leisurely eye.

"'Cordin' t' good ol' custom, 't might be safer to open this meetin' with prayer," he said dryly.

It was accordingly voted.

"Ef there's any preacher present—" suggested the moderator.

There was an embarrassing pause.

"Ain't any brother willin' t' lead the meetin' in prayer?"

No response. A longer pause.

"Mister Mod'raytor," came a voice, "I motion 't we reconsider!" and while a slight titter ran around the room, the motion was solemnly put and carried.

The moderator scrutinized the warrant, frowningly, through his spectacles.

"Ef there's no objection we'll take up Article Two," he said.

His ponderous forefinger came to a stop at the proper paragraph.

"Thet article reads 'to choose all nec'sary 'n' usual town officers fer the ensuin' year.' Prepar' 'n' for'ard your ballots fer fust see-lickman. I declar' the polls open!" Bang!

Stolid, whiskered men; keen, wiry men; awkward youths in unaccustomed "store clothes"; silent and serious, laughing and "blaggarding"—the line plodded past the contribution-box, each man holding a slip of paper (hurriedly distributed by friends of the candidates) with a grip that showed the value attached to his right to vote.

"Hev all voted that wish? Then I declar' the polls closed!" Whack!

Tellers counted the votes, and the moderator announced to an intent audience that the "fust see-lickman" had been re-elected.

All forenoon a steady line of voters crept past the contribution-box. There were some lively contests as the extraordinary list of officers was chosen—from "see-lickmen" down through constables, fence-viewers, field drivers, surveyors of lumber, measurers of wood and bark, to pound-keeper and dog officer.

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Elsewhere in the smoke-laden room a great rumble of conversation arose from changing groups of voters, who filled the pauses by gathering at a table in one corner to consume cakes and candy, and deadly colored "soft drinks."

Meanwhile the women of the town were busy in the meeting-house. Finally the moderator extracted a great silver watch, peered anxiously at it through his steel-rimmed spectacles, and shut it with a snap.

"The chair awaits a motion to a'journ fer dinner," he declared briskly. "I hear 't the ladies is 'bout ready fer us over t' the vestry."

"I move we a'journ tell quarter past one!" yelled a voter, and the meeting dissolved through the doorway like a spring freshet when the ice goes out.

Across the Common the stream swept, and bore down upon long tables loaded with boiled ham, baked beans, apple, mince, and many-storied Washington pies, and steaming pitchers of coffee. Somewhat later, contentedly puffing "general store" cigars, furnished by the successful candidates of the morning, the procession straggled forth to gossip in the horse-sheds or the entrance to the town-house, in the placid comfort that only a good dinner and a cigar can give.

Finally pipes were emptied, cigar butts flung away, and the throng poured into the hall, full of zest for the struggles of the afternoon. Galleries filled with lively school-girls and their serious-faced mothers, equally keen for the combat below.

At one-fifteen, the moderator smote the table.

"What is the pleasure of the meetin'?"

"Move we take up Article Five!"

"Sekind the motion."

"Those-in-favor-say-'Aye'—opposed-'No'—it's-a-vote-'n'-I-so-declar'-it!"

There was a rustle of pages as every man turned to the town reports in his printed pamphlet.

A violent little man precipitated himself into the aisle, and waved an accusing finger at the first report. Faces swung toward him, and a snicker of anticipation ran around the room.

"I'd like to en-quire, Mr. Moder-*ay*-tor," he stormed, "ef this town is a-collectin' tramps! This book says we've took care o' nine hunderd 'n' forty-three the past year, 'n' I figger thet ain't nigh all! The overseer o' the poor 's fed 'em on salt fish 'n' a mess o' baked beans Saturd'y nights, an' charges the town twenty-three cents fer each on 'em! Why, Mr. Moder-*ay*-tor, 't thet profit, he kin buy a pianner fer his durned tramp hotel!"

Applause swept the room, while the moderator pounded for order.

Into the confusion a tall Yankee in a back seat arose.

"Mister Mod-er-ay-tor!" he drawled. "I want tew show them tramps dew hospitality! When he ain't to hum, the overseer 'lows tramps tew git grub t' the gin'ral store. Now, *I* motion 't the town build hoss sheds behind the tramp house. Bum-by some tramp might come along with a hoss 'n' wagin!"

A roar of laughter, pierced with cries of "Question!" followed. When the turmoil lessened, the report was accepted.

After this flurry all went well until one of the selectmen unguardedly rose to advocate that the town constables patrol beats. He understood "they done it over t' Walnut Junction, 'n' he thought 't would be a good idee."

A chill silence greeted his efforts, until Hiram, deliberately, without a smile, rose to voice the sentiments of the majority.

"Mister Mod'raytor," he began, "I motion we 'propriate a hunderd dollars to buy two hosses. Ef the see-lickmen cal'lates t' have Obed Runnells 'n' Job Parsons patrol the hull length of this town, anybody thet's 's tarnal slow 's they be has sartinly got to be mounted!"

He subsided amid laughter. So did the dignified selectman. The subject dropped.

From the reports, the meeting turned to the appropriations for the coming year. After voting a general sum for the highways, the fun began.

The aggrieved Aaron opened the ball.

"Mister Moder-*ay*-tor," he began, "I'd like to ask fer a hunderd dollars to fix up the Swamp Holler road, just below our school-house. It's the wust piece o' road in the hull county. It's full o' rocks, 'n' mud up t' the axles, 'n' t'other day I see two hogs mired in the mud tryin' t' git across 't!"

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Drawn by Sidney M. Chase.

Old friends—and enemies—nodded mutual recognition.—Page 554.

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Lifting one muddy boot, placed it carefully on the hub of a wheel. "'Tain't thet, Hiram."—Page 554.

The moderator recognized Mr. Higgins, and the fiery critic of tramps jumped into the fray.

"I'm ag'in any special 'propriation fer thet boghole!" he bellowed. "Thet slough hes cost the voters o' this town four dollars 'n' nine cents a foot—I measured it out, myself. Thet's where our taxes goes! The sup'rintendent o' thet deestric' don't know nothin' 'bout road-buildin'. He don't do nothin' but dump on rocks 'n' then rake 'em off ag'in. He——"

"Mr. Mod'raytor!" interrupted a big red-faced voter, the highway superintendent. "I rise to a p'int of order! The gentleman couldn't tell a good road, ef he see one, frum a cor-ju-roy road through hell——"

Bang! "Gentleman's out of order!" shouted the moderator.

"I'm in good enough order to lick—" and cheering drowned the rest. The battle was on. A fat little man, with a propitiatory air, secured the floor.

"Mr. Mod'*ray*tor," he declared, "thet road is allers bad, but it's gen'ally wuss. We all use the roads, 'n' our time is val'able. I ain't like some thet 'll vote a thing down 'cause somebody's goin' t' make a dollar out of it. Every one 't lives on thet road is good taxpayers, 'n' they all go to meetin' reg'lar but one, 'n' he told me *he* would ef the town 'd fix up the road!" (There was a breeze of laughter.) "I guess, Mister Chairman, thet we kin build roads 's good 's Eye-talians from Italy!"

"I move a amendment," yelled Mr. Higgins, "thet we raise fifty dollars, 'stead of a hunderd!"

"Vote it down!" shouted Aaron's friends.

The amendment was lost by a volley of "Noes!"

"Wa'al, Gentlemen," the moderator observed, with a cynical grin, "you've voted *not* to raise fifty dollars. Only thing you kin do now, 's I see, is to vote forty-nine dollars 'n' ninety-nine cents!"

It was a pretty trick. On Aaron's side jaws dropped and amazed voters stared at each other. It was true. Could noth-

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The room filled; little groups of voters drew apart; shrewd plots matured.—Page 555.

ing be done? A babel of argument and wrath broke forth, in the midst of which somebody moved it be "indefinitely postponed," and the crowd carried it with a whoop.

Amid a shout of laughter, Aaron sat down. There were no more special appropriations for highways. The other appropriations went through with desultory fighting. Somebody wanted an itemized account of expenses under "Miscellaneous," and the selectmen said next year they would bring it "in a wheelbarrer."

The moderator read the next Article:

"To see ef the town will vote to 'propriate the dog tax to the public lib'ry."

Somebody moved that it be appropriated same as last year.

"There might be some objection to puttin' thet motion," the chairman said dryly. "It ain't gen'ally known, but the dog officer last year stole the tax, 'n' then went on a drunk 'n' blowed it all in!"

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. . . Contentedly puffing "general store" cigars, straggled forth to gossip in the horse-sheds.—Page 556.

Amid cheers and stamping the motion was withdrawn, and a proper one offered.

Smarting under his previous defeat, Aaron arose.

"Ef thet lib'ry don't do others no more good 'n it doos me," he observed, "it ain't wuth a tax on kittens, let alone dogs. I ain't took a book out to read in ten years, 'n' when I do, one I want ain't never in! Jonas Doolittle wuz tellin' me he arst fer a book one day, 'n' the librarian said 't warn't in. 'Set here fer me 'n' keep shop a spell,' s's she to Jonas, 'while I go over t' the store 'n' git me a dress pattern.' Jonas done so, 'n' while he wuz waitin' he looks 'round, 'n' durned ef he didn't find thet same identical book on a shelf!"

"Mister Mod'*ray*tor," rasped a sober, thin-lipped individual, in a shiny black frock-coat. "What's this I hear 'bout the dawg officer chargin' the town four dollars tew collect the tax? Ef he can't git the money, law pervides he kin kill the dawg.

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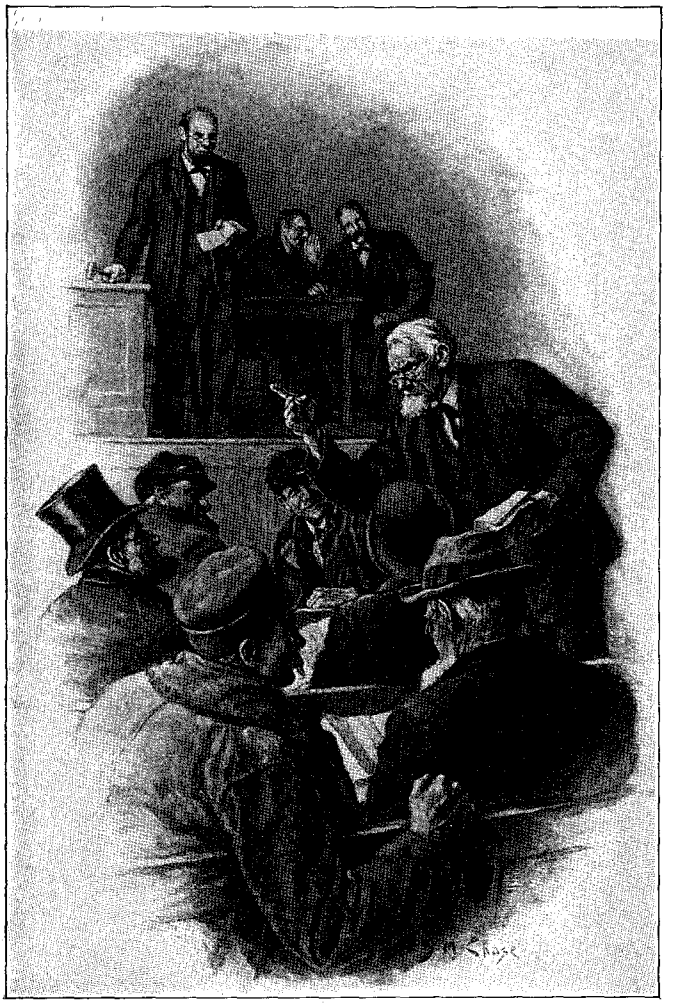

"I'd like to en-quire, Mr. Moder-*ay*-tor," he stormed, "ef this town is a-collectin' *tramps!*"—Page 556.

Good thing, tew. I hate dawgs wuss 'n pizen—wouldn't be bit by one fer twenty-five dollars, 'n'——"

"Deacon, I cal'late you're out of order!" reproved the moderator.

"Wa'al, I motion the dawg officer enforce the law!" the deacon sputtered.

"Might 's well vote fer the assessors to assess the taxes!" yelled some one.

"*Might* vote wuss'n *thet!*" came an answer, amid great laughter and stamping.

Then the motion was solemnly put and carried.

The moderator drew a large red handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his shiny head, and drew a long breath Then he read the next Article:

"To see ef the town will vote to abolish deestrick schools and build a large school near the centre of the town."

It was an old and bitterly fought question. A young farmer led off for centralization. He showed the advantages in economy of effort, better teachers, and reduced expenses. He ridiculed the quarrels under the district school system, and ended by saying that "if he believed in a personal devil as his fathers did he would say that *he* created district schools."

The older men had been growing angry under the scathing attack, and now an old Andrew Jackson Democrat, with a white beard and an eagle eye, rose to reply.

"Mister Moder-*ay*-tor, sir," he said. "Ef our fathers b'leeved in a personal devil, some o' their sons has been actin' up tew it ever sence!" (A titter ran around the room.) "I've heered my young friend's remarks with pleasure. They sounded kind o' nat'ral, 'cause he's been a-sayin' of 'em over ev'ry year. We ain't needed tew use 'em, so he's hed a good chance tew practise. Aour grandfathers done some putty good things, 'n' I cal'late they're good enough fer me!" (Applause.) "He says us old fellers is 'triggin' the wheels o' progress,' 'n' thet aour deestrick schools 'ain't fit tew keep cattle in.' Scriptur' says suthin' about 'the prudent man foreseeth the evil 'n' hideth himself,' so I say let's fix 'em up right, 'n' not throw 'em away, complete!

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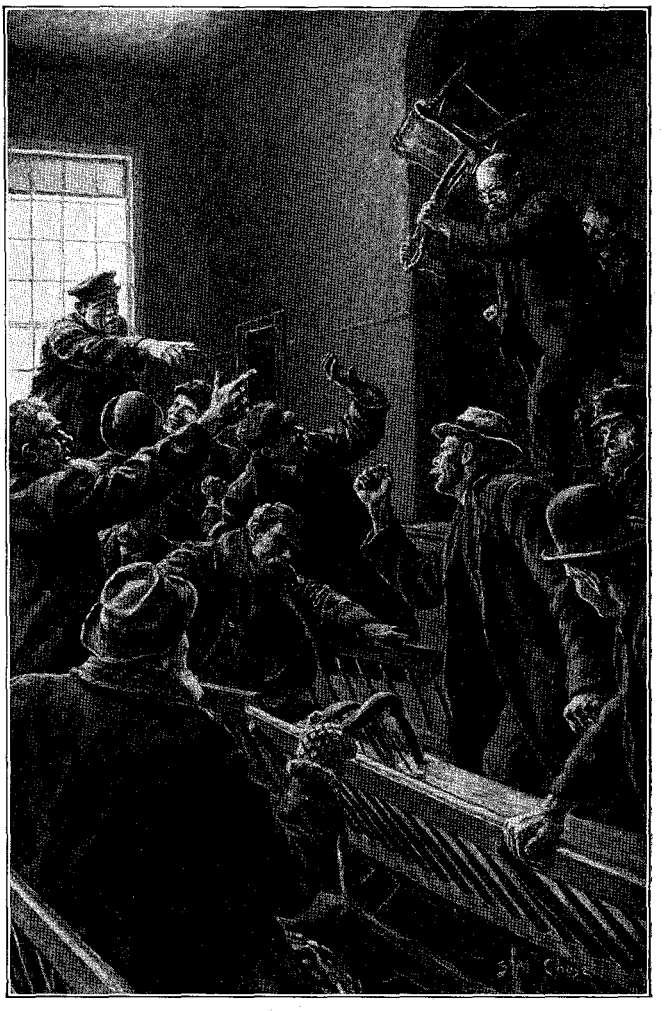
The schools is better 'n' they wuz twenty years ago, 'n' we kin run 'em better 'n any durn committee. Le's keep the power whar' it b'longs—in the hands o' the people! He talks 'bout quarrels: wa'al, some has family quarrels—does he want tew abolish families?" (A voice: "Yes, if there's anything better!") "Wa'al, *I* don't cal'late tew throw *my* wife int' the street, if I *kin* git a better one! No, Mister Moder-*ay*-tor, I don't b'leeve none in abolishin' families, *nor* deestrick schools, nor any old institution thet's proved a blessin'. I hope the town 'll vote tew keep the schools where aour grandfathers 'n' aour gre't-grandfathers got their larnin', 'n' if we dew, I'd say, same 's Simeon done: 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, accordin' tew thy word!'" and the old fellow sank into his seat.



He seized a chair and poised it above the tumult. "Set down!" he thundered.—Page 562.

A storm of applause and stamping followed, while the moderator pounded in vain for order. The younger man's clever argument was hopelessly shattered against the popular appeal of the old man. While the latter sat, breathing fast and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, the vote was taken, and a tumult of "Noes!" proclaimed his victory. With a smile the old fellow relaxed into his seat. He had spoken for his generation. The needful changes must come with his sons and grandsons.

Many of the Articles ran off smoothly, and the business was drawing to a close.

The afternoon was spent, and the pale March sunlight fell in level rays through the high western windows. In an exaggerated stillness the tired moderator read Article Twenty-two:

"To see ef the town will vote to sell the old hand fire-enjine 'Torrent' and purchase a new chemical enjine."

Both sides drew a long breath before the battle.

"Mister Moderator!"

It was the bugle call to charge. An alert young farmer was on his feet.

"This town hes been a back-number long enough! I heerd Mose Runnells down t' the store t'other night boastin' we didn't hev no town debt, 'n' Gosh knows we ain't got nothin' else, neither! They

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ain't no one 'n this town old enough t' rec'lect when the old 'Torrent' got to a fire 'n time t' do any good! Thet lively turtle of ourn ain't no better 'n a funeral procession. Last fire we hed, she 'most got thar', but thet didn't help none, 'cause them sturdy veterans hed hed a blow-out night before 'n' they was so plumb winded haulin' the enjine, they couldn't pump a stream strong enough to bust the winders, 'n' somebody hed to do it with an axe!"

The crowd shouted with glee, and Aaron took up the challenge.

"I dunno whar' this extravagance is a-goin' to stop!" he began solemnly. "Thet sody-manufactory 'd cost more 'n five hunderd dollars, 'n' we got t' buy hosses a-top o' thet! Thet's a-goin' to increase my taxes more 'n sixty cents, 'n' I ain't hed sixty cents 'n my pocket fer two weeks!"

"Hide yer pants 'n the woodshed, 'n' yer wife won't find 'em!" yelled a voice.

Scowling at the interruption, he continued:

"*I* say, Mister Moder-*ay*-tor, it's better t' burn an old outlyin' barn some'ars once 'n a dog's age, 'n 'tis to run the town int' the poorhouse! Es fer outlyin' deestricks, I never see a cornfield yit 't didn't hev outside rows!"

The old man finished, and sat down, belligerently.

A young voter dashed into the breach.

"I s'pose there's some in this town, Mr. Chairman," he said, "thet would oppose takin' a gold dollar, ef you offered it to 'em fer seventy-five cents! I'd like t' know what the gentleman has got ag'in the farmers o' this town, 't he wants their buildin's to burn down! I cal'late the gentleman must be one o' the survivors o' them enjine-house suppers. Thet's a turrible dangerous life. I knowed a fireman once in awful danger—he almost got wet!"

"Outside or inside?" yelled a sympathizer.

"Outside, o' course—he was wet through inside long ago! Them firemen 'd git full goin' under a sour apple tree. But thet ain't the wust. My shed ketched afire one day, 'n' I hollered t' one o' the fire department 't was pickin' pears 'n the next lot t' come over an' help put 'er out, 'n' all he done was t' yell back, 'The damn thing ain't wuth it!'"

"The gentleman is a liar!" shouted a red-faced fireman.

The audience rose to its feet and yelled! In the riot that followed, the moderator was equal to the occasion. He dropped his useless gavel, seized a chair, and poised it above the tumult.

"Set down!" he thundered at the crowd. "The last man standin' up gits this!"

Everybody dropped into seats.

When quiet was partly restored, Hiram gained the floor.

"The' ain't been no great o' fires 'n this town, 's I kin rec'lect," he said. "I own a consid'able property, an' I dunno 's I'd feel any safer with a chemical enjine than I do now."

"Nothin' like good insurance!" put in a voice.

Hiram grinned.

"The old 'Torrent' ain't been out fer nigh onto six months," he went on, "an' last fire we hed, Eben Davis's barn burnt clean t' the ground, 'count o' there bein' a settin' hen on the enjine, 'n' nobody didn't want to disturb her!"

"The old tub might jest 's well stay t' home, anyway," shouted the first speaker. "Up to Andy Payson's they got the hose in the well, 'side o' the house, 'n' the wind shifted, 'n' they come mighty nigh losin' the gol-durned enjine! Don't need no insurance on buildin's—place to put thet is on the enjine!"

"*Did* lose the one over t' Green Valley!" interrupted a shrill voice. "Enjine-house ketched afire one night, 'n' burned the ol' hand-tub up complete!"

"Question! question!" yelled the crowd.

"All in favor o' sellin' the old enjine 'n' buyin' a chemical—" began the moderator.

"Everybody up!" shouted the younger men.

"—say 'Aye!'" he finished.

A mighty thunder of "Ayes" shook the roof.

"Opposed 'No!'"

There was a feeble chorus of "Noes," and the struggle of the day was over.

The weary audience began to straggle out, pausing to nod or exchange a word with a friend—or late enemy. The ap-

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parent bitterness melted away before the gibes of the moderator, as he auctioned off to the *lowest* bidder the doubtful privilege of collecting the taxes. Then he paused and surveyed the meeting.

"Is there any other bus'ness to come before this meetin'?" he inquired. "Then a motion to a'journ 's in order. It's gittin' late, 'n' chores hes got to be done."

"I motion we a'journ!" shouted the crowd, and the meeting dissolved.

Outside, the long shadow of the meeting-house spire fell across the little Common. The chill of twilight penetrated heavy overcoats. Aaron turned up his collar and arranged the muffler about his neck, while Hiram unhitched the patient horse and climbed stiffly into the wagon. Aaron mounted beside him, and pulled up the heavy buffalo robe.

No word was spoken as they jolted off over the frozen ruts, past the black patch of hemlocks, and turned into the road for home.

Presently Hiram flicked his shaggy horse smartly with the whip, and chuckled to himself.

"Git ap along!" he said.

"Wa'al," said Aaron, answering the other's unspoken thought, "I dunno. They don't hev no sech town meetin's nowdays 's they ust to hev, Hiram, when you 'n' me wuz boys!"

"Wa'al, . . . they don't hev no sech town meetin's nowdays."

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

So far the young fellow had not moved nor offered a word in defence.—Page 573.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

Kennedy Square, in the late fifties, was a place of birds and trees and flowers; of rude stone benches, sagging arbors smothered in vines, and cool dirt paths bordered by sweet-smelling box. Giant magnolias filled the air with their fragrance, and climbing roses played hide-and-seek among the railings of the rotting fence. Along the shaded walks laughing boys and girls romped all day, with hoop and ball, attended by old black mammies in white aprons and gayly colored bandannas; while in the more secluded corners, sheltered by protecting shrubs, happy lovers sat and talked, tired wayfarers rested with hats off, and staid old gentlemen read by the hour, their noses in their books.

Outside of all this color, perfume, and old-time charm; outside the grass-line and the rickety wooden fence that framed them in, ran an uneven pavement splashed with cool shadows and stained with green mould. Here, in summer, the watermelon man stopped his cart; and there, in winter, upon its broken bricks, old Moses unhooked his bucket of oysters and ceased for a moment his droning call.

On the shady side of the square, and half hidden in ivy, was a Noah's Ark church, topped by a quaint belfry holding a bell that had not rung for years, and faced by a clock-dial all weather-stains and cracks, around which travelled a single rusty hand. In its shadow to the right lay the home of the archdeacon, a stately mansion with Corinthian columns reaching to the roof and surrounded by a spacious garden filled with damask roses and bushes of sweet syringa. To the left crouched a row of dingy houses built of brick, their iron balconies hung in flowering vines, the windows glistening with panes of wavy glass purpled by age.

On the sunny side of the square, opposite the church, were more houses, high and low: one all garden, filled with broken-nosed statues hiding behind still more magnolias; and another all veranda and honeysuckle, big rocking-chairs and swinging hammocks; and still others with porticos curtained by white jasmine or Virginia creeper.—*The Fortunes of Oliver Horn.*

I

ON the precise day on which this story opens—some sixty or more years ago, to be exact—a bullet-headed, merry-eyed, mahogany-colored young darky stood on the top step of an old-fashioned, high-stoop house, craning his head up and down and across Kennedy Square in the effort to get the first glimpse of his master, St. George Wilmot Temple, attorney and counsellor-at-law, who was expected home from a ducking trip down the bay.

Whether it was the need of this very diet, or whether St. George had felt a sudden longing for the out-of-doors, is a matter of doubt, but certain it is that some weeks before the very best shot in the county had betaken himself to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, accompanied by his guns, his four dogs, and two or three choice men of fashion—young bloods of the time—men with whom we shall become better acquainted as these chronicles go on—there to search for the toothsome and elusive canvas-back for which his State was famous.

That the darky was without a hat and in his shirt-sleeves, and it winter—the middle of January, really—the only warm thing about him being the green baize apron tied about his waist, his customary livery when attending to his morning duties—did not trouble him in the least. Marse George might come any minute, and he wanted to be the first to welcome him.

For the past few weeks Todd had had the house to himself. Coal-black Aunt Jemima, with her knotted pig-tails, capacious bosom, and unconfined waist, forty years his senior and ten shades darker in color, looked after the pots and pans, it is true, to say nothing of a particular spit on which her master's joints and game were roasted; but the upper part of the house, which covered the drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, and dressing-room in the rear, as well as the outside of the dwelling, including even the green-painted front door and the slant of white marble steps that dropped to the brick sidewalk, were the especial property of the chocolate-colored darky.

To these duties was added the exclusive care of the master himself—a care which gave the boy the keenest delight, and which embraced every service from the drawing off of St. George Wilmot Temple's boots to

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the shortening of that gentleman's slightly gray hair; the supervision of his linen, clothes, and table, with such side issues as the custody of his well-stocked cellar, to say nothing of the compounding of various combinations, sweet, sour, and strong, the betrayal of whose secrets would have cost the darky his place.

"Place" is the word, for Todd was not St. George's slave, but the property of a very distinguished, if slightly impoverished, gentleman who lived on the Eastern Shore, and whose chief source of income was the hiring out to his friends and acquaintances of just such likely young darkies as Todd—a custom common to the impecunious of those days.

As Mr. Temple, however, did not come under either one of the above-mentioned classes—the "slightly impoverished gentleman" never having laid eyes on him in his life—the negotiations had to be conducted with a certain formality. Todd had therefore, on his arrival, unpinned from the inside of his jacket a portentous document signed with his owner's name and sealed with a red wafer, which after such felicitous phrases as—"I have the distinguished honor," etc.,—gave the boy's age (21), weight (140 pounds), and height (5 feet 10 inches)—all valuable data for identification in case the chattel conceived a notion of moving further north (an unnecessary precaution in Todd's case). To this was added the further information that the boy had been raised under his master's heels, that he therefore knew his pedigree, and that his sole and only reason for sparing him from his own immediate service was the fact that while under St. George's care the boy could learn how "to wait on quality."

As to the house itself—the "Temple Mansion," as it was called—that was as much a part of Kennedy Square as the giant magnolias gracing the park, or the Noah's Ark church, with its quaint belfry and cracked bell, which faced its shady walks. Nobody, of course, remembered how long it had been built—that is, nobody then alive—I mean the very date. Such authorities as Major Clayton were positive that the bricks had been brought from Holland; while Richard Horn, the rising young scientist, was sure that all the iron and brass work outside were the product of Sheffield; but in what year they had all been put together had always been a disputed question.

That, however, which was certain and beyond doubt, was that St. George's father, old General Dorsey Temple, had purchased the mansion near the close of the preceding century; that he had, with his characteristic vehemence, pushed up the roof, thrust in two dormer windows, and smashed out the rear wall, thus enlarging the dining-room and giving increased space for a glass-covered porch ending in a broad flight of wooden steps descending to a rose-garden surrounded by a high brick wall; that thus encouraged he had widened the fireplaces, wainscoted the hall, built a new mahogany spider-web staircase leading to his library on the second floor, and had otherwise disported himself after the manner of a man who, having suddenly fallen heir to a big pot of money, had continued oblivious to the fact that the more holes he punched in its bottom the less water would spill over its top. The alterations complete, balls, routs, and dinners followed to such distinguished people as Count Rochambeau, the Marquis de Castellux, Marquis de Lafayette, and other high dignitaries, coming-of-age parties for the young bloods—quite English in his tastes was the old gentleman—not to mention many other extravagances still discussed by the gossips of the day.

With the general's death—it had occurred some twenty years before—the expected had happened. Not only was the pot nearly empty, but the various drains which it had sustained had so undermined the family rent-roll that an equally disastrous effect had been produced on the mansion itself—one of the few pieces of property, by the way, that the father had left to his only son and heir unencumbered, except a suit in chancery from which nobody ever expected a penny—the only dry spots in St. George's finances being the few ground rents remaining from his grandmother's legacy and the little he could pick up at the law.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that certain changes and deteriorations had taken place inside and out of the historic building—changes which never in the slightest degree affected the even-tempered St. George, who had retained his own

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private apartments regardless of the rest of the house—but changes which, in all justice to the irascible old spendthrift, would have lifted him out of his grave could he have realized their effect and extent. What a shock, for instance, would the most punctilious man of his time have received when he found his front basement rented for a law office, to say nothing of a disreputable tin sign nailed to a shutter—where in the olden time he and his cronies had toasted their shins before blazing logs, the toddies kept hot on the hearth! And what a row would he have raised had he known that the rose-garden was entirely neglected and given over to the dogs and their kennels; the library in the second story stripped of its books and turned into a guest-chamber, and the books themselves consigned to the basement; the oak-panelled dining-room transformed into a bed-chamber for St. George, and the white-and-gold drawing-room fronting the street reduced to a mere living-room where his son and heir made merry with his friends! And then the shrinkages all about! When a room could be dispensed with, it was locked up. When a shingle broke loose, it stayed loose; and so did the bricks capping the chimneys, and the leaky rain-spouts that spattered the dingy bricks, as well as the cracks and crannies that marred the ceilings and walls.

And yet so great was Todd's care over the outside fittings of the house—details which were necessarily in evidence, and which determined at a glance the quality of the folks inside—that these several crumblings, shake-downs, and shrinkages were seldom noticed by the passer-by. The old adage that a well-brushed hat, a clean collar, polished shoes, and immaculate gloves—all terminal details—make the well-dressed man, no matter how shabby or how ill-fitting his intermediate apparel, applied, according to Todd's standards, to houses as well as Brummels. He it was who soused the windows of purple glass, polished the brass knobs, rubbed bright the brass knocker and brass balls at the top and bottom of the delightful iron railings, to say nothing of the white marble steps, which he attacked with a slab of sandstone and cake of fullers' earth, bringing them to so high a state of perfection that one wanted to apologize for stepping on them. Thus it was that the weather-beaten rain-spouts, stained bricks, sagging roof, and blistered window-sashes were no longer in evidence. Indeed, their very shabbiness so enhanced the brilliancy of Todd's handiwork that the most casual passers-by were convinced at a glance that gentlefolk lived within.

On this particular morning, then, Todd had spent most of the time since daylight—it was now eight o'clock—in the effort to descry his master making his way along the street, either afoot or by some conveyance, his eyes dancing, his ears alert as a rabbit's, his restless feet marking the limit of his eagerness. In his impatience he had practised every step known to darkydom in single and double shuffle; had patted juba on one and both knees, keeping time with his heels to the rhythm; had slid down and climbed up the railings a dozen times, his eye on the turn in the street, and had otherwise conducted himself as would any other boy, black or white, who was at his wits' end to know what to do with the next second of his time.

Aunt Jemima had listened to the racket until she had lost all patience, and at last threw up the basement window:

"Go in an' shet dat do'—'fo' I come up dar an' smack ye—'nough ter make a body deaf ter hear ye," she called, her black shining face dividing the curtains. "How you know he's a-comin'?"

Todd leaned over the railing and peered down: "Mister Harry Rutter done tol' me—said dey all 's a-comin'—de jedge an' Doctor Teackle an' Marse George an' de hull kit an' bilin'. Dey's been gone mos' two weeks now,—dey's a-comin' I tell ye—be yere any minute."

"I b'liebe dat when I sees it. Fool nigger like you b'liebe anything. You better go inside 'fo' you catch yo' dea'f. I gin ye fair warnin' right now dat I ain't gwinter nuss ye,—d'ye yere?—standin' out dar like a tarr-pin wid yo' haid out. Go in I tell ye!" and she shut the window with a bang and made her way to the kitchen.

Todd kept up his double shuffle with everything going—hands, feet, and knees—thrashed his arms about his chest and back to keep up the circulation and with a final grimace in the direction of the old cook maintained his watch.

"I spec's it's de fog dat's kep' 'em," he muttered anxiously, his feet still in action.

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"Dat bay boat's mos' allus late,—can't tell when she'll git in. Only las' week—Golly! —dar he is—dat's him!"

A mud-bespattered gig was swinging around the corner into the Square, and swerving in its course made its way to where Todd stood.

The boy sprang down the steps:

"Yere he is, Aunt Jemima!" he shouted, as if the old cook could have heard him through three brick walls.

The gig came to a stand-still and began to unload: first the dogs—(they had been stowed under their master's feet since they left the steamboat wharf)—who, with a clear bound for the sidewalk, began scouring in mad circles, one after another up and down Todd's immaculate steps, the four in full cry until the entire neighborhood was aroused, the late sleepers turning over with the remark—"Temple's at home," and the early risers sticking their heads out of the windows to count the ducks as they were passed out. Next the master: One shapely leg encased in an English-made ducking boot, then its mate, until the whole of his handsome, well-knit, perfectly healthy and perfectly delightful body was clear of the cramped conveyance.

"Hello, Todd!" he burst out, his face aglow with his drive from the boat landing —"glad to see you! Here, take hold of these guns—easy now, they won't hurt you; one at a time you lunkhead! And now pull those ducks from under the seat. How's Aunt Jemima?—Oh, is that you aunty?" She had come on the run as soon as she heard the dogs. "Everything all right, aunty—howdy—" and he shook her hand heartily.

The old woman had made a feint to pull her sleeves down over her plump black arms and then, begrudging the delay, had grasped his outstretched hand, her face in a broad grin.

"Yes, sah, dat's me. Clar' to goodness Marse George I's glad ter git ye home. Lawd-a-massy, see dem ducks! Purty fat, ain't dey, sah? My!—dat pair's jes' a-bustin'! G'long you fool nigger an' let me hab 'em! G'way f'om dere I tell ye!"

"No,—you pick them up, Todd—they're too heavy for you, aunty. You go back to your kitchen and hurry up breakfast—waffles, remember,—and some corn pone and a scallop shell or two—I'm as hungry as a bear."

The whole party were mounting the steps now, St. George carrying the guns, Todd loaded down with the game—ten brace of canvas-backs and redheads strung together by their bills—the driver of the gig following with the master's big ducking overcoat and smaller traps—the four dogs crowding up trying to nose past for a dash into the wide hall as soon as Todd opened the door.

"Anybody been here lately, Todd?" his master asked, stopping for a moment to get a better grip of his heaviest duck gun.

"Ain't nobody been yere partic'ler 'cept Mister Harry Rutter. Dey alls knowed you was away. Been yere mos' ev'y day —come agin yisterday."

"Mr. Rutter been here!—Well, what did he want?"

"Dunno, sah,—didn't say. Seemed consid'ble shook up when he foun' you warn't to home. I done tol' him you might be back to-day an' den again you mightn't—'pended on de way de ducks was flyin'. 'Spec' he'll be roun' agin purty soon—seemed ter hab sumpin' on his min'. I'll tu'n de knob, sah. Yere—git down you imp o' darkness,—you Floe!—you Dandy! Drat dem dogs!—Yere, *yere!*" but all four dogs were inside now, making a sweepstakes of the living-room, the rugs and cushions flying in every direction.

Although Todd had spent most of the minutes since daylight peering up and down the Square, eager for the first sight of the man whom he loved with an idolatry only to be found in the negro for a white man whom he respects, and who is kind to him, he had not neglected any of his other duties. There was a roaring wood fire behind brass andirons and fender. There was a breakfast table set for two—St. George's invariable custom. "Somebody might drop in, you know Todd." There was a big easy chair moved up within warming distance of the cheery blaze; there were pipes and tobacco within reach of the master's hand; there was the weekly newspaper folded neatly on the mantel, and a tray holding an old-fashioned squat decanter and the necessary glasses—in fact, all the comforts possible and necessary for a man who having at twenty-five given up all hope of wedded life,

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found himself at fifty becoming accustomed to its loss.

St. George seized the nearest dog by the collar, cuffed him into obedience as an example to the others, ordered the four to the hearth rug, ran his eye along the mantel to see what letters had arrived in his absence, and disappeared into his bed-room. From thence he emerged half an hour later attired in the costume of the day—a jaunty brown velveteen jacket, loose red scarf, white waistcoat—double-breasted and of his own pattern and cut—plaid checked trousers, and white gaiters. No town clothes for St. George as long as his measure was in London and his friends were good enough to bring him a trunk full every year or two. "Well cut garments may not make a gentleman," he would often say to the youngsters about him, "but slip-shod clothes can spoil one."

He had drawn up to the table now, Todd in white jacket hovering about him, bringing relays of waffles, hot coffee, and more particularly the first of a series of great scallop-shells filled with oysters which he had placed on the well-brushed hearth to keep hot while his master was dressing.

Fifty he was by the almanac, and by the old family Bible as well, and yet he did not look it. Six feet and an inch; straight, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, well-rounded, but with his waist measure still under control—slightly gray at the temples, with clean-shaven face, laughing eyes, white teeth, and finely moulded nose, brow, and chin—he was everything his friends claimed—the perfect embodiment of all that was best in his class and station, and of all that his blood had bequeathed him.

And fine old fellows they were if we can believe the historians of the seventeenth century. "Wearing the falchion and the rapier, the cloth coat lined with plush and embroidered belt, the gold hat-band and the feathers, silk stockings and garters, besides signet rings and other jewels; wainscoting the walls of their principal rooms in black oak and loading their sideboards with a deal of rich and massive silver plate upon which was carved the arms of their ancestors;—drinking too, strong punch and sack from 'silver sack-cups,'—(sack being their favorite drink)—and feasting upon oysters and the most delicious of all the ducks of the world."

And none of these distinguishing qualities did their descendant lack. In the very lift of his head and brace of his shoulders; in the grace and ease with which he crossed the room, one could see at a glance something of the dash and often the repose of the cavalier from whom he had sprung. And the sympathy, kindness, and courtesy of the man that showed in every glance of his eye and every movement of his body—despite his ofttimes explosive temper—a sympathy that drifted into an ungovernable impulse to divide everything he owned into two parts, and his own half into two once more if the other fellow needed it—a kindness that made every one his friend, and a courtesy which, even in a time when men lifted their hats to men, as well as to women—had gained for him the soubriquet of "Gentleman George" the town over, and "dear Uncle George" to every young girl and youth under twenty in and around Kennedy Square.

But to our breakfast once more! All four dogs were on their feet now, their tails wagging expectantly, their noses at each of his knees, where they were regaled at regular intervals with choice bits from his plate, the snapping of their solemn jaws expressing their thanks. A second scallop-shell was next lifted from the hearth with the tongs, and deposited sizzling hot on a plate beside the master, the aroma of the oysters filling the room. These having disappeared, as had the former one, together with the waffles and coffee, and the master's appetite being now on the wane, general conversation became possible.

"Did Mr. Rutter look ill, Todd?" he continued, picking up the thread of the talk where he had left it. "He wasn't very well when I left."

"No, sah,—neber see him look better. Been up a li'l late I reckon,—Marse Harry mos' gen'ally is a li'l mite late, sah—" Todd chuckled. "But dat ain't nuthin' to dese gemmans. But he sho' do wanter see ye. Maybe he stayed all night at Mister Seymour's. If he did an' he yered de rumpus dese rapscallions kicked up—yes—dat's you I'm talkin' to—" and he looked toward the dogs—"he'll be roun' yere 'fo' ye gits fru yo' bre'kfus. Dey do say as how Marse Harry's mighty sweet in dat quarter. Mister Langdon Willits's snoopin' roun'

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too, but Miss Kate ain't got no use fer him. He ain't quality dey say."

His master let him run on. Aunt Jemima was Todd's only outlet during his master's absence, and as this was sometimes clogged by an uplifted broom, he made the best use he could of the opportunities when he and his master were alone. When company was present he was as close-mouthed as a clam and as noiseless as a crab.

"Who told you all this gossip, Todd?" exclaimed St. George with a smile, laying down his knife and fork.

"Ain't nary one done tol' me—ain't no use bein' tol'. All ye got to do is to keep yo' eyes open. Be a weddin' dar 'fo' spring. Look out, sah—dat shell's still a-sizzlin'. Mo' coffee, sah? Wait till I gits some hot waffles—won't take a minute!" and he was out of the room and downstairs before his master could answer.

Hardly had he slammed the kitchen door behind him when the clatter and stamp of a horse's hoofs were heard outside, followed by an impatient rat-a-tat-tat on the knocker.

The boy dropped his dishes: "Fo' Gawd dat's Mister Harry!" he cried as he started on a run for the door. "Don't nobody bang de do' down like dat but him."

A slender, thoroughly graceful young fellow of twenty-one or two, booted and spurred, his dark eyes flashing, his face tingling with the sting of the early morning air, dashed past the obsequious darky and burst into Temple's presence with the rush of a north-west breeze. He had ridden ten miles since he vaulted into the saddle, had never drawn rein uphill or down, and neither he nor the thoroughbred pawing the mud outside, had turned a hair.

"Hello, Uncle George!" Temple, as has been said, was Uncle George to every girl and youth in Kennedy Square.

"Why Harry!" He had sprung from his seat, napkin in hand and had him by both shoulders, looking into his eyes as if he wanted to hug him, and would the first thing he knew. "Where are you from—Moorlands? What a rollicking chap you are, and you look so well and handsome, you dog! And now tell me of your dear mother and your father. But first down with you—here—right opposite—always your place, my dear Harry. Todd, another shell of oysters and more waffles and coffee—everything, Todd, and blazing hot: two shells, Todd—the sight of you Harry, makes me ravenous again, and I could have eaten my boots when I got home an hour ago, I was so hungry. But the mare—" here he moved to the window—"is she all right? Spitfire, I suppose—you'd kill anything else, you rascal! But you haven't tied her!"

"No—never tie her—break her heart if I did. Todd, hang up this coat and hat in the hall before you go."

"That's what you said of that horse you bought of Hampson—ran away, didn't he?" persisted his host, his eyes on the mare who had now become quiet.

"Yes, and broke his leg. But Spitfire's all right—she'll stand. Where will I sit—here? And now what kind of a time did you have, and who were with you?"

"Clayton, Doctor Teackle, and the judge."

"And how many ducks did you get?" and he dropped into his chair.

"Twenty-one," answered St. George, dry-washing his white shapely hands, as he took his seat—a habit of his when greatly pleased.

"All canvas-backs?"

"No—five redheads and a mallard."

"Where did you put up?" echoed Harry, loosening his riding jacket to give his knife and fork freer play.

"I spent a week at Tom Coston's and a week at Craddock. Another lump of sugar Todd."

The boy laughed gently: "Lazy Tom's?"

"Lazy Tom's—and the best hearted fellow in the world. They're going to make him a judge, they say and——"

"——What of—peach brandy? No cream in mine, Todd."

"No—you scurrilous dog—of the Common Court," cried St. George, looking at him over the top of his cup. "Very good lawyer is Tom—got horse sense and can speak the truth—make a very good judge."

Again Harry laughed—rather a forced laugh this time, as if he were trying to make himself agreeable—no heart or ring in it—but so loudly that Todd busied himself about the table before going below for fresh supplies, making excuse of collecting the used dishes. If there were to be any revelations concerning the situation at the

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Seymour house, he did not intend to miss any part of them.

"Better put Mrs. Coston on the bench and set Tom to rocking the cradle," said the young man reaching for the plate of corn pone. "She's a thoroughbred if ever I saw one, and does credit to her blood. But go on—tell me about the birds. Are they flying high?—and the duck blinds; have they fixed them up? They were all going to pot when I was there last."

"Birds out of range, most of them—hard work getting what I did. As to the blinds, they are still half full of water—got soaking wet trying to use one. I shot most of mine from the boat just as the day broke," and then followed a full account of what the party had shot, with details of every day's adventures. This done St. George pushed back his chair and faced the young man.

"And now you take the witness stand, sir—look me in the eyes, put your hand on your fob-pocket and tell me the truth. Todd says you have been here every day for a week looking as if you had lost your last fip-penny-bit and crazy to see me. What has happened?"

"Todd has a vivid imagination." He turned in his seat, stretched out his hand, and catching one of the dogs by the nose rubbed his head vigorously.

"Go on—all of it—no dodging the king's counsellor. What's the matter?"

The young man glanced furtively at Todd; grabbed another dog; rubbed their two ears together in play, and in a lowered voice, through which a tinge of sadness was only too apparent, murmured:

"Miss Kate—we've had a falling out."

St. George gave a low whistle:—"Falling out?—what about?"

Again young Rutter glanced at Todd, whose back was turned, but whose ears were stretched to splitting point. His host nodded understandingly.

"There Todd—that will do; now go down and get your breakfast. No more waffles tell Aunt Jemima. Bring the pipes over here and throw on another log—so—that's right." A great sputtering of sparks followed—a spider-legged, mahogany table was wheeled into place, and the dejected darky left the room for the regions below.

"So you two have had a quarrel! Oh, Harry!—when will you learn to think twice before you speak? Whose fault was it?" sighed St. George, filling the bowl of his pipe with his slender fingers, slowly tucking in each shred and grain.

"Mine."

"What did you say?" (Puff-puff.)

"Nothing—I couldn't. She came in and saw it all." The boy had his elbows on the table now, his cheeks sunk in his hands.

St. George looked up: "Drunk, were you?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At Mrs. Cheston's ball last week."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No—she won't let me come near her. Mr. Seymour passed me yesterday and hardly spoke to me."

St. George laid down his pipe, canted his chair and zigzagged it toward the blazing hearth; then he said thoughtfully, without looking at the young man:

"Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish! Have you told your father?"

"No—he wouldn't understand."

"And I know you didn't tell your mother." This came with the tone of positive conviction.

"No—and don't you. Mother is daft on the subject. If she had her way, father would never put a drop of wine on the table. She says it is ruining the county—but that's mother's way."

St. George stooped over, fondled one of the dogs for a moment—two had followed Todd out of the room—settled back in his chair again, and still looking into the fire, said slowly:

"Bad business—bad business, Harry! Kate is as proud as Lucifer and dislikes nothing on earth so much as being made conspicuous. Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, there isn't anything to tell," replied the young fellow, raising his head and leaning back in his chair, his face the picture of despair. "We were all in the library and the place was boiling hot, and they had two big bowls, one full of eggnog and the other full of apple-toddy: and the next thing I knew I was out in the hall and met Kate on the stairs. She gave a little smothered scream, and moaned—'Oh, Harry!—and you promised me!'—and then she put her hands to her face, as if to shut me out of her sight. That sobered me somewhat, and after I got out on the porch

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into the night air and had pulled myself together, I tried to find her and apologize, but she had gone home, although the ball wasn't half over."

"Then this was not the first time?" He was still gazing at the hot coals, both hands out-fanned, to screen his face from the blaze.

"No—I'm sorry to say it wasn't. I told her I would never fail her again, and she forgave me, but I don't know what she'll do now. She never forgives anybody who breaks his word—she's very queer about it: That's what I came to see you about. I haven't slept much nights, thinking it over, and so I had the mare saddled, hoping you might be here. Todd thought you might be—he saw Dr. Teackle's Joe, who said you were all coming to-day."

Again there was a long pause, during which Temple continued to study the coals through his open fingers, the young man sitting hunched up in his chair, his handsome head dropped between his shoulders, his glossy chestnut hair, fringing his collar behind, a-frouze with his morning ride.

"Harry," said St. George, knocking the ashes slowly from his pipe on the edge of the fender, and turning his face for the first time toward him,—"didn't I hear something before I went away about a ball at your father's—or a dance—or something, when your engagement was to be announced?"

The boy nodded.

"And was it not to be something out of the ordinary?" he continued, looking at the boy from under his eyelids—"Teackle certainly told me so—said that your mother had already begun to get the house in order——"

Again Harry nodded—as if he had been listening to an indictment, every word of which he knew was true.

St. George roused himself and faced his guest: "And yet you took this time, Harry, to——"

The boy threw up both hands in protest: "Don't!—*don't!* Uncle George! It's the ball that makes it all the worse. That's why I've got no time to lose; that's why I've haunted this place waiting for you to get back. Mother will be heart-broken if she finds out and I don't know what father would do."

St. George laid his empty pipe on the table and straightened his body in the chair until his broad shoulders filled the back. Then his brow darkened; his indignation was getting the better of him.

"I don't know what has come over you young fellows, Harry!" he at last broke out, his eyes searching the boy's. "You don't seem to know how to live. You've got to pull a shoat out of a trough to keep it from overeating itself, but you shouldn't be obliged to pull a gentleman away from his glass. Good wine is good food and should be treated as such. My cellar is stocked with old Madeira—some port—some fine sherries—so is your father's. Have you ever seen him abuse them?—have you ever seen Mr. Horn or Mr. Kennedy, or any of our gentlemen around here, abuse them? It's scandalous, Harry! damnable! I love you, my son—love you in a way you know nothing of, but you've got to stop this sort of thing right off. And so have these young roysterers you associate with. It's getting worse every day. I don't wonder your dear mother feels about it as she does. But she's always been that way, and she's always been right about it, too, although I didn't use to think so." This last came with a lowered voice and a deep, indrawn sigh, and for the moment checked the flow of his wrath.

Harry hung his head still lower, but he did not attempt to defend himself.

"Who else were making vulgarians of themselves at Mrs. Cheston's?" St. George continued in a calmer tone, stretching his shapely legs until the soles of his shoes touched the fender.

"Mark Gilbert, Tom Murdoch, Langdon Willits, and——"

"Willits, eh?—Well, I should expect it of him. He wasn't born a gentleman—that is, his grandfather wasn't a gentleman—married his overseer's daughter, if I remember right:—but you come of the best blood in the State,—egad!—none better! You have something to maintain—some standard to keep up. A Rutter should never be found guilty of anything that would degrade his name. You seem to forget that—you—damn me, Harry!—when I think of it all—and of Kate—my sweet, lovely Kate,—and how you have made her suffer—for she loves you—no question of that—I feel like wringing your neck! What the devil do you mean, sir?" He was up on his feet now, pacing the

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room, the dogs following his every movement with their brown agate eyes, their soft, silky ears straightening and falling.

So far the young fellow had not moved nor had he offered a word in defence. He knew his Uncle George;—better let him blow it all out, then the two could come together. At last he said in a contrite tone—his hands upraised:

"Don't scold me, Uncle George. I've scolded myself enough—just say something to help me. I can't give Kate up—I'd sooner die. I've always made a fool of myself—maybe I'll quit doing it after this. Tell me how I can straighten this out. She won't see me—maybe her father won't. He and my father—so Tom Warfield told me yesterday—had a talk at the club. What they said I don't know, but Mr. Seymour was pretty mad—that is, for him—Tom thought from the way he spoke."

"And he ought to be mad—raging mad! He's only got one daughter, and she the proudest and loveliest thing on earth, and that one he intends to give to you"—Harry looked up in surprise—"Yes—he told me so. And here you are breaking her heart before he has announced it to the world. It's worse than damnable, Harry—it's a *crime!*"

For some minutes he continued his walk, stopping to look out of the window, his eyes on the mare who, with head up and restless eyes, was on the watch for her master's return; then he picked up his pipe from the table, threw himself into his chair again, and broke into one of his ringing laughs.

"I reckon it's because you're twenty, Harry, I forgot that. Hot blood—hot temper,—madcap dare-devil that you are—not a grain of common-sense. But what can you expect?—I was just like you at your age. Come, now, what shall we do first?"

The young fellow rose and a smile of intense relief crept over his face. He had had many overhaulings from his Uncle, and always with this ending. When St. George let out one of those big spontaneous, bubbling laughs straight from his heart, the trouble, no matter how serious, was over. What some men gained by anger and invective St. George gained by good humor, ranging from the faint smile of toleration to the roar of merriment. One reason why he had so few enemies—none, practically—was that he could invariably disarm an adversary with laughter. It was a fine old blade that he wielded; only a few times in his life had he been called upon to use any other—when some under-dog was maltreated, or his own good name, or that of a friend was traduced, or some wrong had to be righted—then his face would become as steel, and there would belch out a flame of denunciation that would scorch and blind in its intensity. None of these fiercer moods did the boy know;—what he knew was his uncle's merry side—his sympathetic, loving side,—and so, following up his advantage, he strode across the room and settled down on the arm of his uncle's chair, his arm about his shoulders.

"Won't you go and see her, please?" he pleaded, patting his back, affectionately.

"What good will that do? Hand me a match, Harry."

"Everything—that's what I came for."

"Not with Kate! She isn't a child—she's a woman," he echoed back between the puffs, his indignation again on the rise. "She is different from the girls about here; when she once makes up her mind it stays made up."

"Don't let her make it up! Go and see her and tell her how I love her and how miserable I am. Tell her I'll never break another promise to her as long as I live. Nobody ever holds out against you. Please—Uncle George! I'll never come to you for anything else in the world if you'll help me this time. And I won't drink another drop of anything you don't want me to drink—I don't care what father or anybody else says. You've got to go to her!—Oh, I can't stand it any longer! Every time I think of Kate hidden away over there where I can't get at her, it drives me wild. I wouldn't ask you to go if I could go myself and talk it out with her—but she won't let me near her—I've tried and tried; and Ben says she isn't at home, and knows he lies when he says it! You will go, won't you?"

The smoke from his uncle's pipe was coming freer now—most of it escaping up the throat of the chimney with a swoop.

"When do you want me to go?" He had already surrendered. When had he ever held out when a love affair was to be patched up?

"Now, right away."

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"No,—I'll go to-night,—she will be at home then," he said at last, as if he had just made up his mind, the pipe having helped—"and do you come in about nine and—let me know when you are there, or—better still, wait in the hall until I come for you."

"But couldn't I steal in while you are talking?"

"No—you do just as I tell you. Not a sound out of you, remember, until I call you."

"Oh!—you good Uncle George! I'll never forget you for it. No—not a sound. Ben will let me in— Yes—nine o'clock!" and with a grasp of St. George's hand and another outpouring of gratitude, the young fellow swung wide the door, clattered down the steps, threw his leg over Spitfire, and dashed up the street.

II

If Kate's ancestors had wasted any part of their substance in too lavish a hospitality, after the manner of the spendthrift whose extravagances were recounted in the preceding chapter, there was nothing to indicate it in the home of their descendants. No loose shutters, crumbling chimneys, or blistered woodwork defaced the Seymour mansion:—the touch of the restorer was too apparent. No sooner did a shutter sag or a hinge give way than off it went to the carpenter or the blacksmith; no sooner did a banister wabble, or a table crack, or an andiron lose a leg, than up came somebody with a kit, or a bag, or a box of tools, and they were as good as new before you could wink your eye. Indeed, so great was the desire to keep things up that it was only necessary (so a wag said) for a boy to scratch a match on old Seymour's front door to have its panels repainted the next morning.

And then its seclusion:—while its neighbors—the Temple mansion among them—had been placed boldly out to the full building line where they could see and be seen, the Seymours, with that spirit of aloofness which had marked the family for generations, had set their dwelling back ten paces, thrown up a hedge of sweet-smelling box to screen the inmates from the gaze of passers-by, planted three or four big trees as protection for the upper windows, and, to insure still greater privacy, had put up a swinging wooden gate, kept shut by a ball and chain, its clang announcing the entrance of each and every visitor.

And this same spirit was manifest the moment you stepped into the wide hall, glanced at the old family portraits marching steadily, one after another up the side of the spacious stairs (revarnished every other year)—entered the great drawing-room hung with yellow satin and decorated with quaint mirrors, and took a seat in one of the all-embracing arm-chairs there to await the arrival of either the master of the house or his charming daughter.

If it were the master to whom you wished to pay your respects, one glance at the Honorable Howard Douglass Seymour would have convinced you that he was precisely the kind of man who should have had charge of so well ordered a home: so well brushed was he—so clean-shaven—so immaculately upholstered—the two points of his collar pinching his cheeks at the same precise angle; his faultless black stock fitting to perfection, the lapels of his high-rolled coat matching exactly. And then the correct parting of the thin gray hair and the two little gray brush-tails of lovelocks that were combed in front of his ears there to become a part of the two little dabs of gray whiskers that stretched from his temples to his bleached cheek-bones. Yes—a most carefully preserved, prim, and well-ordered person was Kate's father.

As to the great man's career, apart from his service in the legislature, which won him his title, there was no other act of his life which marked him apart from his fellows. Suffice it to say that he was born a gentleman without a penny to his name; that he married Kate's mother when she was twenty and he forty (and here is another story, and a sad one)—she the belle of her time—and sole heir to the estate of her grandfather, Captain Hugh Barkeley, the rich ship-owner—and that the alliance had made him a gentleman of unlimited leisure, she, at her death, having left all her property to her daughter Kate, with the Honorable Prim as custodian.

And this trust, to his credit be it said—for Seymour was of Scotch descent—a point in his favor with old Captain Barkeley, who was Scotch on his mother's side, and, therefore, somewhat canny—was most religiously kept, he living within his ample means—or Kate's, which was the same

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thing—discharging the duties of father, citizen, and friend, with the regularity of a clock—so many hours with his daughter, so many hours at his club, so many hours at his office; the intermediate minutes being given over to resting, dressing, breakfasting, dining, sleeping, and no doubt praying; the precise beginning and ending of each task having been fixed years in advance by this most exemplary, highly respectable, and utterly colorless old gentleman of sixty.

That this dry shell of a man could be the father of our spontaneous lovely Kate was one of the things that none of the young people around Kennedy Square could understand—but then few of them had known her beautiful mother with her proud step and flashing eyes.

But it is not the punctilious, methodical Prim whom St. George wishes to see to-night; nor does he go through any of the formalities customary to the house. There is no waiting until old Ben, the colored butler in snuff-colored coat and silver buttons, shuffles upstairs or into the library, or wherever the inmates were to be found, there to announce "Massa George Temple." Nor did he send in his card, or wait until his knock was answered. He simply swung back the gate until the old chain and ball, shocked at his familiarity, rattled itself into a rage, strode past the neatly trimmed, fragrant box, pushed open the door—no front door was ever locked in the daytime in Kennedy Square, and few at night—and halting at the bottom step, called up the silent stairs in a voice that was a joyous greeting in itself:

"Kate, you darling! come down as quick as your dear little feet will carry you! It's Uncle George, do you hear?—or shall I come up and bring you down in my arms, you bunch of roses? It won't be the first time, you sunbeam." The first time was when she was a year old.

"Oh!—is that you Uncle George? Yes,—just as soon as I do up my back hair." The voice came from the top of the stairs—a lark's voice singing down from high up. "Father's out and——"

"Yes—I know he's out; I met him on his way to the Club. Hurry now—I've got the best news in the world for you."

"Yes—in a minute."

He knew her minutes, and how long they could be, and in his impatience roamed about the wide hall examining the old English engravings and colored prints decorating the panels until he heard her step overhead and looking up watched her cross the upper hall, her well-poised, aristocratic head high in air, her full, well-rounded, blossoming body imaged in the loose embroidered scarf wound about her beautiful sloping shoulders. Soon he caught the wealth of her blue-black hair in whose folds her mammy had pinned a rose that matched the brilliancy of her cheeks, two stray curls wandering over her neck; her broad forehead, with clearly marked eyebrows, arching black lashes shading lustrous, slumbering eyes; and as she drew nearer, her warm red lips, exquisite teeth, and delicate chin, and last the little feet that played hide and seek beneath her quilted petticoat: a tall, dark, full-blooded, handsome girl of eighteen with an air of command and distinction tempered by a certain sweet dignity and delicious coquetry—a woman to be loved even when she ruled and to be reverenced even when she trifled.

She had reached the floor now and the two arm in arm, he patting her hand she laughing beside him had entered the small library followed by the old butler bringing another big candelabra newly lighted.

"It's so good of you to come," she said, her face alight with the joy of seeing him—"and you look so happy and well—your trip down the bay has done you a world of good. Ben says the ducks you sent father are the best we have had this winter. Now tell me, dear Uncle George——" she had him in one of the deep arm-chairs by this time, with a cushion behind his shoulders—"I am crazy to hear all about it."

"Don't you 'dear Uncle George' me until you've heard what I've got to say."

"But you said you had the best news in the world for me," she laughed, looking at him from under her lids.

"So I have."

"What is it?"

"Harry."

The girl's face clouded and her lips quivered. Then she sat bolt upright.

"I won't hear a word about him. He's broken his promise to me and I will never trust him again. If I thought you'd come to talk about Harry I wouldn't have come down."

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St. George lay back in his chair, shrugged his shoulders, stole a look at her from beneath his bushy eyebrows, and said with an assumed dignity, a smile playing about his lips:

"All right, off goes his head—exit the scoundrel. Much as I could do to keep him out of Jones Falls this morning, but of course now it's all over we can let Spitfire break his neck. That's the way a gentleman should die of love—and not be fished out of a dirty stream with his clothes all bespattered with mud."

"But he won't die for love. He doesn't know what love means or he wouldn't behave as he does. Do you know what really happened, Uncle George?" Her brown eyes were flashing, her cheeks aflame in her indignation.

"Oh, I know exactly what happened. Harry told me with the tears running down his cheeks. It was dreadful—*inexcusable*—BARBAROUS! I've been that way myself—tumbled half-way down these same stairs before you were born and had to be put to bed, which accounts for the miserable scapegrace I am to-day." His face was in a broad smile, but his voice never wavered.

Kate looked at him and put out her hand. "You never did—I won't believe a word of it."

"Ask your father, my dear. He helped carry me upstairs, and Ben pulled off my boots. Oh, it was most disgraceful! I'm just beginning to live it down," and he reached over and patted the girl's cheek, his hearty laugh ringing through the room.

Kate was smiling now—her Uncle George was always irresistible when he was like this.

"But Harry isn't you," she pouted.

"*Isn't me!*—why I was ten times worse! He's only twenty-one and I was twenty-five. He's got four years the better of me in which to reform."

"He'll *never* be like you—you never broke a promise in your life. He gave me his word of honor he would never get—yes—I'm just going to say it—drunk—again: yes—that's the very word—*Drunk!* I don't care—I won't have it! I won't have anything to do with anybody who breaks his promise, and who can't keep sober. My father was never so in his life, and Harry shall never come near me again if he——"

"Hold on!—*hold on!* Oh, what an unforgiving minx! You Seymours are all like tinder boxes—your mother was just like you and so was——"

"Well, not father," she bridled with a toss of her head.

St. George smiled queerly—Prim was one of his jokes. "Your father, my dear Kate, has the milk of human kindness in his veins, not red fighting blood. That makes a whole lot of difference. Now listen to me:—you love Harry——"

"No! I *despise* him! I told him so!" she cried angrily. She had risen from her seat now and had moved to the mantel, where she stood looking into the fire, her back toward him.

"Don't you interrupt me you blessed girl—just you listen to Uncle George for a minute. You *do* love Harry—you can't help it—nobody can. If you had seen him this morning you would have thrown your arms around him in a minute—I came near doing it myself. Of course he's wild, reckless, and hot-headed like all the Rutters and does no end of foolish things but you wouldn't love him if he was different. He's just like Spitfire—never keeps still a minute—restless, pawing the ground, or all four feet in the air—then away she goes! You can't reason with her—you don't wish to; you get impatient when she chafes at the bit because you are determined she shall keep still, but if you wanted her to go like the wind and she couldn't, you'd be more dissatisfied than ever. The pawing and chafing is of no matter; it is her temperament that counts. So it is with Harry. He wouldn't be the lovable, dashing, high-spirited fellow he is if he didn't kick over the traces once in a while and break everything to pieces—his promises among them. And it isn't his fault—it's the Spanish and Dutch blood in his veins—the blood of that old hidalgo and his Dutch ancestor, De Ruyter—that crops out once in a while. Harry would be a pirate and sweep the Spanish main if he had lived in those days, instead of being a gentleman who values nothing in life so much as the woman he loves."

He had been speaking to her back all this time, the girl never moving, the outlines of her graceful body in silhouette against the blaze.

"Then why doesn't he prove it?" she sighed She liked old hidalgos and had no

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aversion to pirates if they were manly and brave about their work.

"He does—and he lives up to his standard except in this one failing for which I am truly sorry. Abominable I grant you—but there are many things which are worse."

"I can't think of anything worse," she echoed with a deep sigh, walking slowly toward him and regaining her chair, all her anger gone, only the pain in her heart left. "I don't want Harry to be like the others, and he can't live their lives if he's going to be my husband. I want him to be different,—to be big and fine and strong,—like the men who have made the world better for their having lived in it—that old De Ruyter for instance that his father is always talking about—not a weak, foolish boy whom everybody can turn around their fingers. Some of my girl friends don't mind what the young men do, or how often they break their word to them so that they are sure of their love. I do, and I won't have it, and I have told Harry so over and over again. It's such a cowardly thing—not to be man enough to stand up and say 'No—I won't drink with you!' That's why I say I can't think of his doing anything worse."

St. George fixed his eyes upon her. He had thought he knew the girl's heart, but this was a revelation to him: Perhaps her sorrow, like that of her mother, was making a woman of her.

"Oh, I can think of a dozen things worse," he rejoined with some positiveness. "Harry might lie; Harry might be a coward; Harry might stand by and hear a friend defamed; Harry might be discourteous to a woman, or allow another man to be—a thing he'd rather die than permit. None of these things could he be or do. I'd shut my door in his face if he did any one of them, and so should you. And then he is so penitent when he has done anything wrong. 'It was my fault—I would rather hang myself than lose Kate. I haven't slept a wink, Uncle George,' he pleaded. And he was so handsome when he came in this morning—his big black eyes flashing, his cheeks like two roses—so straight and strong, and so graceful and wholesome and lovable. I wouldn't care, if I were you, if he did slip once in a while—not any more than I would if Spitfire stumbled. And then again—" here he moved his chair close to her own so he could get his hand on hers the easier—"if Spitfire does stumble there is the bridle to pull her up, but for this she might break her neck. That's where you come in, Kate. Harry's in your hands—has been since the hour he loved you. Don't let him go headlong to the devil—and he will if you turn him loose without a bridle."

"I can't do him any good—he won't mind anything I say. And what dependence can I place on him after this?" her voice sank to a tone of helpless tenderness. "It isn't his being drunk altogether; he will outgrow that, perhaps, as you say you did, and be man enough to say no next time; but it's because he broke his promise to me. That he will never outgrow! Oh, it's wicked!—wicked, for him to treat me so. I have never done anything he didn't want me to do! and he has no right to—— Oh, Uncle George, it's——"

St. George leaned nearer.

"Try him once more, Kate. Let me send him to you. It will be all over in a minute and you will be so happy—both of you! Nothing like making up—it really pays for the pain of a quarrel."

The outside door shut gently and there was a slight movement in the hall behind them, but neither of them noticed it. Kate sat with her head up, her mind at work, her eyes watching the firelight. It was her future she was looking into. She had positive, fixed ideas of what her station in life as a married woman should be;—not what her own or Harry's birth and position could bring her. With that will-o'-the-wisp she had no sympathy. Her grandfather in his early days had been a plain, seafaring man even if his ancestry did go back to the time of James I—and her mother had been a lady, and that too without the admixture of a single drop of the blood of any Kennedy Square aristocrat. That Harry was well-born and well-bred, was as it should be, but there was something more;—the man himself. That was why she hesitated. Yes—it *would* "all be over in a moment," just as Uncle George said, but when would the next break come? And then again there was her mother's life with all the misery that a broken promise had caused her. Uncle George was not the only young gallant who had been put to bed in her grandfather's house. Her mother had loved too

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—just as much as she loved Harry—loved with her whole soul—until grandpa Barkeley put his foot down.

St. George waited in silence as he read her mind. Breaches between most of the boys and girls were easily patched up—a hearty cry, an outstretched hand—"I am so sorry," and they were in each other's arms. Not so with Kate. Her reason, as well as her heart, had to be satisfied. This was one of the things that made her different from all the other girls about her and this too was what had given her first place in the affections and respect of all who knew her. Her heart he saw was uppermost to-night, but reason still lurked in the background.

"What do you think made him do it again?" she murmured at last in a voice barely audible. "He knows how I suffer and he knows too *why* I suffer. Oh, Uncle George!—won't you please talk to him! I love him so, and I can't marry him if he's like this. I can't!—*I can't!*"

"It won't do a bit of good. I've talked to him until I'm tired, and the longer I talk the more crazy he is to see you. I'll have him here in five minutes," and he glanced at the clock. She raised her hand in alarm:

"I don't want him yet—" she exclaimed. "You must see him first—you must——"

"No, I won't see him first, and I'm not going to wait a minute. Talk to him yourself; put your arms around him and tell him everything you have told me—now—to-night. I'm going for him," and he sprang to his feet.

"No!—you must not! You *shall* not!" she cried, clutching nervously at his arm, but he was gone from the room before she could stop him.

In the hall outside, hat in hand, his whole body tense with expectancy, stood Harry. He had killed time by walking up and down the long strip of carpet between the front door and the staircase, measuring his steps to the length of the pattern, his mind distracted by his fears for the outcome—his heart thumping away at his throat, a dull fright gripping him when he thought of losing her altogether.

St. George's quick step, followed by his firm clutch of the inside knob, awoke him to consciousness. He sprang forward to catch his first word.

"Can I go in?" he stammered.

St. George grabbed him by the shoulder, wheeled him around, and faced him.

"Yes you reprobate, and when you get in go down on your knees and beg her pardon, and if I ever catch you causing her another heartache I'll break your damned neck!—do you hear?"

With the closing of the swinging gate the wily old diplomat regained his normal good-humored poise, his face beaming, his whole body tingling at his success. He had patched up many a love affair in his time—indeed he was past master in that kind of carpentry—but never one which gave him the same amount of happiness as did this. He knew what was going on behind the closed curtains, and just how contrite and humble the boy would be, and how Kate would scold and draw herself up—proud duchess that she was—and how Harry would swear by the nine gods, and an extra one if need be—and then there would come a long, long silence, broken by meaningless, half-spoken words—and then another silence—so deep and absorbing that a full choir of angels might have started an anthem above their heads and neither of them would have heard a word or note.

The dear fellow knew it all—and it filled his heart with joy. Both were the children of lifelong friends; both in their blood and breeding, wealth and refinement would keep alive and maintain the traditions of their race. Both were honest and noble and young—how good it was to be all three—and both were made for each other. And so he kept on his way, picking his steps between the moist places in the path so as not to soil his freshly varnished boots; tightening the lower button of his snug-fitting plum-colored coat as a bracing to his waistline; throwing open the collar of his overcloak the wider to give his shoulders the more room—very happy—very well satisfied with himself, with the world and with everybody who lived in it.

(To be continued)

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THE FALL OF GUAIMARO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General, U. S. Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

AFTER the brief but exciting Cascorra campaign, General Maximo Gomez and his force, reduced by casualties and the detaching of various organizations to about one thousand men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with two guns, had marched to the eastward, and in a few days was encamped alongside the force of General Calixto Garcia, about two thousand men, that after a forced march made in obedience to orders from Gomez, had just arrived from east of the Cauto River. We Americans, having learned that General Garcia also had a few guns officered by our countrymen, proceeded to look up these latter without delay, and found several likable and interesting men who were to be our comrades through many months to come. These were Major Winchester Dana Osgood, who had won fame as a foot-ball player at Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania; Captain William Cox, of Philadelphia; Lieutenants Stuart S. Janney and Osmun Latrobe, Jr., of Baltimore, and Jas. Devine, of Texas, and Dr. Harry Danforth, of Milwaukee. All except the latter, who served as a medical officer, belonged to the artillery, with Osgood in command.

As General Garcia, like General Gomez, had but two guns, it will be seen that the artillery of both forces was considerably over-officered. But this fault extended throughout the whole insurgent army, the number of officers, especially those of high rank, being out of all proportion to the number of men in the ranks.

We were soon presented to General Garcia, and were most kindly received by him. As the future service of the most of us was to be under his command, as he was one of the most prominent chieftains not only in this war, but in the ten years' struggle, a few words regarding his personality will not be amiss. He was a man of most striking appearance, being over six feet tall and rather heavy, and his hair and large mustache were snow-white. What at once attracted attention was the hole in his forehead, a souvenir of the Ten Years' War. On September 3, 1874, being about to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, and believing his execution to be a certainty, he had fired a large-calibre revolver upward from beneath his lower jaw, the bullet making its exit almost in the centre of his forehead. It is safe to say that not one man in ten thousand would have survived so terrible an injury. He was taken prisoner, and owed his life to the skill of a Spanish surgeon, though he remained in prison until the end of the war, four years later. To the day of his death, nearly twenty-four years later, the wound never entirely healed, and he always carried a small wad of cotton in the hole in his skull. General Garcia was a man of the most undoubted personal courage, and was a courteous and kindly gentleman. His bearing was dignified, but he was one of the most approachable of men. He seldom smiled, and I never heard him laugh but once, and that was when on one occasion he fired every one of the six shots in his revolver at a jutea, a small animal, at a few yards range without disturbing its slumbers. With him life had been one long tragedy of war and prison. He lived to see his country free from Spanish rule, but not yet a republic. Those of us Americans who had served under Gomez always regarded him with something akin to awe or fear, but all who came in close contact with Garcia had for him a feeling of affection. He was always so just and so considerate, and though some of us must have exasperated him at times, so far as I know he never gave one of us a harsh word. When the provocation was sufficient, however, he could be terribly severe with his own people.

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General Garcia's staff consisted of about a dozen young men of the best families of Cuba. All of them spoke English, a great convenience for us foreigners who were constantly under the necessity of communicating with them. The chief of staff was Colonel Mario Menocal, a graduate of Cornell, and a civil engineer by profession. Declining a commission at the beginning of the war, he had entered the ranks, and was with Gomez on his memorable march from eastern Cuba to the very walls of Havana. He was a most capable and daring soldier, and his rise had been rapid. He was the nominee of the Conservative party for the presidency of Cuba at the last election. Another member of the staff was Colonel Carlos Garcia, a son of the general, and the present Cuban minister to the United States. He was a great friend of all of us American *mambis*, and we usually went to him with such troubles as we had.

General Garcia's force, having been raised in the province of Santiago, had a much larger proportion of negroes than the one that we had been with. With him here were several well-known negro chieftains, among them Rabi and Cebreco, the former one of the most striking-looking men I have ever seen. Some of the negro officers were quite capable in guerilla warfare, while others were mere blusterers and blunderers. Although the color line is drawn in Cuba in social matters, white men of the best families did not hesitate to serve under negro officers, and sometimes on their staffs. The Cuban negroes in the insurgent army were to me a most interesting study. They seemed much more forceful and aggressive than our own colored population as a rule, probably the result of most of the older ones having served in the Ten Years' War. And then, too, they had lived a more outdoor life than the majority of the negroes of our Northern States, being plantation hands and small farmers, and had not been weakened and demoralized by city life. A surprising fact was that not a few of the older negroes of Cuba were born in Africa. Although the foreign slave trade was abolished by law many years ago, it is a matter of common knowledge that up to as late as 1870 small cargoes of slaves from the west coast of Africa were run into Cuba. Juan Gonzalez, the man who served for more than six months as my "striker," or personal servant, told me that he distinctly remembered his capture, when about ten years of age, by Arabs on the Congo, his sale to the Portuguese, and the journey in a sailing-ship across the Atlantic. He ran away from his master and served in the Ten Years' War, and so gained his freedom. These African negroes often conversed among themselves in their native dialect, nearly all of them having come from the same region on the Congo.

After a few days in camp to allow the men and horses of both forces to rest, the three thousand of us marched toward doomed Guaimaro, and drew our lines about the town. The combined forces were under the command of General Gomez, he being the insurgent commander-in-chief. General Garcia had with him two guns, a Hotchkiss twelve-pounder and a two-pounder of the same make, they being identical with the two guns that Gomez had used at Cascorra, and that we had brought with us. So we now had four pieces of artillery, all steel breech-loading guns, using fixed ammunition.

The little town of Guaimaro, in the extreme eastern part of the province of Camaguey, and sixteen miles east of Cascorra, has figured largely in Cuban history. Here convened on April 10, 1869, the first Cuban legislative body, which framed the constitution that served during the Ten Years' War, and which adopted as the Cuban flag the beautiful banner that to-day waves over the Presidential Palace in Havana, but which was first seen on Cuban soil when the unfortunate Narcisso Lopez landed to start a war for independence in 1850. Practically all the Cuban population of Guaimaro had left the town months before, and the resident non-combatants consisted almost entirely of a few Spanish storekeepers and their families. The garrison, about three hundred men of the Second Battalion of Tarragona, was commanded by a major, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, and was distributed among eleven defensive positions, mostly large two-story blockhouses, called *fortines*, though the strongest positions were the brick church with stone tower and the barracks, the former in the south part of the town and the latter at its south-west corner. All of these had earth banked up

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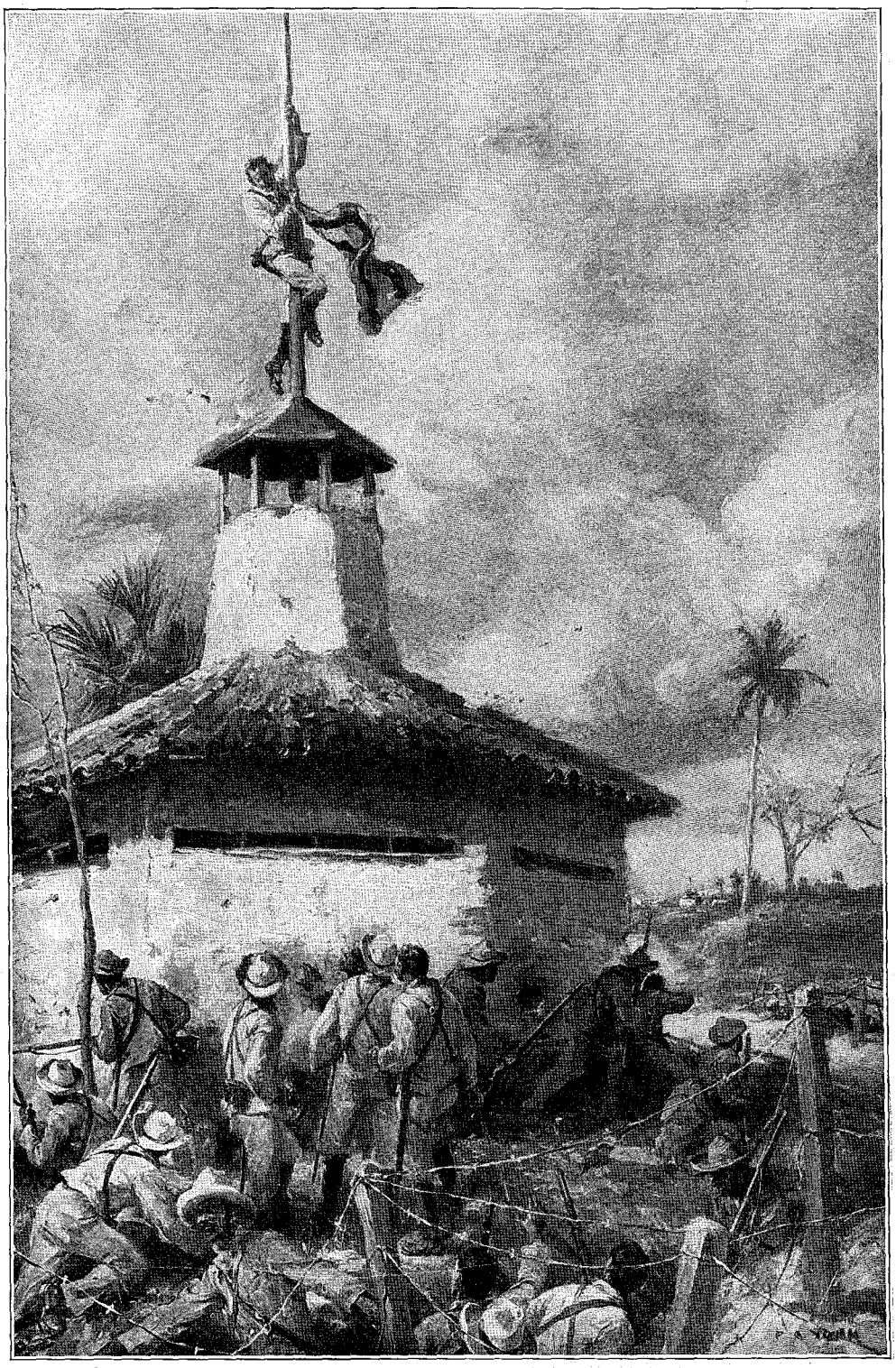

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down.—Page 586.

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around them to the lower tier of port-holes and were surrounded by barb-wire entanglements. All except the church were also surrounded by standing trenches. The key to the situation was the *Fortin* Gonfu, an isolated blockhouse on a low hill due north of the centre of the town and seven hundred yards from the circle of blockhouses surrounding it. The nearest support was the *Fortin* Isabella. Once established in the Gonfu blockhouse, the Cubans would completely dominate the town, which lay in easy artillery range on the level ground to the southward. The blockhouse in question was neither large nor strong, and its isolated position made its capture certain if a vigorous attack were made.

On the night of October 16th Gomez and Garcia with their staffs and personal escorts were encamped about a mile to the north of the Gonfu position, and we Americans with our four guns were near them. I had been commissioned a captain immediately after the Cascorra campaign, but Osgood being a major, I was ranked by him, and he was very properly placed in command of all the artillery. On the night referred to, General Gomez was in a somewhat irritable mood. One of the insurgent officers had sung in grand opera in Europe, and was entertaining a number of us within earshot of where our chief was trying to rest. The grim old fellow stood the Italian airs as long as he could, and then sent word to the offender that he had a horse that sang considerably better. But he did not interfere when General Garcia's fine band struck up, and played for a couple of hours. The Cubans were making no attempt to conceal their presence from the garrison, and the wind being favorable, the music must have been heard in the town. It no doubt gave the Spaniards a creepy feeling when they heard the Cuban national hymn, the *Bayames*, and listened to the cheers and the shouts of "*Cuba libre!*" that followed its playing.

At three o'clock the next morning I was startled from a sound sleep by a leathern-lunged bugler blowing reveille within a few feet of my hammock, and it is a peculiar and to me inexplicable fact that though I have certainly heard reveille several thousand times since that occasion, it invariably to this day brings to mind that depressing, chilly morning that ushered in the siege of Guaimaro, and calls up for the moment those stirring days that now seem so long ago. As the call was taken up by a score of bugles all about the town, I could not help wondering as to the feelings of the brave little garrison, so soon to begin their struggle against overwhelming odds. Completely isolated from the outside world, except when every three months a convoy reached them with supplies, they had for nearly two weeks in September listened to the booming of guns in the fighting about Cascorra, but could have had no inkling as to the result. Now they must have realized that their time of trial had come.

It had been determined to use but one gun in the attack on the Gonfu blockhouse, and this was the twelve-pounder that belonged to Garcia's command. During the night a short parapet had been constructed for it about four hundred yards to the westward of the blockhouse, and practically on a level with it, though separated therefrom by a grassy swale. The piece was in position before daylight, with Osgood in personal command. For the time being, Gomez's artillerymen were to be but spectators, so Pennie and I took our post about a hundred yards on the left flank of the gun and about equally distant with it from the blockhouse, and awaited developments. After it was fairly light we saw a flash of flame and smoke from the shrubbery behind which the gun position had been constructed, and almost simultaneously a shell struck the ground a few yards short of the blockhouse, but on the ricochet went through it without exploding. The sixteen Spaniards in the little fort were on the lookout, ready for business, and in a few seconds came their fire, a continuous crackle, as they were using their magazine rifles at top speed. At first they fought from the lower story of the blockhouse, but after the structure had been hit a couple of times they abandoned it, and took to the trenches outside. At Guaimaro there were not the bags of earth in front of the trenches that at Cascorra had given us something to shoot at, the enemy having instead deep standing trenches. A man's head would be exposed for only the few seconds that it took him to empty his magazine. As soon as he saw no more fire coming from the blockhouse itself, Osgood

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Janney half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible a man could live through.—Page 586.

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confined himself to attempts to make hits on the top of the trench in the hope of landing a shell in it, but it was practically impossible to do so at such short range, the trajectory being so flat. And then, too, the ammunition that General Garcia had brought with him had been some months on the island, exposed to all sorts of weather and treatment, and many of the shells failed to burst. Our people shot slowly and carefully, but did not succeed in diminishing the enemy's fire to any great extent. Pennie and I, animated by a desire to get a little closer to the fireworks, made a run over to the gun, and reached there just in time to see the Hotchkiss on its recoil knock a Cuban senseless. These twelve-pounders, very light guns for their heavy powder charge, were nearly as dangerous toward the rear as toward the front. Despite the brake ropes, which were adjusted before every shot, I have seen them kick down a slope or along slippery ground for twenty feet, so that we soon learned to have the deepest respect for the ground in rear of one of these guns. The only time we attempted to limit these antics was by means of a bank of earth, and this experiment resulted in a broken carriage. Pennie and I stooped down beside the gun detachment and watched our perspiring and powder-begrimed countrymen work. The protection was scarcely half as high as the parapets behind which we had fought at Cascorra, and becoming somewhat careless in our anxiety to see the results of the shots, we were warned by Osgood to be careful, as the Spaniards were shooting well. The bullets were coming in steadily, and keeping well down to the ground. Osgood had just remarked to me that he had accomplished all he could, by driving the Spaniards from the blockhouse to the trenches outside, and that the infantry must do the rest, when a staff officer arrived to state that the Cubans were going to charge from the foot of the slope to our left, and to give directions that a lookout should be kept, in order that the fire of the gun might cease at the proper time. This was refreshing after what we had seen at Cascorra, where failure to use the infantry at the proper time had thrown away a victory. Of course, however, assaulting this isolated blockhouse was no such proposition as going against the much stronger and better-supported positions of the other town. Anxious to see the charge, Pennie and I hastened back to our old stand, and had hardly got settled down when a bugle rang out in the edge of the woods a hundred yards to our left, there were a number of briskly given commands, some faint cheering and a rattle of shots, and a company of men, mostly negroes, led by Garcia's chief of staff, Colonel Menocal, began to climb the grassy slope. Ordinarily chiefs of staff do not lead charges, but no chances were being taken on some bungler making a mess of this job. The slope was so steep and the grass so high and dense that the attack was made at a walk, the men in single line, firing and yelling excitedly. Pennie and I watched for a few seconds, when he said, "Me for this," and we started for the blockhouse, and at the same time saw Janney, Latrobe, and one or two others cutting across from the gun position, with revolvers drawn. When about half-way to the top we two stumbled over a negro, who as soon as he saw us began to writhe and moan, calling out that he was wounded. Desirous of rendering assistance, we turned him over, but could see no blood. "The damned coward is flunking," yelled Pennie, and twisting the fellow's Remington out of his hands, gave him the butt of it several times, thus making his lamentations more realistic. This man was the only one of the fifty who fell out, the others facing the music gamely. The first man through the wire entanglement and into the trench was Janney, who had joined the attacking company just before it reached the summit. Owing to our delay with the supposedly wounded man, the blockhouse was taken before Pennie and I reached it. The Spaniards had not waited for the Cubans, but had bolted out of their trench on the opposite side when the latter were about half-way up, and were doing a Marathon for the Isabella *fortin*, distant seven hundred yards. The victors fired on them from around the captured blockhouse, and killed one man about a hundred yards down the slope. The infantry company had lost its formation, and had dissolved into a mob of men, yelling and firing, until Menocal restored some semblance of order by knocking down several of the worst with the flat of his machete. Not one of the men making the assault had been hit,

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as the garrison of the blockhouse had not fired after they came in sight, and the enemy in the other forts could not see the attacking party until it reached the summit. The mob of men about the captured position now made a fine target, however, and from every blockhouse, the church, the barracks, and other points came a most terrific and well-sustained fire. There must have been some peculiar atmospheric or other condition that redoubled the sound, as these comparatively few rifles made for the time an almost unbroken roar, reminding us of the racket at La Machuca, where four thousand men were in action. The summit of the hill rapidly became too hot. Colonel Menocal screened some of his men in the trenches, and others behind the blockhouse, but sent about half of them down the hill, not, however, until several of them had been hit. Of course, something ridiculous had to happen. A chicken, which the late garrison had evidently hoped to add to their next bill of fare, escaped in the confusion, and ran cackling around the blockhouse half a dozen times, pursued by Pennie, who finally killed it by throwing his machete at it. As all the remaining Spanish works were on a lower level than ourselves, the fire from them was necessarily directed upward, with the result that thousands of bullets, clearing the hill, spattered over the country for nearly two miles to the north. An aged colonel of Gomez's staff, lying peacefully in his hammock a mile and a half from the nearest Spanish work, was shot through the body, but recovered, and several other casualties in the camps resulted from this fusillade. In the meantime a number of us had entered the blockhouse and were exploring it. The lower story was littered with broken timbers, and a barrel of drinking water had been pierced at about its middle by a shell, but without destroying it or knocking it over. The remaining

For a couple of hours deliberately shelled that work and others in the vicinity.—Page 588.

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half barrel of water quenched many a thirst that day. In the upper story we found a number of boxes of hard biscuit and some other food, and after filling our pockets began pitching the balance out to the men hugging the lee side of the building to escape the storm of bullets still sweeping the hill. A Spanish soldier, wounded by a shell, had fallen across one box of biscuits and had bled there so profusely that half of them were saturated, but it was no time to be fastidious, and we emptied the upper part of the box and threw the uninjured contents to the hungry men outside.

In the meantime several officers of General Garcia's staff had reached us, and called attention to the fact that the Spanish flag was still floating from the pole on the blockhouse. This would never do, and it must come down. But it could not be lowered, being nailed to the staff. One of these officers, Lieutenant Luis Rodolfo Miranda, said he would bring down the flag, and several of us went out and from the safe side of the structure watched the operation. With assistance Miranda reached the roof, and slowly and painfully began drawing himself up the pole, which was about eighteen feet high and four inches in diameter. Every Spaniard in Guaimaro could see him, and I believe to a man tried to bring the gallant fellow down. Bullets hissed and crackled all about, and beat a constant tattoo on the blockhouse. The pole above or below him was hit several times. For a few moments that seemed endless we looked on in an agony of suspense, expecting every moment to see him come crashing down on the tile roof. We begged him to give it up and wait for night, but he kept on, reached the flag, cut it loose with his pocket-knife, slid down the pole with it, ran to the eaves and leaped to the ground, fifteen feet below. It would be difficult to imagine a feat of more reckless daring, and yet I have heard some of my own countrymen damn the whole Cuban people as a race of cowards.

We re-entered the blockhouse, and Osgood and I were discussing the possibility of getting the gun into it under such a fire, when Devine spied a magnificent saddle-horse tied to a long rope in a little swale about two hundred yards to our left front, and about five hundred yards from two of the Spanish blockhouses. The horse, being out of the line of fire, had not been hit, but was prancing about, snorting with terror. "That horse would suit my style of beauty," remarked Devine, and before any one could stop him he had got out and started down the hill on a run. Once at the foot of the slope he was out of view of most of the Spaniards, but was in plain sight from three blockhouses, two of them quite close, and every man in them did his best to get him. He reached the rope, untied it, and tried to lead the animal, but the terrified beast declined to follow, and was soon brought down. Devine, having no use for a dead horse, started back up the hill. Osgood and I were breathlessly watching him from adjoining port-holes, when we saw him pitch forward into the grass. Osgood cried out, "My God, he is hit! I am going after him," and started down the ladder to the lower story, the only way to get out. I followed, with no very definite idea as to what I was going to do, but in my haste slipped on the top round of the ladder and fell into the lower story, taking Osgood with me. Both of us were well bruised but not disabled. Reaching the outside, we found that Janney was running down the hill, racing like mad. The enemy now concentrated their fire on him, as they had on Devine. Janney was a powerful man, and half carried and half dragged the wounded man up that slope under a fire that it would seem impossible a man could live through, it being especially severe after he had got half-way up, and was exposed to nearly all the Spanish positions. Several of us assisted him to lower Devine into the shelter of the trench. He was shot in the hip, a very severe wound from which he did not recover during the war, though he returned to duty after a couple of months. In our service Janney's act would have brought him the Medal of Honor, or in the British army the Victoria Cross, but the Cubans had not yet reached the stage of distributing decorations for gallantry.

After this incident the garrison apparently became somewhat tired of sweeping the hill with their fire, and gave us a respite, simply sending in an occasional volley. In the meantime General Garcia, accompanied by several officers of his staff, had reached the hill for the purpose

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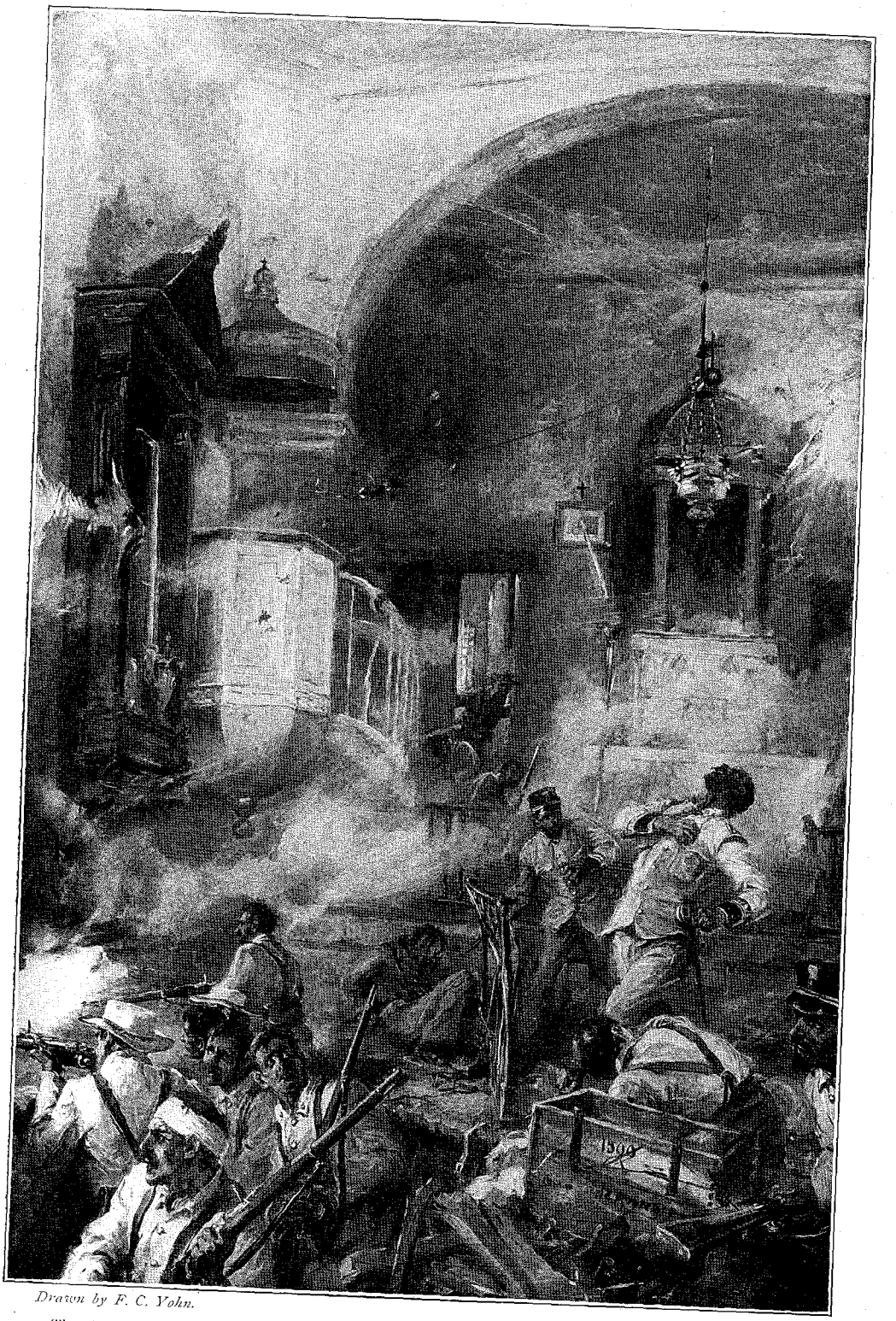

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The church was a hard proposition, and it was some time before we made progress against it.—Page 592.

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of examining the captured position, one of his orderlies being killed at his side shortly after his arrival on the summit. Owing to the inevitable loss of life involved in the undertaking, the general determined to wait until nightfall before attempting to install a gun in the blockhouse. We artillerymen recognized the wisdom of this decision, though, maddened by the action of the Spaniards in trying to kill Janney while he was rescuing a wounded man, we could scarcely possess our souls in patience until we could have a chance to blow them out of their blockhouses.

The march was painfully slow, the roads being in shocking condition.—Page 595.

During the remainder of the day nothing was done except to move some of our infantry closer to the captured hill, lest the enemy should attempt to retake it by a sortie. We Americans went down to our camp for supper, but a few hours later returned to the position. Not having had enough excitement during the day, Captain Jose Estrampes of Gomez's staff and I crawled down in the darkness to the point between the Gonfu and Isabella blockhouses where the Spanish soldier had been seen to fall in the retirement from the former, and came back ahead an excellent Mauser rifle. The task of the night was to get a gun into the captured position, from which we could bring to bear on every one of the remaining Spanish works. Because something had gone wrong with its breech mechanism, the piece used during the day was not utilized, but we brought up the other twelve-pounder, the old veteran of Cascorra. A hole was broken through the north wall of the blockhouse, and the gun taken in through it. A port-hole was made on the opposite side bearing on the town, and before daylight we were ready for business. Just as the sun came over the horizon Osgood landed a shell squarely on the Isabella *fortin*, and for a couple of hours deliberately shelled that work and others in the vicinity. As always when these fragile blockhouses were under artillery fire, the enemy left the structures and fought in the trenches around them, where only by chance were they liable to suffer casualties from our shells. Here, however, our slight elevation above the town gave us some advantage in this respect. During most of the bombardment of this

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morning I remained outside, some forty feet east of the blockhouse, calling the shots for Osgood, as none of those in the structure could observe the effects of their fire owing to the smoke. I spent a part of the time in the building, however. Our infantry supports were well covered in standing trenches on the flanks of the blockhouse, these having been constructed during the night, so that there were no groups on the hill to draw the Spanish fire. The result was that the enemy apparently paid but little attention to us. It was finally noticed, however, that about once a minute a bullet would come through the port-hole, or strike very near it. The regularity of these shots and their accuracy convinced us that some exceptionally fine sharp-shooter was giving us his attention. On one of my runs to the blockhouse to announce the result of a shot, one of these bullets came in the port-hole just as I entered the gap in the rear, missing me only an inch or two. Several of those serving at the gun had had narrow escapes, and everybody was keeping as much as possible out of the danger zone, though a certain amount of exposure was unavoidable. Partly owing to our defective ammunition, and partly to a brisk wind blowing across the line of fire, several unfortunate shots had been made, and Osgood stooped over the gun to make on the sight a correction for wind. He had adjusted it satisfactorily, sighted the piece, and made the remark, "I think that will do," when all those near by heard a bullet strike him with a sound like a base-ball being thrown against a building. The few words just spoken were his last on earth. He sank across the trail of the gun, unconscious, and was lifted from it by his horror-stricken comrades and hurried down the hill to one of the dressing-stations. He did not recover consciousness, and in four hours was dead. The bullet had gone through his brain, and he passed from the vigor of early manhood into the long sleep in the fraction of a second. He could never have known that he had been hit. A year and a half later, it fell to me to recount the circumstances of Major Osgood's death to his father, Colonel, afterward Brigadier-General, Osgood of the United States Army. The latter knew that his son had been killed, but was ignorant as to the attendant circumstances. The little group of aliens, fighting in a strange land for a cause not their own, were sore stricken. It was the first time one of our own number had been killed. Bound together by ties of race and language, and sharing the daily dangers and privations, we had become closer to each other than men ordinarily do in years of acquaintanceship under different circumstances, and now felt that the war was coming home to us. For a time we did nothing but sit in the blockhouse, well back from the fatal port-hole, and gaze in awe at the spatter of blood on the gun trail and note the devilish regularity with which the missiles from the sharp-shooter's rifle whistled past us. A staff officer who was in the blockhouse with us had hastened to head-quarters with the news of Osgood's certainly fatal wound. We had asked him to obtain instructions as to who was to take command, Cox or myself, both being captains. It was General Garcia's desire that the former, having served directly under him, should be designated, but Gomez overruled him, and I was from that time in command of the artillery of the *Departamento del Oriente*. Cox, like the good soldier that he was, served under me faithfully and loyally until the end.

It was rightly guessed that the sharp-shooter was stationed in the church tower, distant eleven hundred yards, and I determined to make it my special business to kill him if I could. It was subsequently learned that he was an officer, using a rifle with telescope sight. As the gun had not been touched since Osgood had sighted it, I ordered the lanyard pulled, and a shell smashed its way through one of the block-houses. The poor fellow's last work had been well done. But hit the church tower I could not, owing to the defective ammunition and strong gusts of wind, though I struck the roof of the building within a few feet of it several times. If we could have had the deadly Driggs-Schroeder that we afterward used at Jiguani and Las Tunas, one shot would have done the work. But the fact that the tower was being fired at caused the sharp-shooter to abandon it for the day. Until nightfall our shots were distributed impartially among the three or four works nearest us, with an occasional shell for the church or barracks just to keep from hurting the feelings of their garrisons. During the afternoon we witnessed a futile

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and ridiculous charge made upon the badly battered Isabella blockhouse. The officer in command of this enterprise was a negro lieutenant-colonel of Cebreco's brigade. He had a battalion, and instead of deploying his men out of sight, under cover of the woods, he rushed them in column into the open within four hundred yards of his objective, and attempted to form line under a withering fire from the trenches around three blockhouses. His men huddled up, became panic-stricken, and fled, leaving their numerous killed and wounded on the ground, whence they could not be removed until nightfall. We poured shells into the Isabella during this performance as rapidly as we could load and fire, in order to confine the enemy to his trenches and keep him from reoccupying the remains of the structure. General Gomez witnessed this fiasco, and was wild with rage. That night the blunderer was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death, but this was commuted to reduction to the ranks, and the next day we saw the doleful-looking man carrying a Remington in the battalion that he had so recently commanded.

During the night of this day we brought up one of the two-pounders, cut a port-hole for it to the left of the larger gun, and placed it in position. The projectiles fired by this piece were too small to do much damage, but its accuracy was wonderful, and it had ammunition that had not been damaged. The next morning our friend in the church tower resumed operations, and we promptly went for him. Every shot fired at the tower from the little gun struck it, one shell, as we subsequently ascertained, striking within a foot of the small window from which the officer was firing. All the shells from this gun burst on the outside, however, the masonry being too strong for them. But they had the desired moral effect, and we had no more trouble with the tower sharp-shooter. During the day we used first one gun and then the other, as owing to the confined space it was not practicable to serve both at the same time.

All this while the Cuban infantry had the town closely invested, and from time to time there would be lively fire fights between them and the defenders of the trenches. October 20, the fourth day of the siege, was largely a repetition of the preceding day. We were firing slowly, as ammunition was running low, when we met with quite a serious misfortune. I had just given the order to fire the twelve-pounder, when, instead of the usual loud report and rebound to the rear, the gun remained motionless, while for half a minute a stream of flame and gas poured from the vent. A shell had stuck in the barrel, half-way to the muzzle, the powder in the charge having become so damaged that it would not force it out. The removal of this loaded shell, with no special appliances for the purpose, was a most delicate and dangerous operation, and required several weeks, the work being done by a Cuban mechanic. The piece was not permanently damaged, and fortunately we had with us another of the same calibre. The next day we fired but few shots, as we were all but out of ammunition for the twelve-pounder. An additional supply in a deposit many miles to the eastward had been sent for, but could not arrive for some time. It looked as if we were going to have another Cascorra fiasco. We had been considerably exasperated because of being compelled to fritter away our precious ammunition in a desultory bombardment of ten separate positions, instead of placing all our guns in action at one time and concentrating their fire on some one of the more important works for half an hour, as a prelude to an infantry assault. The good work of the first day was not being properly followed up. The guns were taken to the rear, though the infantry held on to all their positions and from time to time exchanged shots with the enemy. The question of the subsistence of so large a force had become a serious one. Large herds of cattle were driven in, but the surrounding country had been denuded of vegetables. The question of camping-grounds was also an embarrassing one. For sanitary reasons the Cubans moved their camps to new ground every few days, but not much more shifting could be done without taking the main body of troops so far from the line of investment that it could not be properly supported.

Time hung heavily on our hands, but we had some diversions. One night Huntington made a lone-hand raid on the town. He crawled through the Spanish lines, roamed unchallenged through the streets, and came back with a fine turkey. In-

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spired by this feat, Colonel Carlos Garcia's negro servant, who had known the town well in times of peace, begged his chief for permission to enter and endeavor to obtain a supply of Spanish delicacies from some of the abandoned stores. Permission was reluctantly given, and the plucky fellow set out on his perilous errand. He wormed his way through the grass, crawled under the barb-wire entanglements, reached the centre of the town, and effected entrance into a general store. Inside it was pitch dark, and he dared not strike a light, but by feeling about found a lot of promising cans, and deposited them in a sugar sack that he had with him. Handicapped by his heavy load, the return was slow and painful, as well as dangerous, but finally after an absence of five hours the exultant negro deposited his cargo at the feet of his waiting and appreciative master, whose friends promptly gathered about to see the results of this raid, and mayhap to partake thereof. By the light of a camp fire the sack was emptied of its contents, eighteen cans of house paint. If there was any one thing that nobody had any use for in those days it was house paint. The subsequent proceedings were appropriate to the occasion. Last year when I had the pleasure of entertaining the present Cuban minister to the United States at my quarters at Fort Leavenworth, and we were going over the tragedies and comedies of the long ago days in the bush, we dwelt long and lovingly on this incident.

One night about this time a very tall negro, one of the few Cubans left in the town, was caught trying to get through the Spanish lines. A rigid search of his person resulted in the discovery of a letter from the commandant to General Castellanos in Puerto Principe informing him that the town was undergoing siege. There was also found the sum of two hundred dollars in Spanish gold, which the unfortunate man confessed was his pay, given him in advance. He was promptly tried, and as promptly hanged, and the commander, unlike his brother officer besieged in Cascorra, waited with sinking heart as the days passed, listening for the sound of guns to the westward, and hoping for the relief that never came.

At last on the 28th, the eleventh day of the siege, the pack train arrived with the longed for cartridges for our guns. General Garcia gave me instructions to bombard every position on the next day, and stated that under cover of darkness a general assault would be made. I was given entire discretion as to what use to make of the guns, and so that night had a small shelter constructed outside the Gonfu blockhouse and had installed in it one of the two-pounders, while the remaining twelve-pounder was placed inside in the old position, the extra port-hole being blocked up. It was desired to find a position for the remaining two-pounder close to the church, as that building, except its tower, was of brick, and consequently not proof against the shells of the smaller gun. An excellent location was found four hundred yards from one of the rear corners, approach to it being afforded by a shallow draw. The intervening ground was perfectly level, and bare of grass or brush. Half-way from this position to the church, and a little to the right of our line of fire on that building, was one of the badly battered blockhouses with some twenty brave fellows hanging on to the trenches about it. This was a serious disadvantage, as we were subject to their fire at two hundred yards range and could not harm them, but there was nothing better to be had. An excellent parapet with overhead cover was constructed at this point. I had become heartily tired of the Gonfu position, and so placed Cox in charge of the two guns there and myself took the two-pounder near the church. Cox had Janney, Latrobe, Jones, and the majority of the Cubans with the artillery, while I had Huntington, Pennie, and the remainder of our enlisted men. Everything went off smoothly, and when daylight came on the 29th all the guns were in position. I took the first shot, and sent a shell through the wall of the church on the line of port-holes just above the surface of the ground. The Spaniards in the church, instead of having their port-holes about five feet above the floor, had torn a part of this up and dug standing trenches all about the inside of the building. So they were covered by the natural ground up to their shoulders, and above this were protected from infantry fire by the brick wall. It was an excellent arrangement, and I have never seen its like elsewhere. The enemy lost no time in replying, and all day gave

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us so hot a fire that the service of the gun was exceedingly difficult. Half a mile to our right we could see the discharges of the guns in the Gonfu position. All along the north and east sides of the town were heavy lines of infantry lying down and not firing. Just a few yards to the left of my position, down in the hollow, Dr. Danforth had his dressing station, with instruments and bandages laid out for use. The fighting all day was pretty hot, and at times the fire on my position would compel us to delay for a time. All of our guns fired very slowly and deliberately. The newly arrived ammunition was much better than that we had been using, and there were practically no misses. It had been ordered that before darkness came on one of the guns in the Gonfu position should be sighted at the church tower and left until nine o'clock, when it should be fired. This was to be the signal for the assault. In order to avoid a misunderstanding all the guns were to cease some time before that hour. I kept up with my two-pounder until a little after dark, firing most of the time at the church, but giving the pestiferous blockhouse on my right front an occasional compliment. The walls of the church had been well perforated, and the little shells had burst inside, inflicting casualties, but they were not heavy enough to shatter the walls or make breaches, so that the building retained its shape. At last an ominous silence fell over all, contrasting strangely with the turmoil of an eventful day. The last hour dragged with leaden feet. All were at high tension, as it was realized that the crucial hour was at hand. Was it to be a victory, or were the plucky Catalans to hurl us back in a bloody repulse? Every moment we would strike matches down behind the parapet in order to consult our watches. At last the hour came. There was a tongue of flame from the Gonfu position, and for an instant the church tower was lighted up by a bursting shell. A second later we heard the crack of the two-pounder. At the start there was no blowing of bugles and no yelling to draw the Spanish fire. Colonel Menocal had personal charge of the assault, but was at all times in communication with Generals Gomez and Garcia. He had systematized everything and left nothing to chance. Every unit had its objective indicated in advance, and it was pretty well understood that if there should be any serious blundering there would be some executions the next day. In order to avoid confusion and possible accidental encounters in the streets in the darkness, the attacking force was limited to five hundred men. It was thought that even if the job could not be completed during the night such advantages of position would be gained that it would not take much of daylight to finish it.

The echo of the gun had scarcely died away when a few low commands were given just to the right of my position, and about fifty men, deployed in a single line and without firing, rushed for the nearest blockhouse, the one that had warmed us up so persistently during the day. As there would not for some time be any use for the guns, I gave Huntington and Pennie permission to join the attacking party. This had covered half the distance before being discovered. There was then a lively popping from the blockhouse, and the Cubans raised a yell and covered the remaining hundred yards at a run. A few moments later those of us who had remained at the position saw a group of men coming out of the darkness. It was a detail bringing back the captured garrison of the blockhouse. About this time quite a furor broke out in the direction of the Isabella, but lasted only a few seconds. I did not propose to stay by a cannon that could not be used in this mix up, and knew that nobody would carry it off and that it could be found when needed, and so went in. Afterward in the town I came across all of my brother artillery officers. We were a fine lot, having run off and left our guns to take part in an infantry attack. In any other service we would have gotten into serious trouble, but the Cubans were lenient with us, apparently regarding this as the American way of doing things. I do not believe that any one can give a correct and detailed account of the events of this stirring night. There was a series of detached fights, some of them of short duration and others exceedingly brisk. The darkness was intense. Bullets were whistling in all directions, and one was in about as much danger from friend as from foe. The church was a hard proposition, and it was some time before we made progress against it. Dynamite was brought up, and Captain Estrampes and

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Huntington made an attempt to breach the walls. They got into the ditch outside with about fifty pounds of the explosive and the necessary fuse. The men in the church could not get at them where they were, and divining what was up, asked if quarter would be given. Being answered in the affirmative, they surrendered and were sent to the rear. By midnight everything except the barracks had fallen, and the firing had died down to an occasional sputter. There was now much yelling and cheering, and the Cubans were busy looting the captured positions, buildings, and shops of food, clothing, and cooking utensils. Many of those that had not taken part in the assault now broke away and entered the town, in order not to be left out in gathering in the spoils. The confusion became great, and it was evident that formations could not be restored until daylight. Colonel Menocal and I, as soon as it became light enough to see, made a reconnaissance of the barrack by getting into buildings in the vicinity. It was a one-story brick structure, about one hundred feet long, loopholed, and surrounded by the most effective barb-wire entanglement I have ever seen. I doubt if a dog could have crawled through it. It was evident that we must use a gun from one of the near-by houses, and I went back for the two-pounder that during the day had shelled the church. We selected for it a building at an angle across the street and forty yards distant from the nearest portion of the barrack building. As we did not dare expose ourselves in the street in view of the barrack, the gun was placed in position by breaking through the walls of several brick houses. From the inside of the house a few bricks were removed from the wall, and the muzzle shoved through within a stone's throw of its intended target. Ammunition was brought in, and infantry supports placed in rear of the row of buildings. We now waited for daylight. The yelling and the occasional shots had died out, and the town was perfectly quiet. Hundreds of exhausted and hungry insurgents had thrown themselves down in the débris-littered streets and gone to sleep. It was now discovered that the Spanish hospital, full of wounded, was directly across the street from the barrack and only two buildings from where we had the gun. This was a nasty complication, and about five o'clock Menocal and I went in to discuss the situation with the surgeon in charge. This officer pointed out that a fight for the possession of the barrack must involve the hospital, and that there would be great danger of a conflagration. Menocal desired him to remove the wounded, offering assistance, but was informed that many of them were so terribly injured by shell wounds that it was out of the question. But we could not give up the advantages of our position. Menocal promised that in case of a fight he would not occupy the hospital, and in this way it might not be brought under fire. As soon as it was light Menocal, holding aloft a white handkerchief, boldly walked into the middle of the street and waited a moment. In the meantime I had the gun pointed to partially rake the building, and Huntington stood with lanyard in hand to fire in case he should be shot down. In a short time a captain emerged from the building and informed Menocal that he was in command, the commandant having been disabled by a shell wound during the day. The chief of staff replied by demanding his surrender, assuring him that all would be treated as prisoners of war. The captain replied that while he realized his position to be a desperate one, he still felt that he had a chance to repulse an assault. Menocal pointed toward the building that we were in, and the Spaniard saw for the first time the black, lean muzzle of the Hotchkiss. He seemed thunderstruck, realizing that the flimsy brick building would be but a death trap, as the shells would explode all through it and rake it from end to end. About this time a number of insurgent soldiers impelled by curiosity to see what was going on came out into the street within full view of the barrack, and some fifty yards from it. At this juncture a very lean pig escaped from somewhere, and dashed across the street, followed by a dozen laughing Cubans. They caught the animal within twenty yards of the wire entanglements, and were not fired on. In fact several cheers and "bravos" came through the Spanish port-holes. It was evident that it was about over. Menocal came back to the building where we had the gun, slapped me on the shoulder, and said: "They give up." In a few moments the door of

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the barrack opened, and a white flag was hung out. The Cubans crowded about the entanglements, and the Spanish soldiers and some storekeepers who had taken refuge with them began to throw out packages of cigarettes. Generals Gomez and Garcia arrived and found the job completed. A number of us officers now entered the barrack, escorted by the Spanish captain. The men still had their Mausers, and were standing at the port-holes, evidently uneasy as to the treatment they were to receive from the ragged and motley crew outside. Their commander told them it was all over, and Menocal assured them that they were in no danger. They seemed glad that the end had come, being completely exhausted by the constant vigilance imposed by the thirteen days' siege. They laid down their arms and marched out, and soon were mingling with the men whom they had been fighting but a few hours before. For the time no restrictions were placed on their movements, and they were allowed to roam about at will. The most of us had reached the limit of physical endurance, having been without sleep since the morning of the second day before, and sank down anywhere in the shade, letting the war take care of itself for a few hours.

All the stores and dwellings in the town were thoroughly looted. It was not a pretty sight, but men in such desperate straits as were the Cubans could not be expected to spare the property of the enemy, either soldiers or non-combatants. Considering the fact that the Spaniards waged a war of absolutely no quarter, even murdering the wounded who fell into their hands, it was a matter for congratulation that not a single one of the prisoners taken at Guaimaro was in any way injured. In fact the Cubans seemed to bear no hatred whatever against the Spanish regulars, knowing that they had no option either as to their participation in the war or the methods of carrying it on. But the Spanish volunteers, made up of Spanish residents of Cuba who had of their own volition gone into the struggle, often fared badly at their hands, while for the hated guerillas, Cuban mercenaries in the Spanish service, it was certain death to fall into the power of the insurgents. It was these wretches who in that war committed many of the horrible atrocities that brought a stain on the Spanish name. Fortunately there were neither volunteers nor guerillas in Guaimaro, so that we were spared a painful sequel to the victory. The spoils of the siege were considerable, about four hundred Mauser rifles, several hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, and subsistence and medical stores.

As soon as we had had a few hours' sleep we started out to explore the town, being especially interested in the church. The interior was a scene of almost indescribable confusion. In addition to being the strongest fort this building was the commissary storehouse, and the floor was littered several feet deep in flour, peas, broken hard bread, and boxes of sardines, our shells on the last day having ploughed through or exploded in this mass for hours. Blood was spattered everywhere, but the most grewsome sight was as much as a handful of brains mixed with fragments of bone sticking to the south wall several feet above the floor. Prisoners told us that on the previous day, while the commandant was trying to cheer up his men by calling their attention to the fact that the shells that were exploding all over the room were of small size and could not bring down the building, his orderly standing at his side was beheaded, his shattered cranium being hurled clear across the church against the opposite wall. The next shell, exploding almost in the face of the officer, had given the gallant soldier his death wound, three fragments striking him in the chest. In fact, had it not been that the garrison of the church was fairly well protected by the standing trench inside the building, the place would have been a veritable slaughter pen, as the wall offered just enough resistance to the shells to burst them immediately after penetrating.

During the day Gomez wrote to General Castellanos, Spanish commander at Puerto Principe, a letter that must have given the old man the keenest satisfaction. It was to the effect that he had taken the post of Guaimaro after thirteen days' siege, and that every man of the garrison not killed was a prisoner in his hands. He would not follow the precedent set by the Spaniards, but would give them the best care possible. He wished, however, to be rid of the wounded, and if General Castellanos would send the necessary number of ambulances, escorted by unarmed men and carrying the Red Cross flag, to the cattle ranch, "El

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Platano," about a day's march east of Puerto Principe, they would be delivered to him. This communication was sent by mounted courier, and was delivered at the outposts of Puerto Principe, seventy miles distant, in less than twenty-four hours. Messengers were sent out to bring in the organizations that as before stated had been sent away during the siege, and preparations made for the march to "El Platano" without waiting for a reply to the letter to the Spanish commander. Insurgent commands from remote parts of the Oriente had been coming in, so that the force that took up its march on the morning of the 31st reached the respectable total of four thousand men.

It was the height of the rainy season, and for months we had been accustomed to being drenched at any time day or night, so that the good night's sleep in the buildings of Guaimaro had been very much in the line of a treat. It must be remembered that there was not a tent in this whole force, and all were expected to take the weather as it came. The march was painfully slow, the roads being in shocking condition, and much delay was caused by the slow progress of the prisoners carrying their wounded comrades in improvised litters. The rain poured in torrents, day and night, and it was almost impossible to build fires for cooking. At our first camp a Cuban officer talking to the sorely wounded Spanish commandant just as I happened to pass, said to him, I thought with wretched taste, "That American is the man who gave you your wound, as he personally sighted every shot at the church on the last day." The wounded officer, a very handsome and dignified man with snow white hair and beard, looked at me in a reproving and wondering way, and I slunk out of sight, my peace of mind pretty badly disturbed. After four days of gruelling work we reached our destination, and had only a short time to wait for the train of ambulances escorted by a detachment of insurgent cavalry from among those constantly watching every outlet from Puerto Principe. Several surgeons and a detail of men of the hospital service accompanied the train, and were much interested in the rather formidable array of insurgents camped where they could be well seen along a couple of miles of the road. The Spanish and Cuban officers treated each other with the most punctilious courtesy. The wounded were delivered to their countrymen, and started on the journey to Puerto Principe, travelling more comfortably than they had during the past four days. The brave old commandant survived his wounds only a few days more. The remaining prisoners were held for some months at a camp far back in the woods, but were eventually released, the problem of feeding our own people being one that taxed the ingenuity of all. Our force now march to the *potrero*, "Auracana," near La Yaya, and I had the pleasure of receiving my commission as major, dating from the fall of Guaimaro, and of seeing it signed by both our chieftains.

The fall of Guaimaro gave the Spanish commander of this district grave fears for the safety of the little garrison of Cascorra that had successfully resisted our attacks in September, and he determined to relieve it and abandon the town, and so came out with a force of more than four thousand men. Gomez and Garcia resisted desperately with a like number, and the next week saw some of the hardest fighting that ever took place in Cuba. For four days it was almost one continuous battle, but limitations of space compel passing over this campaign other than to say that the Spaniards finally reached their goal, after losing several times the number of men that they had come to rescue. In this fighting General Garcia had his magnificent saddle horse, of which he was very fond, killed under him.

Gomez now marched to the westward to take charge of operations in the province of Santa Clara. Huntington went with him and was shortly afterward killed in battle. All of the remainder of us artillery officers remained with Garcia, who kept all the guns.

The moral effect of the Guaimaro victory on the Cubans was very great. For the first time they had made assaults on men in trenches and protected by barb-wire entanglements. They were schooling themselves for the far bloodier work at Jiguani and Las Tunas, to be related in the next and closing chapter of these reminiscences.

[The fourth of General Funston's papers, "A Defeat and a Victory," will appear in the December Number.]

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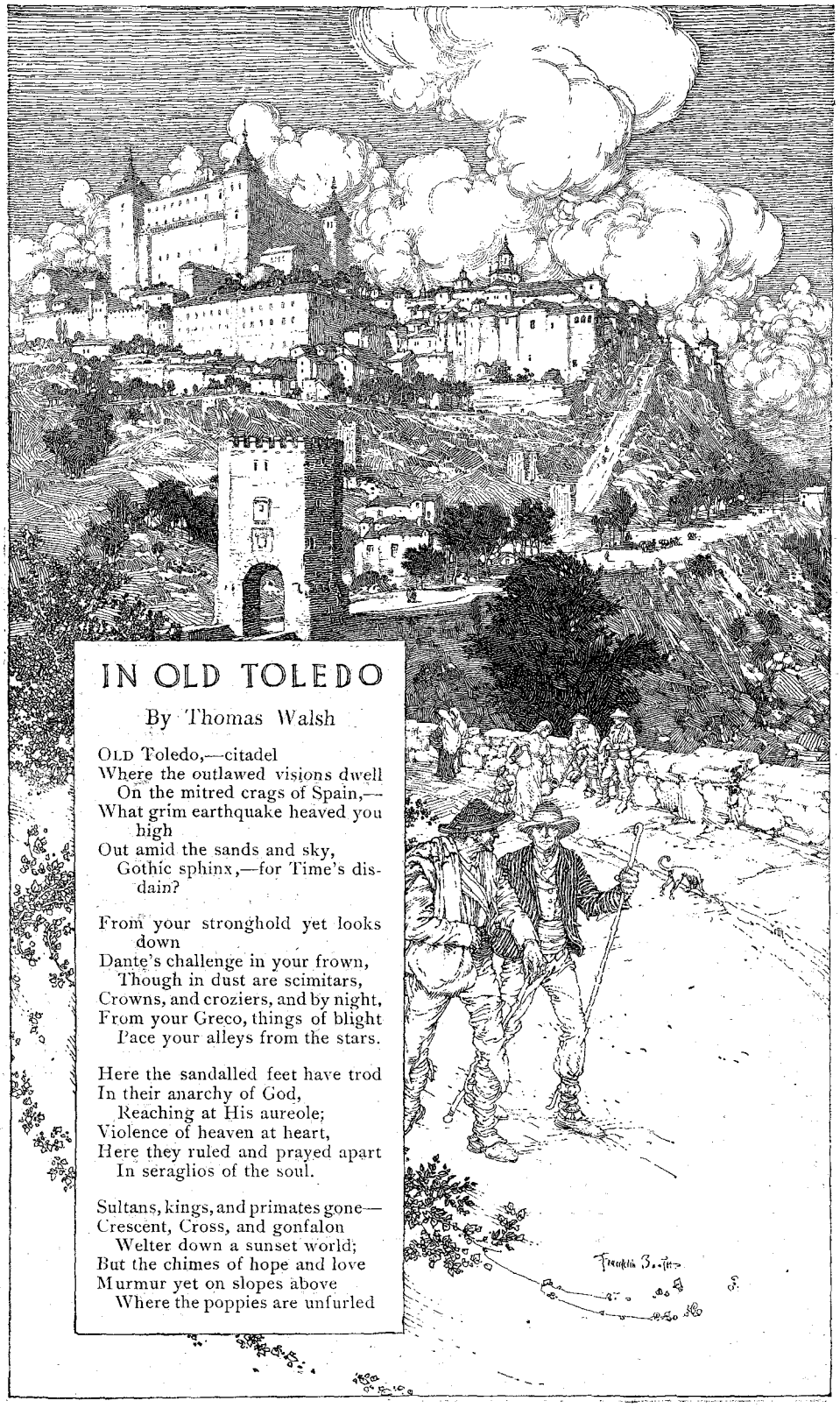

IN OLD TOLEDO

By Thomas Walsh

Old Toledo,—citadel
Where the outlawed visions dwell
On the mitred crags of Spain,—
What grim earthquake heaved you high
Out amid the sands and sky,
Gothic sphinx,—for Time's disdain?

From your stronghold yet looks down
Dante's challenge in your frown,
Though in dust are scimitars,
Crowns, and croziers, and by night,
From your Greco, things of blight
Pace your alleys from the stars.

Here the sandalled feet have trod
In their anarchy of God,
Reaching at His aureole;
Violence of heaven at heart,
Here they ruled and prayed apart
In seraglios of the soul.

Sultans, kings, and primates gone—
Crescent, Cross, and gonfalon
Welter down a sunset world;
But the chimes of hope and love
Murmur yet on slopes above
Where the poppies are unfurled

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CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

[1821–1828]

Edited by Payne's Grand-nephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

SECOND PAPER

IN his last letter to Payne, which is post-marked May 5, 1824, Irving writes that he is leaving shortly for England, but his departure from Paris was delayed and he only arrived in London on May 28th, just in time to attend the second performance of "Charles II" ("*La Jeunesse*") at Covent Garden. In a letter to his brother Peter (published in his biography) he writes: "It (*the play*) succeeds very well, though the critics attack the *language*. The fact is the first act is extremely heavy in consequence of being extremely ill played. . . . The second act goes off famously, and so does the greater part of the third, in consequence of the excellent acting of Fawcett as Copp. He makes it one of the best things I ever saw him do. I shall assist Payne in pruning the piece to-day, and I have no doubt it will have a good run. Payne intends putting it to press immediately."

Thus one of the plays which had been worked over so long was successfully produced.

Irving remained in England until August 13th, when he returned to France, engaging quiet lodgings at Auteuil, a few miles from Paris, instead of returning to Payne's quarters in the Rue Richelieu, which his brother Peter continued to occupy. Late in October he returned to the apartments in the Rue Richelieu, where he spent the winter, except for a brief visit to Bordeaux early in January. While there he received a letter from Payne submitting a draft of the dedication of "Richelieu" for his approval.

Dedication of "Richelieu"

MY DEAR IRVING:

It is about twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you; and it is not very often that people are found better friends at the later part of so long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us; and the admiration which I felt for you when I was a boy, has been succeeded by gratitude for steady and intrepid kindness now that I am no longer one.

Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world, by whom you are valued so highly, I should not have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintanceship under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of Charles the Second I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon,

My dear Irving,
Your sincere and grateful friend,
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Irving to Payne

Addressed:
Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris

Rue Rolland No. 24
BORDEAUX *Jany* 3d 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I am glad to hear that Richelieu has had its Green Room audience, and been favor-

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ably received. I hope to hear soon of its success with the public. If it has a run it will be of vast service to you hereafter. I have nothing to object to the Dedication; it is a matter of feeling and your own feelings must govern you in it. Perhaps you might have mentioned among the many important obligations I have conferred upon you, the vast treasures of *excellent advice*, given freely and gratuitously, and which is by you as a solid capital, untouched. But some how or other this is a kind of assistance which mankind sets the least store by.—By the bye, you may transfer some of it to Elliston—if he is not the gainer by it, you will not be the loser, as I apprehend you will be, if you send him any good dramatic pieces. I doubt Elliston's being able to do good either to others or himself by meddling with the management of the theatres. If he could content himself with being actor he could command a salary equal to all his reasonable wants and could do himself credit, by devoting himself really to his art and studying his parts. But I suppose he'd rather bustle and make a stir & lose money as manager than play well and make his bread quietly as an actor.

I should think you would be able to turn La Dame Blanche* to account with some one of the various theatres.

I think your letter to Price very fairly & properly expressed. I would advise you always to keep the same tone with him. Coolness and courtesy give a man a vast advantage even in quarrelling; but should always be observed in matters of business.

In speaking of Richelieu I forgot to say, that I do not think it worth while to task yourself about the introduction. A very good piece of writing might have been prepared, in which you might have done yourself credit, by giving a specimen of easy clear prose; as I think you are master of an excellent style in prose. But this would require some historical research, and some time & trouble in corrections; and at present you appear to have your hands too full of more important and profitable employment—so let the play seek its fortune without the introduction. You need not send it to me, as there is no opportunity of forwarding it hence to New York. Send it by the way of Havre: directed to Mr. E. Irving* New York. I inclose you a letter to be forwarded with it, which will perhaps explain all that is necessary. If any intelligence occurs to you about the probable appearance &c of the piece in London you can communicate it to him at the same time.

I have no means of correcting *Charles the 2d* according to the way it was originally written, or as it is at present acted. The printed copy had the first act in the mutilated state in which it was published in consequence of my disgust at the barbarous performance of Lady Clara & the coarse manner in which what was intended for polite dialogue was played. If you can restore it do so. I presume you have a printed copy by you. I am sorry not to be in Paris to see Dr. Maguin. If his letter for me from Murray is of a private nature I wish you would procure it & forward it per post. If it's merely a letter of introduction, I will save Dr. Maguin the trouble of presenting it by calling on him on my return to Paris. I am quite surprized at Murrays new enterprize. He has powerful aid within his reach and can make his paper a very striking one —& of course very profitable.

Let me hear from you soon & give me the news. My Brother unites in wishing you a happy new year.

Yours ever,

W. I.

When you write to me direct *Rue Rolland No. 24 à Bordeaux*. I think you had better accept the offer of Covent Garden for the copy right of "'Twas I."† They may make money by the bargain but you will make none by refusing it.

* "La Dame Blanche," the most successful of the operas written by François Adrien Boildieu (1775–1834), the noted French composer. It was produced in Paris in December, 1825. A version was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, October 9, 1826, under the name of "The White Lady, or the Spirit of Avenel," and another version at Covent Garden Theatre on January 27, 1827, under the name of "The White Maid."

* Ebenezer Irving, older brother of Washington Irving, who was his partner in their business firm, and afterward his brother's literary agent in America.

† "'Twas I," an "Operatick Piece in two acts, professedly from the French," by Payne, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, December 3, 1825, with the following cast:

Delorme	Duruset
Marcel	Keeley
Mayor	Evans
Marchioness de Merrevale	Mrs. Wilson
Julienne	Miss Jones
Madame Mag	Mrs. Davenport

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P. S. Charles Kemble talked of entitling the play Richelieu, or the *French* libertine. This would look like an illiberal national reflection. He might call it the French *Lovelace*, as a companion to the English character of that name.

Addressed:
J. Hayward, Esq.,
22 Lancaster Street,
Burton Crescent

PARIS *Jan* 20th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I return your play,* terribly slashed & transposed. I have thought it necessary to make great alterations. You will perceive that my Brother has likewise looked over it & that we have concurred in most of the alterations. . . .

You may perhaps feel sore at seeing many things cut out to which you attach a value but I have done what I considered for your interest. Much of the dialogue which I have curtailed is good & many passages excellent in themselves, but superfluous, ill timed and not apposite. What is omitted may form a great part of another drama though it would overload & mar the present piece. The play is still much too long, as the songs and dances will consume much time. It is still somewhat distracted with complications of plots & ? of interests and charged with dialogue. Action—action, is the life & soul of a piece in representation. . . .

If the piece is refused as an opera it may be made a five act comedy omitting all the songs & that part of the dialogue which introduces them—but retaining the ballad of the lady in the Balcony scene. . . .

Believe me very sincerely your friend

W. I.

P. S. You had better not say any thing about having submitted this play to me—some of your theatrical competitors might otherwise dispute your claims to what you really deserve.

*"The Spanish Husband, or First and Last Love," was produced at Drury Lane (Theatre) May 25, 1829, with the following cast:

Don Carlos	Jones
Don Alvar	Cooper
Count Hyppolito	Wallack
Benedetto	Harley
Lissardo	Webster
Count Salerno	Younge
Bianca	Miss Phillips
Julia	Miss Mordaunt
Cariola	Mrs. Glover
Flora	Mrs. Newcombe

Addressed:
John Howard Payne, Esq.

PARIS, *March* 4th 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have just recd your letter of the 28th. I am glad you are satisfied with the garbling of the play; for I really was afraid, in cutting it so much I might give a random cut into the pride of authorship—but you are too experienced a dramatist not to know how necessary it is to prune even beauties for the stage. I dont think the play will lose any thing by lying by you for a time should it not be accepted immediately. I think it a charming play & worth any pains you may bestow upon it. It will be ready for the field early next season, if not accepted this.

Albert has been translated by Miss Holcroft* for Drury Lane. It certainly is a drama out of which something very clever & taking might be made with very little pains.

I saw the *rameau d'or* & was amused with it. I think it might be got up much better on a London stage. . . .

When you get your piece of Perkin Warbeck finished let me see it. Dont say anything to Kemble or any one else about the source from whence you drew the story of your Spanish Husband. It is better not to put any one else on the track, as though they would not be able in all probability to make any thing of it they might mar it. I think the play so secure from competition that you may venture to hold it back until you get a good bargain for it.

As Sinnett has sent you all the new pieces that have come out for some time past look at *Les deux Mousquetaires* it is very lively & spirited as acted, but then it is admirably acted.

Yours very truly

W. I.

The earliest of Payne's letter books available dates from June 10th, 1825, and contains all of Payne's letters which are published in this article. The book is a small one with a paper cover and thin leaves treated with a greasy preparation which makes them transparent. The copy was apparently made by using something in the nature of a carbon sheet between the letter

*Miss Fanny Holcroft (–1844), a daughter of Thomas Holcroft the actor, whose widow married James Kenney. She wrote and translated plays.

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paper and the leaf of the copybook. The leaves of the copybook are very brittle from age, but the writing is still clear and distinct.

Payne to Irving

LONDON, *June* 10, 1825.

MY DEAR IRVING:

It is so long since I have heard from you, that I can scarcely guess whether you care about a letter from me, as *you* are the debtor; but I am aware of your engagements and equally so of the steadiness of your friendship, so I will continue to *epistolarize* in spite of your silence. I have had such a stormy time for the last three or four months, and have been working so hard, that the very sight of pens, ink and paper, make me uncomfortable. I am nearly at the end of my thousand octavo pages, have had one play damned,—the opera returned from three theatres "as not likely to prove successful in representation,"—a melodrama accepted,—three others ordered, finished and sent back because the Managers had altered their plans,—two of Elliston's bills dishonoured,—a two act drama commanded by Covent Garden which is now in their hands. . . . These are the pleasant adventures of poor Pillgarlick. . . .

I should be very glad to know how long I may hope to find you in Paris. I have several literary & theatrical projects upon which I wish to consult you, particularly and which can only be done personally. . . .

Leslie, you know I suppose, is married. I saw Newton some time ago who told me he was going to see you in Paris. Leslie saw your Brother in Birmingham, who was much better. Is he returned to France?

Yours ever sincerely and gratefully,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Extract from letter of John Howard Payne to ———. Probably dated June 10, 1825

I think Charles Kemble would really have tried Richelieu in the way he himself proposed, had not my prophecy alarmed him. The little one act piece of mine "Grandpapa" which was damned at Drury Lane, was so garbled and so miserably cast, that I not only told Elliston it would fail, but utterly refused to sanction its appearance. I did not attend a rehearsal and Elliston sent me no orders for the performance. I apprised Charles Kemble of my feeling upon the subject, and it proved exactly as I predicted. Elliston out of spite tried it for three nights and "then 'twas heard no more." Charles is afraid I judge too truly, and has never said a word about Richelieu since.

Addressed:
J. H. Payne, Esq.,
Arundel Street,
Strand,
London.

PARIS, *July* 21, 1825.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I wrote to you some time since from Havre in reply to your letter of the 10th June; and I begged you to let me know the kind of terms they were offering you at Covent Garden, as I feared you might be again jewed out of your theatrical Mss: I regret that you have not written to me again on the subject, as I should like at this moment to know your actual position with the theatres & with your creditors.

Price is here & will be here for three weeks. I took occasion yesterday to have some particular conversation with him relative to you. I found he had received very unfavorable impressions with respect to you, from the reports of others. I did my best to remove them. I told him I thought you could be of great service to him as a theatrical agent in Europe. He said he had no doubt of it—that you were the kind of one he wanted & that he thought you might be of mutual service to each other "if he could place confidence in you." I told him that from all that I had known of you and your affairs (and the last two years in particular had given me a full opportunity of knowing them) I was convinced you were a man whose principles were fully to be relied upon. That you had been embarrassed & distressed from a variety of circumstances, and impeded sometimes in your pecuniary arrangements, but that you were continually struggling & making all kinds of sacrifices to pay off old debts and fulfill old engagements with scrupulous correctness. That the very theatrical people who might have prejudiced him against you had caused or increased your entanglements by their want of faith in acting up to their promises, & had benefited

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by the distress they caused in making grasping bargains with you when in extremity. In short I told him I would pledge myself for your attention, ability and correctness in acting up to any engagement that might be made between you. I am happy to say I succeeded in removing the evil impressions that had been made in Price's mind concerning you. He told me he was willing to make a fair arrangement with you as theatrical agent. He has the management not only of the old theatre, but of a circus or two, for which he wants a supply of the light pieces, melodramas &c which are continually coming out at Paris. That this therefore is the place where your agency would be required and that the sooner the arrangement was made & went into operation the better. In fact the whole conversation with him was highly satisfactory. He expressed himself in a frank & favorable way concerning you, and I am convinced is disposed to act towards you in a fair & liberal way. Here then I think is an opening which will secure you *present support*, and if well attended to, and skillfully managed, may lead to *much future advantage*. If you think so likewise, I would advise you to lose no time but come to Paris at once, to make the arrangement while Price & I are here. Price, I know, has much confidence in my judgment and in my friendship & my presence may be advantageous to you both. If you are in want of money for the present he will advance fifty pounds, to be accounted for afterward. I have told him I would be your guarantee in the whole arrangement. You will perceive that this arrangement, while it provides present support from a new quarter, does not prevent your making money out of the London theatres; but puts you in an independent situation respecting them which will enable you to make better bargains.—one word more. I would advise you to say nothing of this to any one in England. If you have creditors they might pounce upon you to prevent your departure—and if you have dramatic enemies it might set them buzzing. Put your shirts in your trunk & come off at once, without mentioning your plans to any one. Do not delay—circumstances might call Price from Paris and I am sure the arrang[t] would be better made when I am by. Price is an invaluable friend & ally to one in your line & your situation, and I know his nature so well, that I am sure, with proper management he is to be made a permanent & substantial friend. Write by return of post.

Payne was not at first inclined to follow Irving's advice, but another urgent letter from Irving brought him over to Paris and the promised interview resulted in his effecting an engagement with Price on the lines suggested by Irving.

Late in September Irving and his brother Peter went to Bordeaux to "make the vintage," where they remained until they went to Madrid in February following.

Addressed:
Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris

BORDEAUX *Oct* 2[d] 1825

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I forwarded yesterday by coach a parcel containing the Plays you gave me to correct —viz—Red Riding Hood—Mazeppa—Peter Smink,* 'Twas I—& the Maid of Erin.† I have made such corrections as was in my power considering the little time I have in travelling. I think Mazeppa would make a very showy & effective piece for Price & you may tell him such is the opinion of my Brother as well as myself. We do not see wherein the difficulty lies of getting it up. Red Riding Hood also will, I think, be successful. I have not had time to make many corrections of the Maid of Erin. The piece did not interest me—though it has situations which if well played will be touching.

Let me hear from you immediately on receipt of this letter. Have you done any thing for a preface for Richelieu—do not send the Dedication without letting me see it. I want it to be as simple as possible & free from all puffing & praising.

*"Peter Smink," a "Poor farce in one act," was produced at the Haymarket Theatre September 26, 1826, with the following cast:

Peter Smink	J. Reeve
Hantz	Wilkinson
Chevalier Bayard	Gallott
Commandant	Williams
Eugene	Raymond
Ninette	Madame Vestris

†"Norah, or the Girl of Erin," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre February 1, 1826, with the following cast:

Lord Castleton	Egerton
George Redmond	Cooper
Dennis O'Flynn	Connor
Marchioness Derville	Miss Lacy
Kathleen	Mrs. Glover
Norah	Miss Goward

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Do you retain your apartments and have you got rid of that bore Marianne? If you would rent out those apartments and take small snug quarters elsewhere you might live rent free & perhaps put money in your pocket. I hope you have settled about the cottage—Do not neglect to write immediately & let me know how & what you are doing.

Very truly yours,
W. I.

Peter Irving to Payne

My Dear Payne

I have run my eye hastily over Norah. The situations are powerfully impressive. The dialogue is highly interesting but appeared to me somewhat overloaded. I have therefore suggested several petty curtailments with a lead pencil. Those are probably in many instances unnecessary, but a piece of India Rubber will in that case set all right.

I noticed a pencil remark objecting to the appearance of Kathleen in the last scene and agree in the opinion. There is quite enough of her in the piece and she would mar the conclusion. The Baron may either come in with his sister and suite (having learnt the discovery behind the scenes) or may come in abruptly in search of her.

I think the Piece will have great success.

Yours truly,
P. I.

Addressed:
Monsr. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

Bordeaux *Oct* 25th 1825.

My dear Payne:

I sent you by post the day before yesterday the alterations in Richelieu, giving a new turn to the character of Madame Fleury. I had not time to touch up the last scene between her & Richelieu, in which he has no reply to her expressions of contempt. Kemble wont relish being obliged to remain mum chance after such a speech and indeed the gay Richelieu is rather too severely henpecked—perhaps the following dialogue may be substituted with advantage. If you have copied and sent off the alterations you can insert this in a letter to Kemble. . . .

I will send you the copy of Richelieu in a day or two—I wish to look through it, with a few hours leisure; as there may be some superfluities & repetitions. I trust you do not wait for it previous to sending the alterations to Chas Kemble—He can understand perfectly where they are to come in, from the directions that accompany them.

Drop me a line from time to time & let me know the theatrical news. I cannot get sight of a London paper here. Do not wait for any replies, for I am often taken up by engagements &c—& have no time to write. I think the character of Mad Fleury is now worthy of an actress of talent and reputation, and it is relieved from the objectionable points of it—as she is a more independent woman of ton—who goes where she pleases—acts as she pleases—and for aught the audience are told, is as chaste as the mother that bore her. Indeed the character now derives some value as conveying a little satire upon those ladies who fancy their rank & fashion place them above responsibility.

Very truly yours
W. I.

Same address.

Bordeaux, *Nov.* 5th 1825.

My dear Payne:

You were little conscious what a kindness you were doing me when you forwarded me the letters which had come to my address. One of them relieved my Brother and myself from a most cruel state of suspense and anxiety in consequence of the news of Mr. S. Williams failure. He was the Banker of my Brother-in-law and the interests of several of my relatives as well as of myself have at times been completely staked upon his stability. For three or four days past I have been in doubt whether we were not all involved in his disaster. One of the letters you forwarded therefore was like a reprieve. It contained information that by a providential connivance of circumstances not a farthing would be lost; on the contrary, that Mr. Williams was largely *in advance* to my Brother in law. I mention this because I think you will be gratified to know that you were instrumental in lightening my heart of a heavy load of anxiety.

Do not let anything I said against Norah discourage you from forwarding it at once. My objections were against the play as one of a whole class whose pathetic and strong situations are produced by rather forced and disagreeable means, but the public has

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repeatedly shown that it is not fastidious on this point & provided strong and affecting situations are produced, it cares but little for the ingenuity or probability of the means. The objections I felt are the same as I have felt to the Maid & Magpie and various other pieces which have notwithstanding had a great run. I have no doubt the piece will succeed, so dont keep it back.

If you pocket 100£ by your farce of *'Twas I* you will in my opinion be well paid. Consider how trifling is the literary trouble in getting up a piece, where the conception and construction are ready done to your hand—and consider that the original is open to the competition of other houses and other authors. . . .

When you send your next Parcel tell Mrs. Potez* and her porter not to bother Price about receipts. In my letter to Price I mentioned Mazeppa and Red Riding Hood with strong commendation.

My return to Paris is uncertain. You need make no arrangements for me in the apartments, as I shall take temporary quarters in some Hotel, until I determine upon winter movements or winter quarters. Write to me on receipt of this, if you have any thing to relate strange or agreeable—as a letter will no doubt find me in Bordeaux.

Very truly yours
W. I.

I am glad your little farce of *Twas I* is to come out soon. It is a pretty, sprightly, neat little thing and will do you credit. You are likely to put yourself on strong ground with the theatres this season.

Payne to John Fawcett †

PARIS *January* 7, 1826.

MY DEAR FAWCETT:

I am sincerely grieved at the annoyance given by Mr. Colman‡—I hope your next will at least show that he is not so foolish and unkind as to utterly exclude a play which *may* do you great service and can do no harm to any one. The moral appears to me perfectly unexceptionable—But we all know Mr. Colman is *peculiarly* scrupulous on such points.

I will look out for you instantly—If I can get help in the musical part of "La Dame Blanche" so as to forward it in a very few days. I will set to work forthwith—As your pantomime has done no good, I should fancy you would very soon want some spectacle—What think you of the *Rameau D'or* (Branch of Gold) of which you had a programme from me—I could send you scenery, stage business and music all ready—in a couple of weeks—or, Mazeppa, grandly done, with horses?—*The Spanish Husband*—would not that answer? It has spectacle, music & situation—Say the word & I will revise it without delay—This week I will keep all my eyes about me, and, if you are falling astern, I should conceive a brisk succession of novelty, without losing time to ponder, likely to give something which might turn out a hit—In many chance shots, some must strike—Command me unreservedly in any way.—

I think you are wrong about entirely discarding melodramas—There are *some* which would be very likely to succeed—But I will not trouble you with them till I hear from you—

There is a fine German play of which I spoke to you which might be set about immediately—It requires considerable alteration, but could be done in a short time —It is in the time of the Commonwealth & would comprehend yourself, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cooper,* Mr. Farren,† & Miss Lacey‡ —But I shall be more aware presently of the necessity you may be under of immediate novelty, & perhaps may find there is no cause of hurry—

The Dame Blanche continues its popularity—All the boxes are taken for *six months in advance!* "They manage these things well in France." If Vestris§ played

* Mrs. Potez probably kept a boarding-house at 29 Arundel Street, Strand.

† John Fawcett (1768–1837), actor. At Covent Garden Theatre, 1791–1830.

‡ George Colman the Younger (1762–1836). Dramatist, and Musical Director of Drury Lane Theatre, 1825–30. He was appointed examiner of plays January 19, 1824. He married Clara Morris, the sister of David Morris of the Haymarket Theatre. As examiner of plays he was very censorious in regard to the language in the plays submitted to him. Oxberry in his "Dramatic Biography" relates that Colman struck out all the "damme's" in a character in "Married and Single," because such language was immoral. Elliston then wrote him the following letter composed of quotations from Colman's plays:

"DEAR COLMAN: 'D—n me, if it is'n't the brazier.' 'Damn the traveller do I see coming to the Red Cow.' 'Damn the fellow.' 'Sooner be d——d than dig,' etc., etc.

Yours,
R. W. ELLISTON."

* John Cooper (–1870), actor. He took the part of Titus in Payne's tragedy of "Brutus" at Drury Lane Theatre, 1820–21.

† William Farren (1786–1861), actor at Covent Garden Theatre, 1818–28.

‡ Miss Harriette Deborah Lacey (1807–74), actress?

§ Madame Vestris, née Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi (1797–1856), married first to Armand Vestris the ballet dancer, and afterward to Charles James Mathews the actor. She was popular as dancer, singer, and actress, and was a successful manager.

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the Soldier & Paton* the *Dame Blanche*, it would be strong—But of this anon—

On Tuesday I will write again & take time to reflect upon what is to be done—By the bye, they have renewed the attraction of the Freyschütz here, by a new incantation scene & by stating that new morceaux are to be introduced in order to fit it for the admiration of Weber, who is expected—Would not some idea of that kind do you service—Will see the new scene here & let you know about it—

Pray do not let my letter about the money annoy you—I wrote it in the midst of dreadful perplexity arising from a protested bill, and in all the agony of suspense about the truth, though my having ventured to draw must prove to you that I had no doubt of the result—I am, and ever shall be, grateful to you for all your kindness—and if I sometimes am a little petulant, it must only prove to you that I speak out at the moment just as I feel, & I am always ready to acknowledge when I have felt hastily or too strongly.

In great haste Yours ever faithfully
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

P. S.: Is there not an appeal from Colman to the King?—at any rate, if the obstruction should be removed, it would not be amiss to make the most of it in order to excite curiosity & attention by paragraphs in the papers.—

Addressed:
Monsr. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

BORDEAUX, *Jany* 27th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have been waiting from day to day for a long time for your promised letter, which was to give me a world of news after the arrival of Mr. Bowes. I postponed replying to your previous letters until I should receive that one; but I presume you either have received no intelligence worth imparting, or what is better, have been too fully employed to have time to scribble letters. I presume the latter, as you mentioned in one of your letters that Covent Garden wanted you to prepare La Dame Blanche & I perceive by one of Galignanis papers that the piece is coming out at that Theatre.

* Miss Mary Ann Paton (1802–64), a noted singer. At the Haymarket Theatre in 1822, and at Covent Garden Theatre later.

So I hope you have had the arrangement of it, as it will be of service to you to be able to give them a helping hand in time of need. You do not mention what is the objection to licensing Richelieu. The moral is certainly unexceptionable, and the indelicacies of the original plot I had thought were completely eradicated. Perhaps it may be considered an attack on courts and aristocracies, though I modified all that appeared objectionable on that head, and considered whatever satire there was in it, as applicable to the profligate manners of the French court of those days, and to the light principles of a courtier like Richelieu—It certainly did not enter into my brain that it could be considered applicable to the English court & English statesmen of the present day. Whatever might be the objections to the play they could readily be obviated by two hours judicious exercise of the pen.

I do not know how you could conjure out of my letter any thing like disapprobation of your dedication. I meant none. My only motive for wishing to see the dedication was to prevent any strain of eulogy which is apt to be indulged in dedications —yours is simply expressive of your own friendly feelings, about which no one can cavil.

. . . . . .

If the performance of Richelieu is delayed at Covent Garden it cannot of course be published in America, as it would vitiate that theatres property in the piece—of course therefore, you will not forward the manuscript—I hope to hear from you soon & to learn the particulars of this intervention of power on the part of the redoubtable Coleman. I observe by your notes on the back of a letter lately received that all things were in *statu quo*—but I should like to know what that *statu quo* is—How does Price come on—you have rammed so many charges into him that he must either go off or burst.

Yours ever W. I.

Payne to Fawcett

PARIS, *January* 28, 1826.

MY DEAR MR. FAWCETT;

. . . . . .

I am about having an application made to Mr. Colman through a friend, to ap-

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Thatcher T. Payne.

prise me of the objections to Richelieu, which I shall attempt to overcome. If the suppression is mere caprice and tyranny, I will not submit to it quietly. A friend of mine, punning upon the name of the street I live on, said I ought to make Colman *rue "Richelieu."* By the bye, you hint that the Theatre *rues* it, on account of the money they paid for the purchase. They must be more just in the Cabinet. They must not forget that Charles the Second would have been a very cheap play to them at the price they paid for that and Richelieu together. The great injury is to *me.* I hear nothing of *Norah.*

"La Dame Blanche" has been delayed for the want of money to complete my arrangements about it. I have now made such arrangements as will overcome that impediment and you may expect it without loss of time, though, from the tone of your last remark upon the subject of new pieces, I infer that the management are growing cool about them, which I ought not to regret, as it is sometimes a sign of prosperity. In haste, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully and gratefully,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

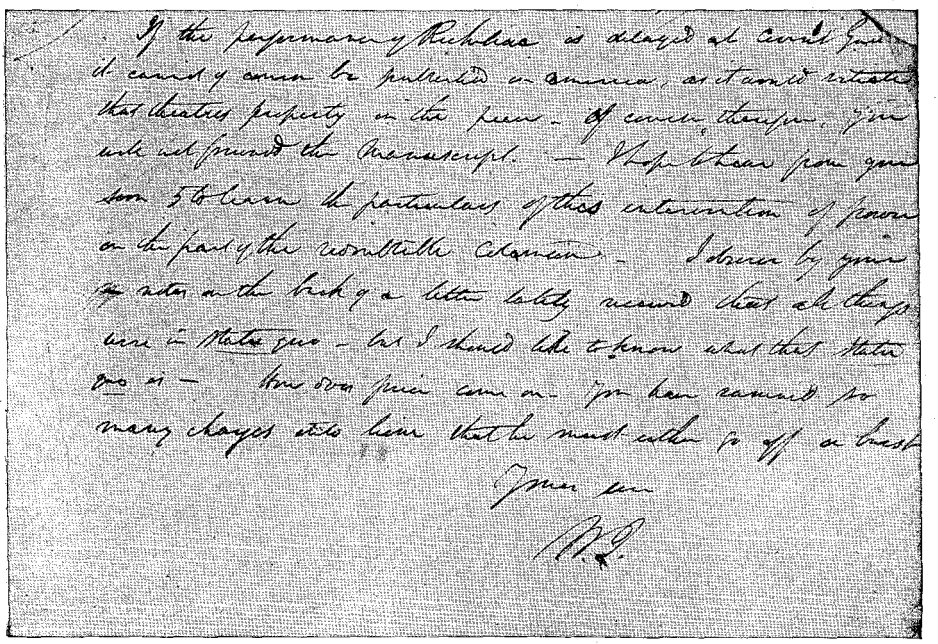
J. Fawcett, Esq^r.

Payne to Irving

PARIS *February* 2, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,

I really thought I had told you that Bowes brought no news, but received all the latest from me. He was not even aware of the suppression of Richelieu. All I have heard lately upon the subject myself, is from the newspapers. The first number of the Representative mentioned that a play had been read with all due mystery in the green room of Covent Garden Theatre by Mr. Charles Kemble, of which the performers ("*who by the bye, are the worst judges in the world, each judging of a play by the length of his own character*—") speak with the highest praise; but that the great controller of those affairs



From Washington Irving to Payne.

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seemed less favorable, having in his wisdom thought fit to withhold a licence. This the paragraphist regrets:—first, because he is sorry in the present dearth of dramatic talent to find any one capable of writing an actable play with so little tact as to offend against propriety; and secondly, because from Mr. Colman's own peccadilloes in this way, he has thrown himself open to severe remark under any circumstances.—It is then added that since writing the foregoing paragraph, the informant has learned that the author of the play in question of whom Mr. Kemble has wished to make another "great unknown" is Mr. Howard Payne, "to whose *ingenuity* we are indebted for Brutus." —and he might have added to whose *ingenuousness* we are indebted for the means of defaming him upon the subject.

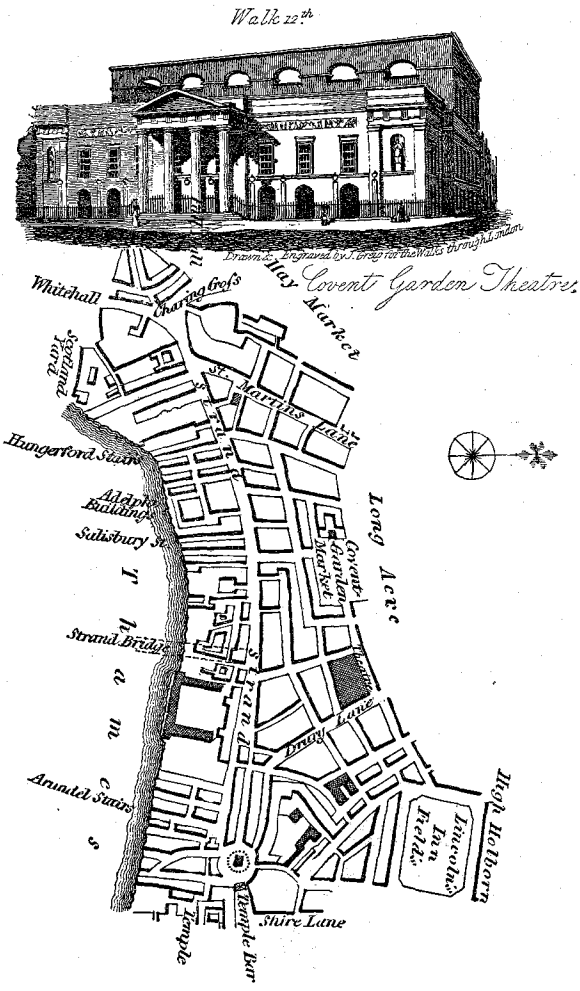
The next paper, I am told, mentions that a spirited remonstrance from Charles Kemble to the Lord Chamberlain is likely to produce a license, *though with considerable alterations from the manuscript of the author.*

The other papers have of course got other paragraphs upon the subject, the most favorable of which, in the Chronicle, has been copied into Galignani & you will see it.

There is one thing of which I am a little apprehensive, though perhaps unjustly. It seems from all that has passed upon the subject, as if Charles Kemble wanted to get the work into his (own*) hands, availing himself of this excuse for the (chance) of cutting and changing his own part so as to (suit) his own notions and of depressing the others in (order) to render it the more conspicuous. But this we shall ascertain hereafter.—The value of the copyright will, of course, be increased by the impediment.

* The copybook is mutilated, and this and following words in parentheses are missing.

—I anticipated the objection to sending off the manuscript to America and have not sent it.—Price has taken no notice of my letter or labours. I do not mind his *going off*, provided he does not *go off without paying*. I have been obliged to anticipate the next payment by a purchase of part of the amount in wine, to keep up my spirits under the sacrifice.—I have been in great perplexities to get on comfortably but this week shall get through with them all, I hope.—I have not yet sent in "La Dame Blanche" but it will be ready sooner than



Covent Garden Theatre, with map.

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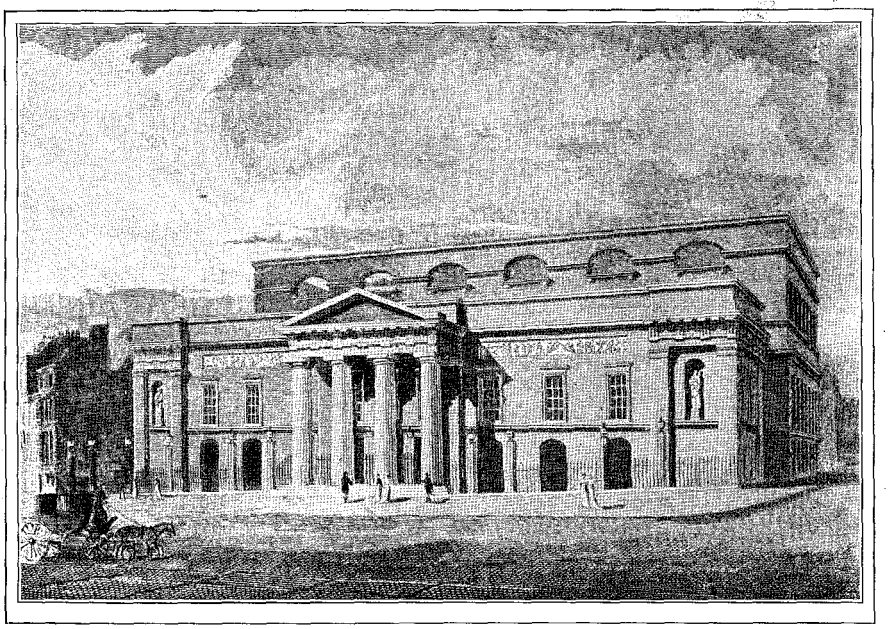
the music—in a week or so—Price will have his full *ten* of my new pieces since August before the end of this fortnight.

Rely on my informing me forthwith, should any thing important occur.—By the bye, I have (written) to a friend of mine who knows Colman to represent to him how seriously this affair bears upon my interests, to assure him no allusions were intended, & to beg he would distinctly state

promised me the earliest news about Norah, as an express would come to Galignani's today with the King's speech and the Thursday's papers. He informed me that Richelieu was to appear with an altered title "Rougemont" for fear of giving offence to the present Richelieu family by the preservation of the old name.

Saturday, February 4, 1826. Well, I suppose today I shall know about Norah.



Covent Garden Theatre, erected 1809.

his objections & the best should be done to overcome them by alterations.—Yours ever truly,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Washington Irving Esq^re^

Extract from Payne's Diary

Friday, February 3, 1826. Last evening I strolled into Galignani's and with great astonishment saw Norah announced in the Tuesday's papers for performance on Wednesday. Is it not strange that among all the many who profess so much interest in my concerns, no one, even at the small distance of London from Paris, will ever apprise me of what I am most likely to be desirous of knowing? From Galignani's I went to Mrs. H's where I found B. He

What a singular position is that of a play writer whose fate at this distance is decided so long before he can know the decision. Here may I be gay or grave for failure or success—and either the one or the other may be equally reproved by a result different from my anticipation. But I do not feel any of those violent agitations which have sometimes attended these affairs. I really think, if I were to fail, I should not sleep the less soundly for it. Its effect would be principally upon my interest, in preventing future speculation upon the part of the Theatre in untried works—and my interest is so used to blows, that on that head I am grown callous.

I have just sent Marianne for Galignani's paper, in which the paragraph is inserted from the Examiner, announcing

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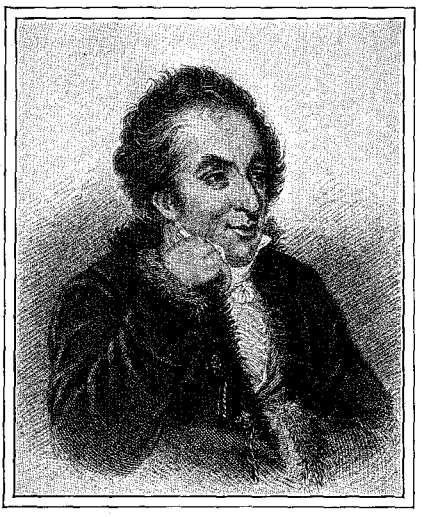

George Colman, the Younger.

that Richelieu is to appear with the title of Rougemont.

Went to Mrs. Ravizzotti's. On the way found the cast of Norah at the Rue de la Paix Reading Room—Egerton, Cooper, Conner, Mrs. Glover, Miss Lacy and Miss Goward. A strong cast. Mrs. R. disappointed a little by the delay.

Maguin called, bringing the conclusion of *La Dame Blanche*. I fear it will arrive a day after the *fair*. He mentioned some work he wished we should translate together. There has been great jobbing on change and a great fall in the funds owing it is said to some anticipated intelligence of the King's speech from London. The papers are either not arrived or purposely delayed—so I have no chance of news of Norah till Sunday. How much more important one's little concerns look in one's own eyes than even the greatest in which there is taken no personal interest.

Am I damned, or am I not?

The evening at the Rue del' Echiquer.

Addressed:
Monsr. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

BORDEAUX, *Febr* 7th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I am glad to find by your letter that Richelieu has a chance of coming before the public in some shape or other, though I shall regret to see his shape garbled by the theatrical play wrights. However, *n'importe*, if the play succeeds it will do you a great deal of good in your future dealings with the theatres and all this fuss about it will excite curiosity and benefit the copyright. You have done your duty bravely by Price, if he is not content with you, you may be with yourself & that is something. The plays you have prepared will always be of some value & will pay you for your

Mrs. Chatterly as "Lady Teazle."
From a painting by Miss Drummond.

trouble. I am glad you have done the Dame Blanche—you work with a 40 author power.

I am on the wing for Madrid! A letter from our Minister Mr. Everett* has determined me to go on without delay; for the purpose of translating into English a very interesting work printing there. The Voyage of Columbus compiled from his own papers. It is the best thing that could present in the form of a job, and just now I absolutely want money for I neither receive remittances nor letters from America. I little thought when I left Paris to find myself in such a predicament. I shall remain some time at Madrid. Mr. Everett has attached me to the legation. I shall also visit some of the principal parts of Spain. Address letters to me at the American Legation, Madrid.

* Alexander H. Everett (1792–1847), United States minister to Spain, 1825–1830.

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Washington Irving.

I think you had better let Richelieu appear in America in the original form & state in a notice prefixed to it, that alterations have been made in it in England without your privity in compliance with objections of the licenser for some political reasons which could not prevail in America. In any preface you may make for either side of the Atlantic do not speak with any pique on that or any other subject—a man gains no sympathy & much ill will by petulant prefaces. As to your surmise about Chas. Kemble I do not agree with you. Why cannot you surmise a favourable as well as unfavourable motive. I believe cha^{s} K is kindly disposed toward you, and I think he has behaved in a manly manner in respect to this piece, in addressing a spirited letter to the Lord Chamberlain.

Do not sacrifice the copy right in England—endeavor to get a good sum for it. If the piece takes the copy right ought to be valuable. . . .

When you send out Richelieu to America send a copy of Charles II with it; with the passages restored, which I cut out in London.

If any thing new turns out with respect to Richelieu let me hear from you. I hope at Madrid to get a sight of English papers.

Yours truly,

W. I.

Payne to Irving

PARIS *Feb.* 8, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING,

As the papers will no doubt have apprised you that Richelieu is at last allowed to be acted under an altered title & in a modified form, perhaps you will have anticipated why I did not write. I had no information myself but what I got from the papers & it would have been superfluous to have repeated that in a letter, as I presume you see Galignani regularly.

Norah came out yesterday week. All the papers set at it tooth and nail—really it seems as if my name being mixed up with a work was a regular signal to the writers to raise the hue and cry. But still it is going on, and in a letter I had from the Theatre and which I transcribe, it seems they looked upon a reception as *success* which my

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friends in the papers had the day before taught me to regard as a failure. It will be contrived by them, whatever the fate of Richelieu may prove, to make it a source of personal injury to me. I am busy now preparing the American copy. When published in England, it should be given with the variations of (the) Theatre in the margin,—and the omissions in inverted commas.

Mrs. Chatterly* instead.—The last scene of Norah is most beautiful—The church at moonlight.—The first song by Mr. Watson, who is a great favourite with the managers, and the *second* by some friend of yours, neither of them any great things."——

I think I shall defer sending you the newspaper accounts of Richelieu, as I find they are not to be in any way depended upon.

Madame Vestris.
From a painting by Miss Drummond.

François Adrien Boildieu.

Some introductory remarks will be necessary. But I shall have time to hear from you upon the subject. Now for my letter. —"Yours of yesterday surprised me. I did not imagine you could have stood in need of theatrical information; however, if that be the case, and of course it is, or you would not have written, I will without loss of time give you all in my power. *Norah* came out Wednesday night last & was very successful. *Richelieu* that *was*—the *Duke de Rougemont* that *is*,—we are now hard at work at & it will be produced in about eight days (date of letter feb. 3)—The passages offensive to the *nice* ear of Mr. Colman and the Duke of Somebody—(I don't know his name)—are taken out and the *title* altered and after infinite trouble to C. Kemble and *Fawcett* who seems much interested for you, the piece is to come out. You have lost Miss *Chester* who cannot act for two months on account of ill health and have

Unfortunately they always arrive before any other, and when I go to look for my fate in them at Galignani's, I only get cuffed on all sides and am sent off with an aching heart. But there is no need of my annoying you thus. The probability is, there may be at least a week's delay beyond the time my letter specifies.

I send you by this post a letter from Galignani's by the petite poste. I hear no news of any sort, and the bustle of the *fat* days being past, and the *meagre* one's begun, I mean to settle down in my nest for another pair of months & hatch plays. Every new appearance before the public (the more successful the more disheartening) unsettles me for awhile & makes me distrustful of myself—so much so that I scarcely dare to put a line upon paper. When I do things for others they get praised, & what I

* Mrs. William Simmonds Chatterly, née Louisa Simeon (1797–1866), actress.

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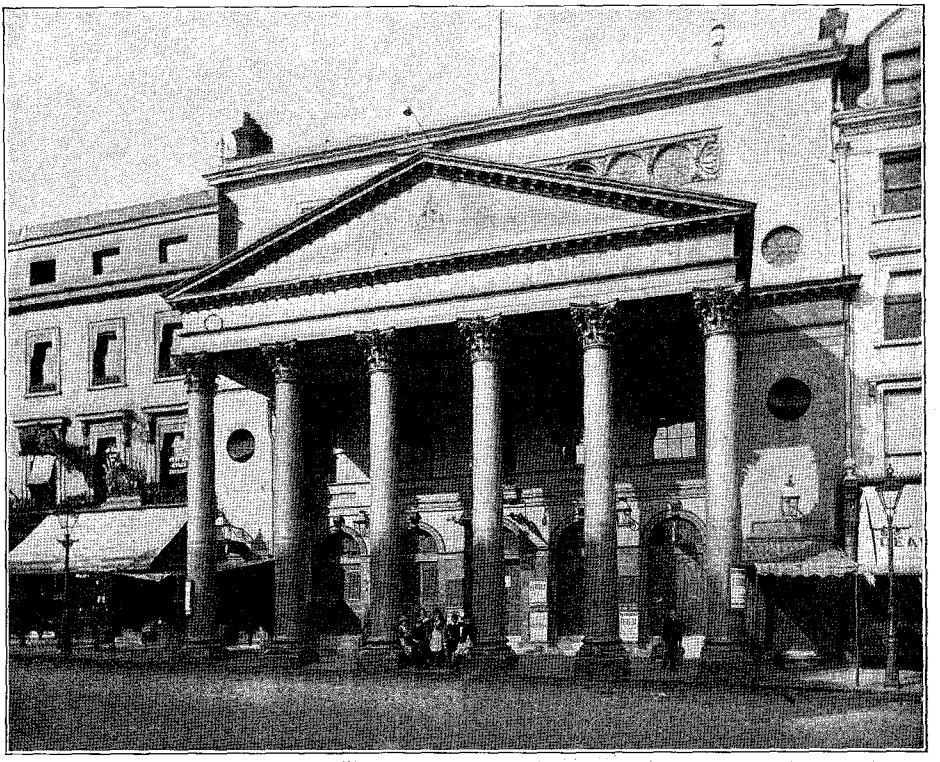


From a photograph, copyright, by Ellis & Walery.

The Haymarket Theatre, 1906.

have done to stir up all this rancour of the public press, the Lord only knows—unless it be to have too often succeeded in spite of their opposition.

If I get any more news this week, you shall hear immediately. Meanwhile, pray set a due value on the happiness you enjoy in living far from English newspaper reviews.

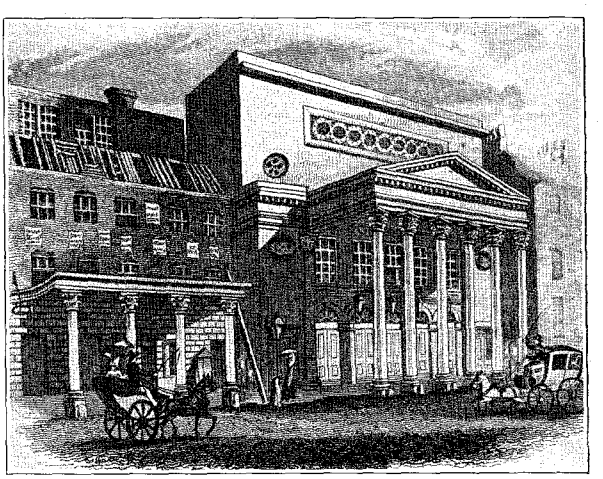
Yours, my dear Irving, most sincerely

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Fragment of Payne's Diary.

Saturday Evening 20 ms. before eight. (Feb. 11th, 1826)

Here am I all alone in my garret parlour copying the fourth act of Richelieu, while the audience and actors of Covent Garden are just in the midst of the first act of it. To them what a moment of excitement. To me, who have looked to this hour with so much anxiety for three years, it seems as though there were no such hour. I feel no immediate eagerness or deep emotion. I chiefly think of the attacks to which it will afford a pretext and of the sufferings of



A View of the old and new Haymarket Theatres.

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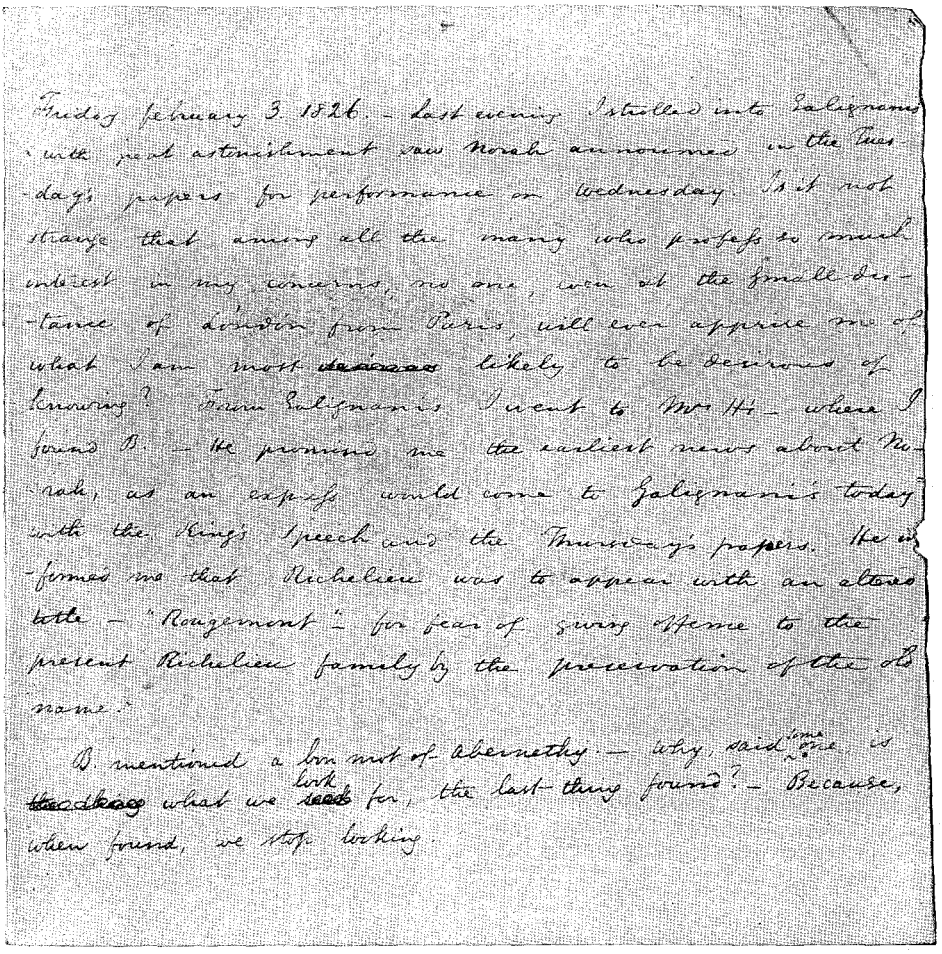
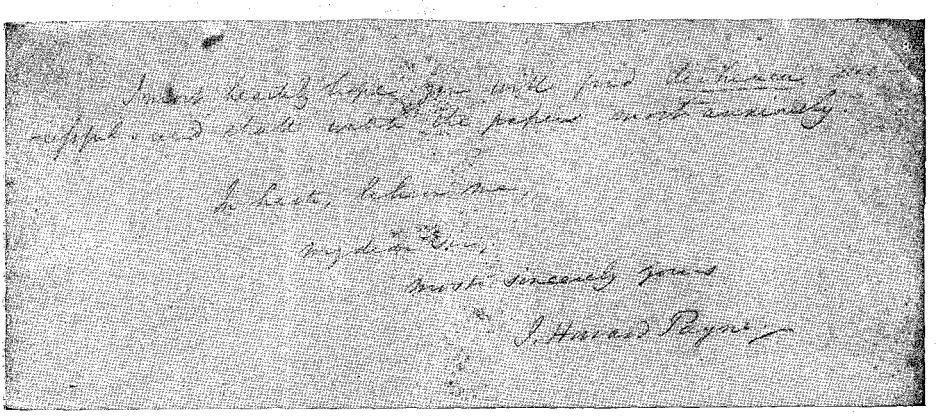


Friday february 3. 1826. – last evening I strolled into Galignanis with great astonishment saw Norah announced in the Thursday's papers for performance on Wednesday. Is it not strange that among all the many who profess so much interest in my concerns, no one, even at the small distance of London from Paris, will ever apprise me of what I am most likely to be desirous of knowing? From Galignanis I went to Mrs H – where I found B. – He promised me the earliest news about Norah, as an express would come to Galignanis today with the King's Speech and the Thursday's papers. He informed me that Richelieu was to appear with an altered title – "Rougemont" – for fear of giving offence to the present Richelieu family by the preservation of the name."

B. mentioned a low set of Abernethy – why said one is like what we seek for, the last they found? – Because, when found, we stop looking.

Extract from Payne's diary.



Mrs Beachy hopes you will find Mr Fawcett well & happy & will write the parcel most assuredly.

In haste, Believe me,
my dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours
J. Howard Payne

J. Howard Payne to John Fawcett.

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which, in this peculiar case, I may peculiarly be made a victim. The effect of this evening upon the destinies of my future life may be most remarkable. But let me return to my drudgery.

10 *minutes past* 10. By this time, my fate is decided. The curtain is fallen. The play is either damned or successful. The performers are rejoicing in their good fortune or pitying their bad, around the green room fire, amid swarms of theatrical gossips. The managers are either chuckling or cursing. . . .

Meanwhile, am still copying in my garret, and even the cat has found some other corner, not to disturb my solitude. The rattling coaches under my window shake the room as I write, and seem to press upon me the, at this moment awful truth "the play is ended."

Payne to his Brother

PARIS 89 RUE DE RICHELIEU
Feb. 14, 1826.

MY DEAR BROTHER*:

I send you this *valentine* in a great hurry, merely to tell you I am alive & doing. You must have thought it odd I should have complained of your silence. I will tell you how it happened. The letters from you & my sister were sent *here*, got mislaid & detained at Galignani's and it was by mere chance I found them there a few weeks ago, after a lapse of more than *two years*. When you write again, send to the address I have put above. I have had that abode some time and my lease does not expire till October next, so letters will be sure to reach me. There are regular packets twice or thrice a month from New York to *Havre*, so we can now communicate often & uninterruptedly. Beg (Anna) to send me as many gossipping letters as she likes. I will write to her by the packet of the *25th*.—My return to America has been delayed by business here. In the first place Price engaged me to manufacture plays for his Theatre, for which he was to give me one hundred and fifty pounds a year, but I find the arrangement more plague than profit and shall give it up after this year, that is, after April next, when his last payment falls due.—I have had one piece & one two act serious piece out at Covent Garden this last month.—"*Twas I*" and "*Norah, the Girl of Erin*." A play in five acts called "*Richelieu*" and of much more importance has been kept back by the injunction of the Lord Chamberlain & at last after great difficulty appeared (much altered & with a new title) last *Saturday* at Covent Garden. I have not yet heard whether it succeeded or failed —but the circumstances must have given it a stormy launch. I send by Irving's request a copy by this packet to his brother to be published in New York so as to prevent my losing the American copyright. I have no time to say more than send love to all & to promise you further news in ten days.

Most affectionately your Brother
J. H. PAYNE.

Payne to Irving

PARIS *feb.* 15, 1826.

MY DEAR IRVING:

I have just seen four London papers—The Representative, The Herald, the Star and the Courier. Richelieu (my intelligence is from them) succeeded. The Representative is exceedingly (favorable and) pronounces that the piece will become a favorite and though (cautious) in its panegyric, praises in a way likely to do much good. (You will) probably see it where you are. The *Courier* is coarse and abusive and seems to submit with much effort to the undeniable fact of success.—The Herald says not a word.—The Star praises —a commonplace critique, but the only one I have seen which (mentions) the *getting up* —and it states that the scenery and dresses are splendid beyond description. One paper mentions disapprobation as (mingled) with the applause—another (*The Representative*) declares that the applause was "warm & universal" & that "the success was (not) for a moment doubtful." Charles Kemble himself is reported to have been fitted to a nicety in his part and the (next) praise is given to Mrs. Glover, who played Janet and made it one of the most prominent beauties of the piece. *Warde** in Du-

* Thatcher Taylor Payne (1796–1863), the youngest brother of John Howard Payne. After teaching in his father's academy and in other schools he was admitted to the bar, and practised law in New York City until his death. He married in 1833 Anna Elizabeth Cottrell, the widow of Benjamin Bailey of New York, by whom he had one daughter Eloise Elizabeth (1834–1894), who married in 1860 the Rev. Lea Luquer of Brooklyn, since 1866 rector of St. Matthew's Church, Bedford, N. Y.

* James Prescott Warde (1792–1840), actor.

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bois is not greatly puffed—and there is blame (thrown) on the part as not worthy of him! !—the part Charles Kemble himself preferred & would have played had we not been resolute!—Cooper acted Dorival, but there is no mention made of him particularly. The Representative mentions that the interest was intense from the first and cites as proof of it, the extreme impatience of the audience (between) the acts. In short, the very style of the (dispraise) in the office of the Lord Chamberlain has been strong and unexplained. Its final production in any shape is entirely to be ascribed to the zeal & spirit of my excellent friend, Mr. *Charles Kemble.*"

The title reads thus: "Richelieu: a domestic tragedy, founded on fact, in four acts, as accepted for performance at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London,—before it was altered by order of the Lord Chamberlain and produced under another name." By J. H. P.—

And now, my dear Irving, once more let me heartily thank you for the kindness with regard to these pieces, which may perhaps produce so favorable a change in my destinies.

I suppose Stephen Price has by this time received the two last melodramas I sent him, making in all *six* full pieces, upon the *new* account—I told the story to Mrs. Shelley* & will transcribe for you what she says—"I smiled, but the smile was somewhat a mournful one, over your account of how you mean to treat your haggling huckster manager. There are persons with whom it never succeeds to do other than keep to the letter of the bond—whose inharmonious natures give forth discord when touched even by fairy fingers—whom, if you permit to get an idea beyond the hard line of a legal instrument or an exact agreement—think that you can never do enough—Keep to your rights and they sympathize with the sordid feeling; but if you enter into the pale of liberality, the ideas of their claims become gigantic to the extreme—but there are amiable persons, like yourself (I am blushing at the repetition of the compliment, but you are too far off to see it) who cannot encounter these machines—it is the clashing of the china & brazen rose in the fable—the more delicate the one & the more rough the other, the more is the injury of the former, the more the safety of the latter is insured. . . .

* Mrs. Percy Bysshe Shelley, née Mary Godwin (1797–1851), widow of the poet.

Addressed:
Mons. J. H. Payne,
Rue Richelieu No. 89,
à Paris.

MADRID, *Feb.* 25th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

Having an opportunity of sending a letter free of postage I scrawl you a hasty line, chiefly to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 8th inst. which was forwarded to me from Bordeaux.

You must not be disheartened because Norah was a little roughly handled by the newspapers. If it was successful that is the best test of merit. The newspaper critiques on plays are ephemeral, they are immediately forgotten, while the play continues on its career. Recollect how meagrely Charles the Second was received, & yet what a career it has had.

As Richelieu, or rather Rougemont has already attracted attention & met with opposition even before representation it will undoubtedly be discussed & attacked in the papers; but if it succeeds it must have a run & will then run all the barkers and yelpers out of sight. Therefore whatever is said about it, if it is successful, dont let yourself be worried. For my part, let me hear all that is said good about it, and as to what is said in dispraise the less I hear of it the better. If the play succeeds it cannot fail to be of great service to you.

In the American edition let the name be Rougemont, the same as in England, & state in a previous notice, that it had originally been Richelieu but altered, out of notions of delicacy &c. Let all notices either in the American or English edition, be totally free from all cavilling, or complaining about any person or any thing. There is nothing gained by venting any sore or angry feelings in prefaces, and I doubt whether in the present instance there may not be sufficient ground, in motives of delicacy & courtesy, for the alteration of the name, and the modification of passages, which might have been objectionable. I have not seen any English papers so that I do not know whether or not the play has come out; I presume however that it has been delayed a little longer than the time your letter from London specified for its

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appearance. I hope you have arranged *La Petite Chaperon* for Price as he seemed to have fixed his heart upon it.

We arrived here about eight or ten days since, and I have hardly been able to realize as yet that I was in the centre of old Spain. As it is Lent all the theatres are closed, so that I have seen nothing as yet of the Spanish stage.

I write in great haste as I have other letters to finish & the courier is about departing.

Address me at the *Legation des Etats Unis*.

Yours very truly

W. IRVING.

Same address.

MADRID, *Feby* 26th 1826.

MY DEAR PAYNE:

I have this moment received your letter of the 16th and as there is an opportunity of sending a letter today *sans postage*, I scrawl a line in a hurry. I congratulate you heartily "yes, faith, heartily," on the success of Richelieu. It evidently has been completely successful & will have a run, both in the theatre & the press. It cannot but have a most beneficial effect on your future concerns; but you must endeavor to follow it up warily and strongly. It will make managers desirous to get further pieces from you, & by laying back a little & finishing up a few good things you may command double as much for them as for eight times the number of inferior things hastily slobbered up.

I would rather no mention should be made of myself or my plans in the papers. I have written to Murray on the subject of the translation of Columbus: if he or any other Bookseller agrees to my terms the work will immediately be announced as in preparation by me: otherwise nothing will be said about it. I wait to hear from England to determine me as to the undertaking, which is rather voluminous. It will make two quarto volumes.

I shall remain here for some time to come, perhaps for some months. Address your letters to me in French à la legation des Etats Unis d'amerique" & they will always come to hand immediately.

I am sorry you wrote to Mrs. Shelley on the subject of your dealings with Mr. Price. Where there are any jealousies and misunderstandings in business much mischief is sometimes done by complaining to third persons. You may in this way counteract all the good effects of your liberality and forbearance with regard to Price; should your collateral complaint come to his ear. You have taken the true way with respect to him, to make him feel your fair dealing & your importance as an agent, & should he not act liberally on his part, the dramatic MSS: you have accumulated will some way or other pay you for your trouble.

You had better turn all your attention as soon as possible to the Spanish Husband & try to write it up.

I am glad to find the Representative has been so friendly to your new piece. It is a new & fashionable & able paper & its good word must have a great effect. I presume you are indebted in some measure to the kind offices of Dr. Maguin and if so, you should make him sensible of your gratitude, by rendering him such services as your long acquaintance with Paris may put in your power. I have heard various accounts of him, but from all that I can judge, I should think him, with much excentricity, an able and valuable man, & one full of originality. I should like to hear your opinion of him. Murray certainly would not repose such confidence in him if he were not something sterling.

I inclose a letter from my Brother for Mr. Beasley which I will thank you to throw into the post office & now, once more congratulating you on the happy termination of all your anxieties about Richelieu I am very truly

Yours

W. I.

P. S. I find my Brother has sent his letter under an envellope directed to another person.

Same address.

MADRID, *April* 14th, 1836.

MY DEAR PAYNE,

I have deferred answering your last because I had nothing to say with postage. I now take a private opportunity to scribble a few hasty lines. I am extremely sorry for the hard fate of poor Richelieu on your account for I had hoped it would have had a run and have done you service. It shews what empty clamour can do, for clamour it must have been if I may judge from the ground on which they attacked

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the piece—*immorality!* I had a letter from Mr. Mills who saw it on the fourth or fifth representation. He said the representation of it reminded him more of the theatre Français than any thing he had seen for a long time in London. He said it was thought highly of and much relished in the dress circles. He spoke however of some bad effect in the last scene from the hero (Raymond) walking off the stage after he had been supposed to be mortally wounded, from which and from some other remark, I suspect the piece had been materially "amended for the worse." He says the one who played the principal female was very bad. I cannot imagine how the piece could get on at all with a bad actress in that part. However there is no use in prosing or mourning over the past—I trust you are busy in preparing for the future. Let me once more entreat you to be wisely economical. If you have not discharged your lodgings and that bloodsucker Marianne I advise you to do it at once and get into moderate quarters—why should you be working to pay for empty rooms which you do not occupy and to feed a mouth that does nothing but chatter. You ask if there is nothing here that I could get you. Spain abounds in plays, but they all want great alteration to adapt them to the English stage. The French draw many of their plots from the Spanish Theatre. I cannot judge how their plays act, for ever since I have been in the country all places of amusement have been closed—this being the year of Jubilee. I never felt more out of humour with popery. I am very much occupied studying, and have not yet given up my work respecting to Columbus, which however is a heavy task to undertake.

I hope you and Price are on good terms. If he does not act up to the mark you will certainly have done your part, and will have got a stock of theatrical manuscript hurried out of you which you could not otherwise have produced, and which will surely bring something in the market.

If I see anything striking here when the theatres open I will purchase a copy and send it to you. In the meantime believe me ever,

Very truly yours,
W. Irving.

THE LAVENDER VENDER

By Anne Bunner

In the crowded city, the thronging thoroughfare,
Thro' the chill of winter, a fragrance on the air
Faint and fresh of lavender mocks at memory—
Mocks and murmurs softly, "Dreamer, come with me."
"Lavender, sweet lavender," vender, you should call,
"Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all."
Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

Subtile scents of lavender thro' the busy street,
Vague, elusive memories, haunting, haunting sweet.
Stealing soft on perfumed wings thro' the moving mass,
White and tired faces brighten as they pass.

And the crowded city slowly drifts away,
Hushed the noise and clamor of the busy day.
While for a fleeting second, they who dream are blest
With drowsy dreams of lavender and quiet country rest.
"Lavender, sweet lavender," vender, you should call,
"Purple, perfumed packages with memories for all."
Lavender, sweet lavender, and tired souls are sent
Drifting down the Dream path to the Country of Content.

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THE BOY WHO WENT BACK TO THE BUSH

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

STEVE MACDONALD came down from the Bush with the thrill of life pulsing high in heart and brain and big, brawny body. He said good-by to his old crowd of Residency No. 8 on the Trans-continental Right-of-Way with more joy in leaving them than was right, for Kenyon and O'Hara and Randall and Donald Ferguson and little Jean Feroux had been his friends in such friendships as men make in the wildernesses of the world where they work and play together. Being men, they came with Steve as far as they could, which happened to be Groundhog, where the railroad from the south met the Right-of-Way. Being boys still, they sat on the flat floor of the last car of the steel train and jeered at Steve as he stood on the back platform of the outbound passenger coach.

"It's a great get-up, Steve," said O'Hara, critically surveying the tawny-haired lad. "You look just like the hero in the third act, waiting to bridge the chasm."

"Did you know they don't wear exactly that costume now, even in North Bay?" inquired Kenyon, with a slight accentuation of his languid drawl.

"Well, I'll wear it," said Steve firmly. "What's the matter with it? These are the best corduroys the Hudson's Bay Company has, and this is Don's shirt and Jean's tie."

"Send us a post-card with tinsel trimmings," teased O'Hara, "to let us know that our little Steve has not been lost in New York."

"What shall you do in New York?" asked Randall.

Steve laughed, that great, resounding laugh of his that used to rouse the echoes on the Grassy River clear above the rapids. "What?" he repeated. "I'm going to do all the things I've wanted to do for two years and three months, ever since I came up here. I'm going to eat fresh food—beefsteak, real beefsteak! Chicken and lobsters! All kinds of fancy things on little plates! Jean Feroux, I'll have a dozen grape-fruits for my breakfast the day after to-morrow. Randall, I'll be sick on Nesselrode pudding. Brian Boru, I'm going to—stop throwing that sand! I want to look civilized going back to civilization."

"Don't you consider Groundhog civilization?" drawled Kenyon. "I remember some nights that you did."

Steve laughed again as his gaze went over the town of rough pine shacks, where the streets straggled back into the Bush. "Haven't we had some great times here?" he chuckled. "Oh, the dances, the dances, where there were twenty of us to every girl, and most of the girls were more than twenty!"

"An epigram — from Steve," cried O'Hara. "'Tis easy known he's going out and gone mad with the joy of it."

"Don't put us all in the past tense so quickly," said Randall, with a little heat in his usually quiet tone. "Some of us will be here for quite a while yet. This railroad won't be finished for a couple of years, and there will still be other dances in Groundhog."

"And me away," laughed Steve. "Think of the dances I'll be going to! Big dances, with real music, and girls who wear fluffy things and come in carriages."

"Did you say good-by to Molly Law?" asked O'Hara, too casually.

"Oh, cut it!" said Steve.

"May we call on her, individually or collectively?" asked Kenyon.

"Do anything you please. I'll be gone," said Steve generously.

"And there ain't no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay," quoted Kenyon softly.

"Going through Quebec, Steve?" It was the tenth time little Jean Feroux had asked that question since MacDonald had told him he was going out.

"Maybe." It was the same answer always.

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"You won't forget to look up my mother if you do? I've written to her about you."

"Run in on my old man if you're near Detroit," said Donald Ferguson.

"There's an uncle of mine in Connemara, who'll bring out the potheen for you in joy that it wasn't meself come along," said O'Hara. The whimsical Irishman had seen the shadow of loneliness in Randall's eyes and had glimpsed the sadness that sometimes pierced through Kenyon's cynicism. "He's a rare old boy," he went on, "who'll take you through the Longer Catechism of Horse-Racing, and if you fail he'll condemn you to the depths of perdition. He's disowned me because I prefer railroad building to horse raising."

"I don't expect to get as far as Ireland," said Steve seriously. "After I've had my holidays in New York I'm going to Chicago."

"What will you do there?" inquired Donald Ferguson. He had not spoken more than ten words that morning, though to say good-by to Steve he had walked eighteen miles through the muskeg from the last cache on the Right-of-Way.

"Work at my trade," said Steve. "I'm no lily of the field, and all my money will be gone by the time I get there."

"And when the sailor goes ashore.
He spends all his money and he works for more,"

carolled Randall as the engine-bell sounded and the whistle of the steel train dummy answered with shrill blast. The men on the flat car rose and solemnly shook hands with the one who was going. "Will you surely write to us?" pleaded little Feroux. "Of course I will," promised Steve. "And when you come out, you'll all come down to Chicago to see me?"

They chorused assent, all but Kenyon. "You'll come back to the Bush before that," he told him.

"Me?" cried the lad. "Me back to the Bush? Not Steve MacDonald! I'm so glad to be getting out I'm forgetting how sorry I am to be leaving you fellows," he ended, with sudden sentiment, as the train began to move away from the flat car.

He shouted his valedictory to the Bush as he watched the steel train receding into the forest, while the out-train crept up toward the Height-of-Land. For more than two years he had been an engineer on the Right-of-Way of the Transcontinental across northern Canada, coming into the Bush with the first corps when there were no white men on the Abitibi but those of the Hudson Bay posts. Now all he remembered of that time was the aching longing for the world to the south. The steel train was taking back his fellows to their work in the dank, dark Bush which stretched under the V of Hudson Bay, and he was free, gloriously free! He breathed deep the heady air of the North Country. The steel train was only a thin line of smoke near the Fauquier camp. The out-train made a sharp turn to the southward as it passed one of the log houses on the edge of Groundhog, where a bright-haired girl in a pink gingham dress stood in the doorway.

"Hi-yi!" yelled Steve. "Molly! Molly Law!"

The girl in the pink dress fluttered a handkerchief to him, and he waved back with furious gayety. He was still waving to her when the brakeman came out on the platform. "Guess you're glad to be leaving Groundhog?" said he.

"You bet I am!" said Steve heartily, but he kept on waving till the pink speck was quite gone from his sight, lost in the sentinel pines of the low forest. With a sudden sense of something lost he knew that he would be very sorry not to see Molly Law again, for the girl had been more to him than he had realized. She had come out of a Montreal convent and short skirts when her father, a sub-contractor, had brought her to the North Country nearly two years before. A dozen homesick boys on the Transcontinental had lost their impressionable hearts to her and had rushed into impetuous proposals. But Molly Law had smiled on them all with kindly sympathy and had kept them her friends. And Steve MacDonald, who had never proposed to her or to any other girl, she made her best friend of all. When Steve failed to carry Molly Law away with him from the North Country the boys of Residency No. 8 lost their faith in romance. But the idea of being in love with Molly never occurred to the big fellow. He liked her, he confided in her, he missed her when he was out on the trails, but he accepted her as he had come to regard the Northern Lights in the sky as part of the land and part of the life.

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"She's a dear little girl," he smiled, still looking backward.

He fell into the day-dreams of the world he was going to without even a look at the sunlight shining on the green of the larches or the remembrance of one night of the many when he had paddled a canoe under the gleaming lights of the auroras. Forgotten were the days in the Bush when summer had hung heavily over the pungent-odored pines. Forgotten were the short seasons of the flaming autumn when the Bush had rustled with swirling messengers of the long night. Forgotten was the long night of the great silences when the Bush had gleamed in tingling whiteness. Forgotten were the sunsets flaring through the forests; forgotten the camp-fire vigils of the lonely land; forgotten the mystic moonlights and glistening starlights that had roused in the boy deep feelings of an eternity he had never guessed at before. And soonest forgotten of all were the lights, that symbol of the spell that the North weaves about the men who have lingered with her. Steve MacDonald had been her captive. Now, leaving her, he hungered for the cities, their crowds, their noises, their lights, their throb, their thrill, so fiercely that the realization that he was about to come into his desire was a river of oblivion flooding out all other memories and sweeping down all other emotions.

On the Height-of-Land he flung out his arms in sheer gladness, looking back on the miles and miles of Bush. "I've tramped your muskeg for the last time," he exulted to the trail. "No more caches, no more packs, no more black flies, no more frozen hands and face and feet! No more stuttering on the corduroy! The city for me!"

A little French girl in a bright orange dress smiled at him as he came back to the day coach. "Halloa, little one," he cried, with that laugh that challenged a world darker than his own. Every one turned to look at the white-shirted giant whose laugh was a pied piper's flute to the young and a reed of Pan to the old, echoing down long vistas of joy for youth to travel and age to recall.

Before the train came to Cobalt every man in the dingy car had spoken to MacDonald, every woman had smiled on him, and every child had crept close to him. A man with a prospector's kit, who had come on at Dane, watched him wistfully. A habitant with a basket of cherries boarded the train at New Liskeard where the boat from the Quebec province meets the railway, and was pushing his way through the car when the fragrance of his burden was wafted toward Steve. As the habitant passed him he leaned forward with the eager interest of the children at his knee. "Cherries," he breathed ecstatically, "fresh cherries! I haven't seen one for two years," he explained to the politely surprised Frenchman. "I've been up in the Bush, but I'll see plenty now." And he again laughed that wonderful laugh of the gods of the North.

"M'sieu will have some?" The habitant was insistent, but Steve shook his head in embarrassment that his pleasure should have been misconstrued into a request.

"M'sieu!" the habitant was pleading. "M'sieu with the laugh! M'sieu may have them all if he will but laugh again."

The man with the prospector's kit leaned forward from the seat across the aisle. "I'd give my Larder Lake claim to be going back to the world with a heart like yours," he said to Steve MacDonald.

"M'sieu is right," said the Frenchman. "A light heart is the greater gift of *l'bon Dieu* than the meel-ions of Cobalt."

"Oh, I could manage a few of the millions," declared Steve, and at the thought of what he could do with them the laugh bubbled forth again.

"Where are you going?" asked the mining man, giving Steve a card with a name the boy knew as one of the magic ones of Cobalt.

"Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Chicago," chanted Steve in mimicry of the brakeman's call.

The mining man looked down at his kit and his khaki clothes consideringly. "I was going to New York to-morrow," he said. "Do you mind if I go down with you to-day?"

"Not at all," said Steve, with the camaraderie of the camps.

Their progress down to Toronto was an informal triumph, for Steve MacDonald's laugh was the key that opened locked doors of men's houses of friendliness. The Cobalt millionaire, tired and disillusioned, caught a glow of the radiant joy of the boy

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to whom he had attached himself. "I wish you'd come back with me from New York," he told Steve before they came to Toronto. "I've a new gold claim at Larder Lake I'll go halves with you on. You're bright, you'll work—and you make me feel ten years younger." He struck the heart of the vein.

"Back to the Bush? No, sir!" said Steve. "Anyhow, I'm an engineer," he added, with that pride of caste that had built a barrier between the mining men and the builders of the railroad.

"I'm sorry you won't come," said the mining man.

The day and night when the engineer in corduroy and the Cobalt millionaire in khaki hurled themselves upon Toronto was long remembered, even in the King Edward where engineers and millionaires were not rare. Buying up the hotel coach and four for the day and filling it with street gamins while Steve tooted the footman's horn was the least exciting of their adventures, though the Cobalt man enjoyed it most. The grape-fruits, the Nesselrodes, the chickens, the oysters that Steve consumed made the waiters gasp, and the beefsteaks he ordered were of barbecue measure. He lolled luxuriously in taxicabs and believed he had hardly begun to touch the entertainment resources of Toronto when he went on to Montreal. The gay hotel set there gave him and his companion royal welcome and implored them to linger. In Quebec Steve found an engineering crowd he had known in Winnipeg, and they crammed his week so full of excitement that he had no opportunity to call on Jean Feroux's mother.

Then New York held the goblet of pleasure to his lips, a riotous New York of glitter that fascinated the engineer and held him long after the millionaire had tired of the play he had seen before and gone back to the North, a little wearier than he had come down, though sometimes echoing the boy's gloriously joyous laugh. Steve rode high on the tides of life. Even in the crowds, where men were but crushed units, he was marked by the exuberant joy that shone in his smile, thrilled in his handclasp, and rollicked in his laughter. He dashed a-tilt through romance, too full of animal spirits to recognize in those incidents that crowded his days and nights the vivid dramatic phases of the town. He loved New York for those aspects the stranger always delights in. He gloried in the dazzling humanity of the city, but he was keen enough to realize when the pleasures began to pall on him. "All play and no work makes Steve a dull boy," he reasoned, with a return of the sturdy Scotch sense that balanced his wildness, and he took the next train for Chicago.

The plunge into work there gave him at first little time for play at all. He secured the post of construction engineer on one of the great sky-scrapers through the influence of a man who had worked with his father under Thomas Stevenson in the building of the Skerryvore light-house. His love of engineering and his determination to prove himself worthy of the trust of his father's friend kept him at the grindstone of labor till he mastered his problem. Then he set out to meet Chicago as he had met New York.

Already in his work he had come to feel himself part of the tense activity of the city's existence and had caught the spirit of her terrific pressure. The throb of energy pulsing under Chicago, the great diapason in her harmony of toil, beat in unison with his own pulse of desire for achievement in the tread-mill. "Of course I like Chicago better than New York," he told his father's friend. "I feel as if I belonged here. I'm at the work I like in a big city. I just loafed in New York, and I never felt a part of the town at all. But here——"

What he could not explain he filled in with his laugh.

Maizie Clare flashed on his horizon while he was still drunk with the mescal of the city's excitement. Forbes of the *Tribune*, who lived at Steve's hotel, was giving a supper-party at the College Inn and bade the engineer. Steve, theatre-mad as he was after the years of deprivation of them, believed himself the luckiest lad in town when he discovered that the party included the leading members of the cast of a resident musical comedy. The soft candle-gleams, the sensuous music, the pretty women, the aroma of intimate companionship dizzied him, though his merry humor made him one of the gay crowd where acquaintanceship came so easily.

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Every man in the car had spoken to MacDonald . . . every child had crept close to him.—Page 619.

They were calling him Steve before he was able to distinguish one girl from another, except the daringly slender one with the red poppies swaying over her ears. She was the one who leaned across the table when he asked them vaguely where they had played. "From hell to Wabash," she phrased her life swiftly, and after Steve laughed lustily at the girl's epigram he looked curiously at the girl herself. Black of hair, green of eyes, white of cheeks, and red of lips, she had exaggerated her bizarre type by the adoption of geisha effects in the coloring of her gown and the dressing of her hair.

"That's awf'lly clever," Steve said to her approvingly.

"Maizie Clare read it somewhere," said the pretty blonde near Forbes."

"Do you like the theatre?" Maizie Clare asked Steve directly.

"Oh, I just love it," he smiled at her. "You know I hadn't been inside a theatre for more than two years, and that was in Winnipeg. Since I've come out I've seen everything. I've even been to amateur nights on Halsted Street. I've seen you," he said, with sudden recollection. "You play something or other in some show at——"

They all laughed but Maizie. "I've been playing something or other in something or other ever since I could squall," she said. "I was the stock baby in a stock company."

"I thought your father was a Washington millionaire," said the blonde maliciously.

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"He wasn't," said Maizie calmly. "What do you do?" she questioned Steve, with a narrowing of her slant eyes.

"Engineer," he beamed under her interest in him.

"MacDonald's not one of us," said Forbes. "He's one of the chaps who do the big things out in the open. Wouldn't you know it to look at him?"

"Does Charlie Forbes expect you to pay for the supper?" the girl asked. She came around the table to sit beside Steve. "Tell me about engineering," she said, but instead of giving him opportunity to talk of his work she regaled him with anecdotes of her profession that led him into the land behind the foot-lights.

"I like that boy," she told Forbes as they went out. "He's got something about him we haven't got."

"He's got a future," said Forbes. "Why don't you get in on it?"

"Oh, I ain't a fool," said Maizie Clare, "but I ain't no adventuress. Did you ever hear anything like his laugh?"

As she was no fool she used all her hard-learned arts on the engineer that first night she met him to bring about a second meeting. After that the meetings came easily. Maizie Clare knew men as she knew dances, and this big fellow with the boyish light in his blue eyes exhilarated her like a gust of fresh air in the stuffiness of the dressing-rooms. She saw that he wanted amusement, and she amused him. She played on his craving for excitement and satisfied his gulping appetite for the artificial till he set her on a frail pedestal of youthful idolatry, his pinchbeck goddess of the gayeties.

He seldom thought of the Bush in those days. Once, when waiting for Maizie, he went to a play of the Hudson Bay country, and the scene of the post up the Abitibi, and the smell of the pine boughs strewn on the stage had brought to his throat a strange, strangling sensation. When he took Maizie to supper afterward he wanted to talk of the Bush, of the boys in the Residency, of the Groundhog dances, but Maizie would have none of it. "It must have been a horrid place," she shuddered, when he told her of tramping for miles from camp to camp through the oozy muskeg. "Ain't you glad you came away from there? You would never have met me if you hadn't," she smiled, and Steve said he was indeed glad. And in the pressure of work and the more urgent press of the pleasure of being favored by the girl who had a dozen men buying tickets every week for the privilege of watching her, Steve again forgot the North Country.

A letter from Kenyon painted for him a vivid picture of the Residency. Steel was ten miles farther to the west. They were all busy sending supplies up the line before the winter came. Lemont from Winnipeg had his place, but the chief wasn't satisfied with his work, always comparing it with MacDonald's. Filled with the details of the work though it was, the letter still carried its own message of Kenyon's personality in the alien loneliness that had always set him a little apart from their wilder comradeship. In the revival of the old affection for Kenyon Steve answered his letter with an outpouring of his own delight in the glories of the city.

The answer came from Jean Feroux and was a passionate wail of despair over the monotony of existence on the Transcontinental. "Nothing ever happens," he wrote, "and down in Quebec the crowd is having the most gorgeous time just now. If quitting wouldn't be an everlasting disgrace to the family, I'd go home or go down with you." The idea of having one of the Residency boys with him hurried Steve into instant answer of the letter, and he wrote so long that night that he forgot to go to the theatre for Maizie till the time had slipped by.

For the next week he was abjectly penitent, and she lorded her domain over him, but he was beginning to chafe under the chains, beginning to question himself if the pleasures he sought were quite worth the seeking, beginning to weary of the excitements he had so craved. Then O'Hara's letter reached him.

"You may picture us a desolate band of mourners, *keening* your empty chair," the Irishman wrote, "but let me assure you that we're having a very passable time at your wake. The Transcontinental must still be built, even though you've deserted to the States, and we're going to build it. And while we're doing it we're finding that life up here may have as many charms as life in one of the big cities of the world. If you don't know what they are after being

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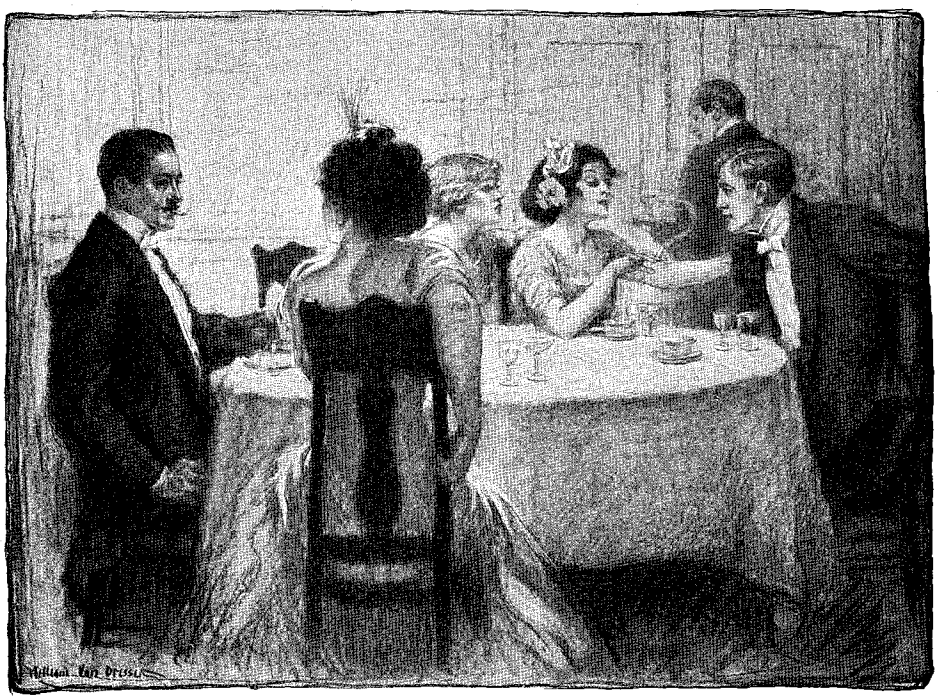
one of us, I'll not point them out to you. If you've chosen the flesh-pots of Egypt, far be it from me to extol the praises of your birthright. I wouldn't have said this at all, but you've driven poor little Feroux half-mad in their hands to reach the scene of action, and the function was nearly as deadly as any one in the great world outside, but we enjoyed it, and that's more than even Kenyon could say for a tea anywhere else.



She regaled him with anecdotes of her profession that led him into the land behind the foot-lights.—Page 622.

between love of life and duty in life, and the plain truth won't hurt you, Steve.

"Now I've said my sermon and I'll write something pleasant. A crowd of us have joined with the boys at Groundhog and we've organized a dancing club with dances every fortnight. There are still the twenty men to every girl, but we manage to secure at least one dance with one girl in the course of the evening and we go home happy. We play cards and go to church socials. Groundhog has another church, and we're crusaders in the cause of any religion that gives a party. Mrs. Montresor, wife of the banker, gave a five-o'clock tea for her sister from Ottawa. The sister is not exactly young nor exactly beautiful, but she's a new woman in Groundhog, and she's reported to have already received six invitations to remain permanently. The elite of the Bush jumped the ditches with their calling-cards held tightly

"There's a new girl in Groundhog, the sister of the postmaster. She's all that fancy paints her. Feroux went into town the other day and came back with the report that there was a Dream there. The news spread out to the fifty-mile camp. The boom at the post-office has put dreams at a premium and made millions for the government.

"But we're not fickle, even though we flit about new flames, and we go once a week all the way down to Molly Law's. She was asking for you the other night, and Kenyon and Jean showed her your letters."

Steve set down O'Hara's letter and sat with wrinkled brows. "The devil they did!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if I said anything about Maizie in them."

When he went to dinner alone he saw a girl who looked like Molly Law. "I'll bet they're having a dance in Groundhog to-

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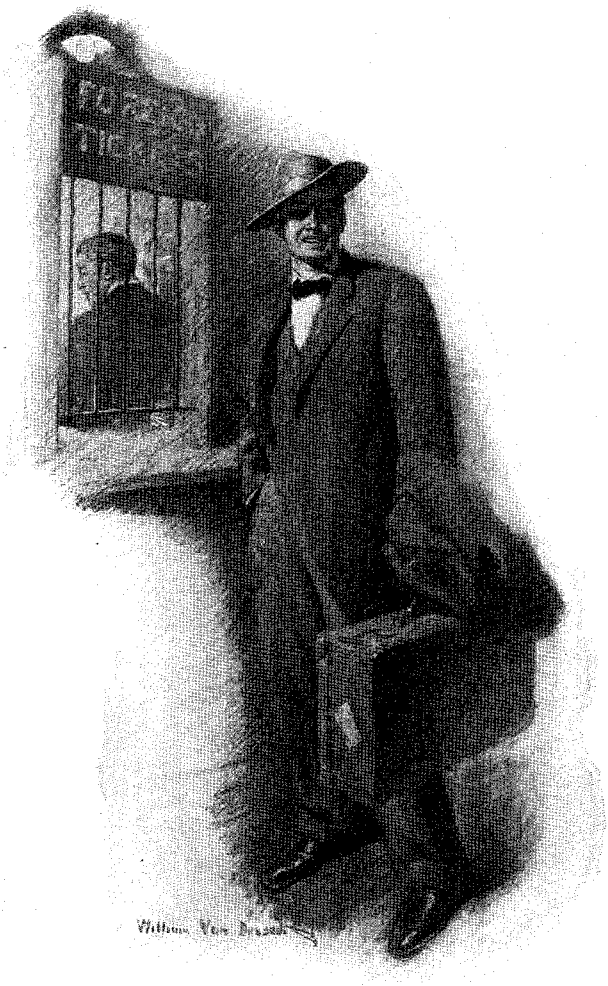
night," he sighed, and wondered why none of the dances he had attended in town, the big formal affairs where he had been invited through his business associates, or the O'Hara's letter for company, for a sudden lonesomeness had assailed him in the gay hotel dining-room. "Flesh-pots of Egypt," he repeated, at first angrily, then



The next night Steve MacDonald took the train to the North Country.—Page 627.

many informal, rather fervid ones where he had taken Maizie, had ever brought him the enjoyment of those dances back in the Bush, where an old fiddler furnished the music and where reels outstripped two-steps in popularity. "Alleman left!" The phrase rang through his brain among the strains of the orchestra. "I'd like to be going to a dance in Groundhog," was the thought that startled him. He reread with puzzled consideration. "I wonder if they are?" he asked himself. And again that night he did not go to Maizie Clare, but this night he did not forget.

The Cobalt millionaire came to Chicago the next day, and in the rush of entertaining him Steve neglected Maizie entirely. The week left him a memory of wild rides in taxicabs, of impromptu dinner parties prolonged into breakfast functions, and of

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one talk with the man who had come with him from the Bush.

"I've made good," Steve had boasted.

"And you've paid the price," said the older man. "You've lost your laugh." Just to prove that he had not, Steve tried to laugh, but his effort showed how keen had been the observation. "Isn't it queer," said the miner, "that when we get the things we thought we wanted we lose our feeling of caring for them?"

"Then doesn't anything ever make you happy?" Steve groped through the problem.

"Oh, yes," said the philosopher," but not the rainbows we've chased—you and I."

The night the millionaire went North Steve sought Maizie again in a vague desire to win back that joy he had possessed when he had come to Chicago. She went to supper with him in a brilliant restaurant, but she was curiously distrait under her assumed vivacity. "Why aren't we having a good time?" he asked her at length.

"You don't make good times for any one any more," she said, with a hardening of her pretty, overcolored lips.

"I don't?" he repeated. "Why, I never made them. I only enjoyed them."

"Oh, no," she said, "you've made all the good times for yourself and every one else."

"Perhaps that's true," he agreed.

"You ain't happy, are you?" she asked, leaning over the table toward him and searching his face with eyes that darkened in the tension of her scrutiny. The thought that Molly Law used good grammar thrust itself on Steve's brain before he found answer to Maizie's query.

"Oh, I suppose I'm as happy as most men," he evaded.

"You ain't happy the way you used to be happy," she persisted. "Why, you used to laugh in a way that made me ache to feel like that for one little minute, and now you laugh like all the rest of them—" her jewelled hand flashed over the restaurant crowd. "Why ain't you happy?" she demanded. The jewelled hand was over his own now, and the green eyes had grown soft with tears. "Don't you love me any more, Steve?"

He stared at her a moment, swallowing hard. "I'm sorry," he said, rising from the table. "I think it's time to go."

The hot color rushed to the girl's face. "I ought to have known better than josh with a rube," she said bitterly. "You're awful afraid of yourself, ain't you? Well, you needn't be scared I'll follow you. There's a fellow from St. Louis with more money than you'll ever scrape together who's crazy about me," she sobbed harshly as they reached the sidewalk. 'Put me in a cab and pay the driver." And she left him without a good-by.

He stared down the street after the disappearing wheels, then shrugged his shoulders and pursed his lips in a whistle. It was the old song of the boys in the Bush that he was whistling, "I Wish I Had a Girl," but he did not know it. He was living over the weeks he had lived in the thought of Maizie Clare, and he was wondering how he could have been such a blind idiot as to lose his head over such a common, sordid, superficial wisp of a woman. The whistle grew livelier as he went along, and he shed his self-disgust with his overcoat at the hotel. In spite of his unheroic attitude in the crisis, he slept better than he had slept on the night O'Hara's letter came to him.

For weeks he went without any thoughts but those of the work, while the great skyscraper pushed upward. A building strike that curtailed his labors threw him back on his own resources, and he struggled to reinvest Chicago with the atmosphere it had glowed under when he had first come to the city. He would walk down LaSalle Street at mid-day, trying to catch that feeling of rushing commercial activity, and failing utterly to make himself part of the throng. He would saunter along Michigan Boulevard to Park Row at dusk, seeking the elusive thrill of being of the home-hastening crowds and thinking only of the men and women whose only homes were the bleak hotels and boarding-houses.

He haunted the theatres again, all but Maizie's, though he often left before the plays were half finished. He lingered in the restaurants, but he failed to enjoy his solitary dinners, even when he compared them, course by course, with the old haphazard meals of the Residency. He tried to pick up the life he had swerved away from in the time that had followed his break with Maizie Clare, but he could not find the thread to guide him through the

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labyrinth of confusion to the halls of enjoyment.

He had expected the rush of work on the structure to restore to him that interest in the world that had been his ever since he started as a rodman out in the West; but the work came and Steve MacDonald was still apathetic in his interest and restless in his heart. He worked resistlessly, however, and the day before the flag was to flutter from the top of the steel skeleton the chief architect sent for him.

"MacDonald," he said, "you're the man we've been looking for. We've tried you in this work, and you've proved up. We have three big contracts ahead, and we're going to put you in charge of one of them and raise your salary if you want to stay with us. What's your answer?"

MacDonald stared out of the window toward the lake. "Can I let you know tomorrow?" he asked, and wondered why he sought time for consideration of so splendid an opportunity. It was as if, having come to the garden of the Hesperides, he dallied in fear of plucking the golden apples.

"Surely," said the chief.

All day long the engineer tried to make the decision, even while he was conscious of the knowledge that the question required no thought at all, since acceptance meant only ultimate success. But the work of the day projected itself into his brain so often that he shoved over his self-communing until he should be undisturbed. When it came dark he went up to the highest floor of the leviathan of steel and stood looking out over the city whose call had brought him from the far places. Under the veil of dusk, she sprawled flatly, her lights gleaming vaguely through a mist. The sky in the west smouldered a sullen red under the slowly settling smoke. Here and there flames from furnaces shot upward sharply. To the south, above the mills, a line of fire swept across the sky. Trains on the Elevated crept along like sinuous serpents. In the streets men and women, ant-like, scurried along, their individual purpose hidden in the apparently purposeless rush of this ant-hill. Too far away to feel the human thrill of contact with the crowds, the man above the city peered down with the gaze of a judge on scenes he had before looked at with the glance of a passer-by. A seething caldron of the races of the world over blazing fires of energy, Chicago revealed to the watcher on the heights her purpose, her power, her greatness, her glory as she had never shown them to him before. She was the splendid city of the toil of men.

But what did she offer him? Success? He could win success on the outposts of the world, where the boys, his fellows, would be working and winning by his side. Pleasure? He knew the taste of Dead Sea apples. What did she take from him? What had she already taken from him in payment for the pleasures? Youth and the gift of the gods—laughter!

He chilled in the cold night air which swept up from the lake, and he moved over to where a forge-fire burned low. As he crouched beside it the desolation of the loneliness of the cities flooded over Steve MacDonald. He had known loneliness in the Bush when he had been miles away from a camp in the long nights of the arctic, when the wolves howled round his campfire and no human being was within call, but where an answering fire cast its light on the white radiance of the sky and where there was always the knowledge that back in the Residency the boys would be keeping watch for his coming, and down in Groundhog Molly Law——

He raised his eyes to the north as if he would send across space his message to those who had cared for him in the North Country. A glow that flickered and flamed afar off in the sky shimmered before his startled eyes. Long lines of white brilliancy flashed, then green and red and blue and orange flared in dazzling rushes, crackling through the keen air. "The Lights!" he cried, "the Lights! I'm dreaming; I know I'm dreaming. This is Chicago; this is forty-two. I couldn't see them; I know I couldn't see them; but they're the Lights!"

He watched the glow fade down in the far sky. Had the Northern Lights really shone over Chicago? Steve MacDonald knew only that they had gleamed for him. He knelt beside the fire, watching the north for another flame of the aurora, but the embers crumbled to ashes and only the misty veil of the city met his eyes. Then he went down from the heights into a city that had shown him her soul and his own.

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The next night Steve MacDonald took the train to the North Country. When he bought his ticket to the end of the line he laughed with an echo of that laugh that had been his when he left the Bush. He did not know that some men, great in their work, would tell each other that young MacDonald was a fool to throw away his chance of fortune. He did not know that a trivial little actress would grieve for him so bitterly—for he had been the only real man to cross her tawdry world—that she would go down in the whirlpool which swirled under the piers of her palace of pleasure.

All he knew was that he was speeding on to where the lights would glow for him in truth, that the boys in the Residency, Kenyon and O'Hara and Randall and Ferguson and little Jean Feroux, would be glad of his home-coming, and that Molly Law would wave him welcome as she had waved him farewell.

AFRICAN SKETCHES AND IMPRESSIONS

By Janet Allardyce

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND

ONE of the first things I noticed on coming to Africa was the blank absence of personality in the houses. They are all too new, and at the same time too many tenants have occupied them; they are as yet merely shelters from the sun and the rain. I speak only of the newer Africa, I have not had the good fortune to visit Egypt. But it was in South Africa I first became aware of the Spirit of the Land.

The Spirit of South Africa is a savage recluse. From the gray dawn of the world he ruled undisturbed the gigantic barren leagues of desert and plain, whose sullen, cowering peoples propitiated him with sinister sacrifices. Then came the intruders, the fearless and insolent white men, breaking the barriers of perilous rocks and currents, feverish swamps, and waterless deserts. Leaving their dead behind, they pushed ever into the heart of the land, and found at last the gold and diamonds. Perhaps he needed more sacrifices. If so he had his desire, for the souls as well as the bodies of men perished in uncounted numbers in the frantic and unholy battle for gain.

In the Africa I love, the splendid, virile land of danger and romance, like a boy's dream come true, the Spirit of the Land is but half awakened. Does he dream of past kingdoms, crumbled ages ago to dust, and will he rouse himself to see a strong young race pushing before it the buffalo and the lion? He does not care. They may turn on you, rending to a quivering mass that which was once a man, and fever and thirst will take their tribute of our bravest. He is wholly indifferent, as far from any vindictiveness as from sympathy.

But the rains twice a year spread living green over the parched plains, large scented blue water-lilies surprise you with their beauty, starring the muddy reach of a sluggish stream, and in a solitary glade of the gray, primeval forest you may stumble upon a kaleidoscopic dance of great swallow-tailed butterflies that takes your breath away.

Something of the charm of the childhood of the world clings to the country. You may come across a Masai herd-boy piping on a reed under a tree, the flock of grave brown sheep and goats cropping round him. The lovely lines of his limbs are unconcealed by the loose hide slung over his shoulder; but for his chocolate skin you would dream yourself back in ancient Greece, a startled dryad vanishing into the forest, and the echoes of the mocking laughter of Pan still haunting the air.

For there is something truly pagan in the mystery of the deserts, lakes, and mountains. Strange, unknown creatures live in the depths of the forests, and enormous reptiles haunt the great lakes. It must be felt, it cannot be described, the strange presence of the Spirit of East Africa, brooding

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sullenly in his solitudes, so utterly indifferent to us mushrooms of a day. We rejoice, body and soul, in the happy security of our homeland; but we are drawn back again and again from its safe, beautiful shores to this vast, waiting, primeval country, with a fascination it is vain to resist.

A NATIVE SERVICE

A little tin house, skeleton wooden beams supporting the naked hideousness of corrugated iron; and under foot a trampled earthen floor. On ten or twelve wooden benches, huddled together like poultry in a shower of rain, sits a strange collection of human beings. Outside the trees are motionless against the chilly gray sky. Here in the uplands, seven thousand five hundred feet high, the morning mist still swathes the glades and forests, though far below the plains lie golden, sweltering in equatorial heat.

A black boy, smartly dressed in khaki coat and breeches, putties and shoes, and wearing a brilliant vermilion silk necktie, stands up in front of us. Suddenly an amazing sound fills the air, harsh, tuneless, and profoundly melancholy, but strangely conveying suggestions of little children in a quiet nursery long ago, and many thousands of miles away.

The rows of dark figures have risen to their feet and all are singing. One by one I observe them. The type of face is extraordinarily low: the lips protrude far beyond the nose, the chin and forehead both receding, and the furtive sullen eyes are seldom raised. Here is a couple of small shivering boys, mother-naked save for monkey skins slung over their skinny little black shoulders. They have herded sheep and cattle from the age of three or four. Next them stand several men clothed in blankets, varying in color from bright scarlet to a faded magenta. Their dark apelike faces are bent, and their raucous voices massacre the quiet old tune. Two or three boys are dressed in long white garments; they are house boys, the table maids and housemaids of this country. Amongst them I recognize with amusement my own treasure, an enthusiastic youth, who, when he asks my gracious leave to go and buy himself food, leans over chairs and tables, kicking his heels out behind him. One boy only has a face above the average; it is what one would call a "good face," dignified, reserved, and trustworthy. I noticed him lift his eyes, and the effect was remarkable. It seemed to set him at once on a higher level than his low-browed companions.

Next to the house boys stand two dandies, oiled with castor-oil from head to foot. The first wears a gray and scarlet blanket, but the second is magnificent in vermilion paint. His hair, like matted ends of worsted, is smeared with earth, his neck and shoulders, his shapely legs and slender ankles, gleam like copper in firelight. He wears at least thirty strings of beads, many of an opaque, almost Egyptian blue, most satisfying to the eye against his chocolate and red body. Over one shoulder hangs his cloak of tanned skins, and the lobes of his ears are distended with large rings and spikes of wood.

Behind this Brummell sits a woman, neatly dressed in almost European clothes, carrying a small black baby. Some well-meaning person has bestowed on it the garments of a white baby, with grotesque result. Its poor little black face looks out in protest from the unwonted and ridiculous trappings.

Two women sit on the back row close to the door, no smart Mission ladies these, but such as one may see here by the thousand. Their heads are shaved and they wear an arrangement of hides reaching to the knee, which, when they walk, flaps like a wet water-proof. They are usually bent double under loads of enormous weight suspended from a strap across the scalp, which in time wears a deep groove into the skull. Poor little beasts of burden, they sit each with the inevitable baby, observing these strange new customs. Near them an old man is listening also, his face lined and wrinkled with long years of villany.

"Jesu ku Mareithu," they sing over and over. "Jesus is our Shepherd." What does it convey to them, I wonder? The singing stops, and the boy with the red necktie prays in a loud monotone. The behavior is wonderful, not an eye is raised, no one moves a muscle.

Another hymn, no homely melody this time, but a wild barbaric chant. The heat grows stifling, and the smell of castor-oil is unendurable. The red necktie will give

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us a long sermon and I shall not understand one syllable of it. It may be a very bad example, but I can stand no more. The sun has come out, the mist wreaths have melted, and the air is clear and sweet. Blue forget-me-nots and little yellow and orange flowers, spots of the purest flame, have opened all round me. I am so glad to be out of that nauseating atmosphere!

And yet there was something in that ugly little room that I do not find in the vast, empty skies. A tiny spark, a flickering ray, from some mighty incalculable Source. Something that has swayed empires in the past, and that may in ages to come, and in spite of countless blunders and discouragements, lift dark Africa's sullen eyes and enkindle them with joy.

ON VARIOUS GRAMOPHONES

"So-oldiers of the Que-een, me lads." Out of a whirring fog barked a raucous, spasmodic voice, and we shivered and hurried on. Between the gusts of bitter wind blowing over leagues of high veldt and raising blankets of solid red dust, the air was of an extraordinary stillness. Pervading everything was the curious, half-pleasant smell of the eucalyptus trees and the sickly dry scent of the wattle blossom, together with the smell of the South African dust which is not in the least like any other dust I know.

This was a strange, ugly, pitiful world I had come to. Miles of streets lay deserted, the squalid little tin houses, thrown apparently haphazard on the deep red earth. A few of our regiments were camped in the empty spaces of the town, and where a camp had been abandoned you could hear the black cloud of flies roaring like the rapids of a river. Millions of empty tin cans winked like diamonds at the sun, burning in the pale blue sky. Few women were to be seen, no children, no flowers, only martial law and khaki, khaki everywhere.

The dining-room of our little boarding-house was crowded to suffocation. Ten or twelve of us dined and spent the evening in a little hole fourteen feet by ten, and the atmosphere, in more ways than one, was stifling. It often drove us out into the strange, cool night of Johannesburg, and it was thus I first became acquainted with the Gramophone, that prince of makeshifts. One after another we would pass, jarring with their inconceivable vulgarity the vast silence of the South African night, each surrounded by a group of khaki-clad figures, dimly seen through a haze of smoke. There were, of course, no theatres, no concerts; we could only wander about the more frequented streets. No one in his senses would willingly walk along the lonelier roads, for the town was full of disbanded irregular troops who had drunk their last penny (their wolf-like faces, desperate with hunger, haunt me yet), and hardly a night passed without its tales of assault and murder. In a shadowy corner—thud! would go a sand-bag on your neck. If you were lucky, you lay insensible for hours, and awoke, dazed and semi-conscious, minus money and valuables. If the sand-bag fell a trifle too heavily—well, you did not wake at all!

"Good-by, Dolly, I must le-eave you," went the gramophones. There seemed to be one at every street corner making the night hideous. Whatever the tune, the singer seemed always the same. First the droning whirr, then the harsh, throaty voice barking out the words, now far distant, now suddenly close and startling. Then again the whirr, with ghost-like applause or roars of phantom, senseless laughter, and with a jerk the horrible thing stopped.

A sudden gust of bitter wind, a rush of suffocating dust, leaving the teeth gritting and the eyes smarting, and we remember that our "Pass" is at home, and that if we are not indoors by ten we stand a fair chance of being arrested and locked up for the night! The gramophones have stopped and the khaki figures have disappeared. Nothing breaks the silence but a sentry's "Halt! Who goes there?" or a revolver shot and the sharp scream of a policeman's whistle.

The city of bars and gramophones is asleep.

Seven years have passed, bringing changes both to ourselves and the gramophone. Johannesburg has long been for us an experience of the past, and our home is now in an "Outpost of progress," in the land of the lion and the Masai. And although, from what I can judge out here, music lovers at home would as soon admit a jews'-harp or a barrel-organ as a gramophone into their houses, yet he plays a large and ever-increasing part in African life. It

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must be said that he is now a comparatively self-respecting personage; the droning whirr has almost disappeared, and Melba's golden voice pours like honey through its magic funnel.

In this country of the chase he accompanies every "safari" or shooting party. The evenings are long on the Equator, and many a disappointment and fit of irritation evaporates under the spell of the "Merry Widow" or the "Geisha." My countrymen, of whom there are many in the land, will listen all night to the strains of Harry Lauder, but though that jovial gentleman's sentiment and somewhat bacchanalian pleasantries are alike anathema to me, the skirl of the pipes in a Highland March often brings the sudden tears to my eyes.

To men in solitary stations, who rarely see their kind, and whose reason itself is threatened by the deadly monotony and loneliness, the gramophone is sometimes literally salvation. Into the deserts of Taru and Baringo, along the lonely fever-stricken coast, where the surf breaks with a deep "CR-rr-ush-sh" on the coral reef—up even to the pestilent swamps of the Upper Nile goes the brave little gramophone with its cheerful reminder of good times past, and "leave" soon to come again.

To me the great charm is in its suggestiveness. You can just catch the indescribably sweet wailing of the violins, and now and then the elfin call of the oboe and the fairy lilting of the flute. Far away in a happy land people are listening, perhaps at this very hour, to the heart-rending beauty of Isolde's dying song, or the divine majesty of a Beethoven symphony. Not for many a long day will that joy be mine, but the despised little instrument does recall now and then, however faintly, something of the spell.

I know a lonely valley, bare, treeless, almost waterless; lying, tawny-colored as the lions with which it abounds, between its ramparts and escarpments of hot blue hills. Only a few years ago the slave gangs, in their living hell, passed along its rocky sides on their way to the markets at the coast. Here at night, when the white man, wearied by the long day in the saddle, lies asleep in his tent, a little woman dances round the camp fire to her gramophone.

The firelight glows on the stiff forms of the slumbering Masai, wrapped from head to foot in their crimson blankets. The kraaled ostriches hoot mournfully, a hyena far away utters his God-forsaken howl, and often she stops to listen to the deep woo-omph of a hunting lion. Now and then the ground shakes with the thunderous charge of a herd of frantic zebra stampeding before him, but no other sounds disturb the miraculous revolving disk, waking echoes of the "Valse Bleue," "Carressante," "La Faute des Roses."

A waft of alien perfume, of music, light, and laughter, of roses and wine, floats over the sullen desolation of the valley, and dies as it came.

ON LEAVE

The Andersons are going home, their leave is due. Mr. Anderson, a thin, tired-looking man, walks restlessly up and down the station platform. A black boy, carrying a trunk and yelling at the top of his voice, cannons violently against him. Mr. Anderson's feelings instantly find vent in terse and pointed personalities, and Mrs. Anderson's pale face turns pink. She has been packing hard for a week, and the baby, usually a healthy enough little soul, of course chose this identical time for a sharp attack of fever. She brought a white nurse from home last leave, who married within the first six months, so Mrs. Anderson struggles on alone as best she can. She wears a washed-out blouse of nondescript hue and cut, and her tussore skirt matches her once rosy face. But she does not worry about her looks; Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Stewart are no better dressed than herself, and anyhow she has not had time to think about it. Time enough for that when she gets to London, when she really must get some clothes before facing the critical younger sisters at home. (Those terrible, immaculate young sisters, how we tremble before them!) But baby's temperature is still high, Jim is on the verge of a bad nervous breakdown (he has worked thirty months without one week's holiday), and she feels if she can only get them all safely on board ship that the end of the world may come and welcome. She is too utterly weary to think of anything beyond the voyage.

The Andersons' leave is up, they must be arriving to-day. But this is surely not Mrs. Anderson? It might be her sister,

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ten years younger. She is fresh and rosy-cheeked, smiling and smart. Her hair is done in the newest way (we have seen it in the "Pictorial" at the Club), and her frock turns us green as we awake, with a swift pang of envy, to the dismal dowdiness of our own dhobi*-mauled garments. The worn, strained expression has left Mr. Anderson's eyes, and when the same yelling porter (or his brother) bumps into him he mildly remarks, "Now, then, Juggins, look where you're going, can't you?"

And we begin again to count the months that lie between us and the day of days when we too will stand on the platform, and, at peace with friend and foe, bid them all for six months a joyful farewell.

We most sorely need our mother-land. We need her cool, bracing winds for our bodies, tired and relaxed by the endless summer, for which they were not framed. Healthy though our climate may be (and on that point opinions are much divided), the rays of the equatorial sun have an effect on the white man which is not yet fully understood.

And England could never maintain her reputation for governing justly and fairly, in the interests of the ruled rather than of the rulers (those only who stagger under the white man's burden know what it costs us)—her standards would decline with terrible rapidity, did she not wisely bring her children back to her. We accept too easily the lower, more facile code of manners and morals of the East and South, and we have many a wholesome shock when we return to the higher, but certainly narrower, outlook at home. Tonics generally taste bitter, and it is annoying to be banished to the smoking-room when you want to have a cigarette in your bedroom—or even, if you are visiting your maiden aunt, to the kitchen.

Words can never tell what Leave means to the wives. There is only a handful of "Memsahibs," practically all of the educated classes, many delicate and burdened with the dear and terrible responsibility of children in the tropics, and all more or less homesick. Cut off from all home influence, they find themselves in a state of civilization in many ways about seventy years or so behind the times. And these women, some barely out of their teens, must fight for the sake of their husbands, their children, and themselves, against every conceivable difficulty, to maintain the same simple, upright code of conduct and belief which their mothers taught and practised in their sheltered English homes. No one who has not lived in an isolated tropical station can understand the struggle, but to their honor be it said it is carried on not unworthily. "It was such a heavenly relief," said one woman to me on her return, "to know that whether I went to church or not, everybody else did, and that instead of setting the standard of conduct it was all I could do to keep up with it."

This constant coming and going gives a curious sense of impermanency to our lives. They seem to be all "Good-by's," and Africa, like India the "land of regrets," is a land of separations. Friends here to-day are gone to-morrow, and you yourself are gone the day after. You sell up your furniture, your piano, your pony and trap; you deposit a few treasures in boxes in a neighbor's store-room, and you take your Leave. You come out in tremendous spirits but without a cent, to buy back by degrees what you can at sales. You live in whatever house a somewhat stepmotherly Government can spare you, and scrape together enough rupees to buy another pony—though he is never so good as the last. And just as the roses and carnations begin to repay your pains, Leave is due, and you joyfully begin to sell up all over again.

Though the constant partings from our friends are hard, yet there is another side to it. When you feel you cannot endure that fellow another day, of all the impossible and objectionable bounders—only possess your soul in patience for a little; he will go, or you will go, and not even the "neiges d'antan" melt quicker than the remembrance of your differences.

Our lives are dated by our Leaves, for years have no meaning here. We have no tempestuous spring gales, or the wonderful smiles that follow, when the wild hyacinths drown the dying primroses in their ocean of blue, and the may snows white and rosy petal flakes on the buttercups below. We never see the fall of the leaf and the first frosts, when the dahlias hang dead and black in the garden, and every blade of grass glistens like a fairy scymitar.

*"Dhobi" is an Indian laundryman.

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Twice a year it rains, or it ought to, and the country is green. We dig in our gardens with joyful hearts, and our houses, plastered with the muddy footprints of men and dogs, are unfit for human habitation. But for the greater part of the year the plains are tawny yellow, dust clouds hide the tin roofs of the ugly little town below our bungalows, and the coarse khaki-colored grass snaps in your hand. Still we have our crystalline mornings, when the bush-cuckoo gurgles his chromatic "koo-koo-kookookookooo-oo," our silent blazing days, and the cool, dark splendor of the nights. "How fortunate we are," we say, as we read of the bitter, harsh cold and the suffocating fogs, while we sit in muslins among our scarlet hibiscus blossoms and tuberoses. But I sometimes think we protest it overmuch.

To some of us, unspeakably to be pitied, home is but a grave of sad memories. Nothing could be more dreadful than to spend one's Leave in hotels and boarding-houses, a stranger in the father-land. To most of us, fortunately, "Home" means the home of our childhood, and dear faces which wait and watch for us almost as eagerly as we for them. Few things can be more like a foretaste of heaven than to find yourself, after years of unbroken anxiety, responsibility, and care, again a child in the house of your father. Gray hairs may begin to intrude, and friends in the most tactful way convey to you that you are "going off," but you may be quite sure that you are not even yet really grown-up to your mother.

We left Africa in the hot season, her baking, sweltering plains gasping for the belated rains. And now the train was rushing us, half stupid with the joy of it all, through the greenest, tidiest pastures, speckled with dear little English lambs. Tufts of cool, fresh primroses were growing in copses and spinneys from which came a sudden exquisite breath of moss and damp leaves. A gentle gray shower swept over the fields, and the clear, pale sun of home shone out again on the kind world. It was all so dear, so friendly, and so small. So different to the immense storms thundering over leagues of desolation, and that terrible god of flame, the African sun.

We all, of course, flock to London, and you may see bashful-looking men in shabby old flannels and battered sun-helmets, and women in three-year-old frocks and hats only fit for a scarecrow, slinking along byways in terror of recognition, all alike hastening to tailor and dressmaker. We reappear in a day or two, holding our heads high, clothed and hatted, manicured and shampooed, gloved and shod; looking great mother London in the face and with all the joys of the world spread before us. There is music to listen to, flutes and violins, Mozart and Beethoven. There are new books to be read, new movements to come into touch with, even new catch-words to learn the meaning of.

There are the pictures we so neglected before, and have so longed to see again. The theatres are waiting for us—for us who are so tired of slaving at our own concerts and theatricals; and we shall enjoy ourselves from the first moment of tuning-up to the last bow, without a moment's anxiety about the tenor's cold or the sulks of the leading lady.

Then we shall have supper, and admire the beautiful clear-skinned ladies in their lovely gowns, looking as though hardship and care were as far from them as the planet Mars. And do not think us greedy, but the food does taste so good.

We did not think of it at the time, but the hens were so small and stringy, and the mutton was sometimes very goaty, and the black paws that slapped them down before you did not help matters much. Everything here is so fresh, so clean, and so delightfully different.

Even London, however, does not keep us long. The huge express sweeps us along till we stop at the sleepy junction, and the little branch line takes us over. It jolts and crawls through loved and familiar ground. The blue smoke from the cottages drifts lazily up in the evening mist, the country dreams in the soft western atmosphere. Just as it all used to be, not a new house in the village, not a strange name over the dull little shops.

The road stretches white in the dusk, sweet scents blow off the fields. The old gray house stands, bright with light and welcome for its wandering children. The Heart of Home is reached at last.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WITH each recurring commencement season the demand becomes more general and more insistent that "a liberal education" shall be justified of its children. Which is, no doubt, very well. No system of education can be justified otherwise. No doubt, also, education is a preparation for life, and so must "drive at practice." The college-bred man must somehow justify his breeding to the practical man, who is mostly not college-bred, or the practical man will cease to lavish upon colleges those huge endowments which, rather paradoxically, are more prodigally bestowed "here and now" than they ever were elsewhere or heretofore.

The "Use" of Education

But the insistence assumes the more and more unmistakable form of a demand that the college-bred man must take a more leading place in the dollar-hunt. He must, it is held with a confidence all the more impressive for being implicit, proceed to make more money for the four years he has spent out of the dollar-hunt than he would probably be making if he had been engaged in the chase for that quadrennium. And this demand is made not only from editorial, but from professorial chairs, and from the very commencement platforms themselves. This is what seems to mark an increased prevalence of the mercantile standard of "success in life," this more extended inability to conceive of any other. It recalls that absurd anecdote of the wayfaring man who was awakened by the brakeman's cry of "Concord" to inquire, "Concord! Don't Ralph Waldo Emerson live here?" and, being affirmatively answered, to comment, "Well, I understand that he's a man of considerable means."

One may further comment, in the words of Emerson himself, that "it is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science, and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." At any rate, whether we are more commercially minded than Emerson's contemporaries or not, the inducements to the dollar-hunt are too obvious and numerous to need inculcation from the commencement platform any more than from the pulpit. It seems to be competent for the "American scholar," so aggressively put on his defence, to pluck up spirit enough to declare that, if education be a means, it is also an end, and that a main use and complete justification of education is, simply, to be educated. It is rather odd, and perhaps another exemplification of "the domineering temper of the sensual world," how slow he is to resort to that obvious repartee. It is at any rate true that a man can hardly be called educated, and is quite unworthy to be so called, who would put a price on his bit of education, in "success" or other money's worth. He would expose himself to Schiller's distinction among the votaries of the Muse:

> To some she is the goddess great,
> To some the milch-cow of the field;—
> Their care is but to calculate
> What butter she will yield.

Clive Newcome told Ethel that though he did not expect ever to become a famous painter, he would never give up painting. "That would be like leaving your friend who was poor, or deserting your mistress because you were disappointed about her money." Ethel, of course, no more understood him than if she had been an American "practical man." But every artist understands him, and, for that matter, every educated man who justifies his education. It is to him a priceless thing. Mr. John Jay Chapman has just gone so far as to say that the boy who gets the usual good out of the usual smattering of Latin is set apart by his accomplishment from the boy who has missed it. And no reader of Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" is likely to have forgotten the pathetic consolation of the hapless college-bred waif and stray, "with a tattered Virgil in his pocket," who was at least able to understand why the other university man named his island "Nemorosa Zacynthos," and was able to fill out from memory the rest of the hexameter. If the single-minded dollar-hunter misses the dollar, as he so often does, he is quite without resources, having conscientiously eschewed all other interests in life. If the worst comes to the worst with the scholar, he at least has something to think about. "The use of culture," remarks the author of the "Confessio Medici," "is not

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to help us to practice, but to console us for the want of practice; and then its price is above rubies." A commencement orator might deliver an interesting and effective diversion to the monotonous run of discussions of the conduciveness or inconduciveness of a liberal education to "success," by a celebration of such an education as the "Comfortress of Unsuccess."

The Psychology of Names

BEING interested in family names and their history is like being interested philosophically in spelling—unreformed spelling, that is to say. You find a lot of psychology, racial and human, in the changes of words under the erosions of time; or in their tenacious holding together, at least in the tell-tale integrity of their root-parts. The merest smattering amateur knowledge of philology and etymology so greatly adds to the interest of life that it is a constant wonder why the average up-to-date person concerns himself comparatively so little about them. But if you apply any sort of curiosity along those lines to the fate of family names, in particular, you get side-lights on human nature illuminative enough for a liberal education. When the nearer ancestors of Tess begin to be known as Darbyfield, and calling themselves such, we who find interest in pursuing such investigations recognize the change as a sign, a sort of public registration, of traits in the D'Urbervilles always existent probably, but secreted and ignored, or covered up by various graces. It is a sort of murder-will-out. We nod our heads at the demonstration, realizing that they were the kind of family, facile and pleasure-loving, who naturally would tend to slip back, not to be able to keep themselves "up." That pull soilward, bringing a name down into the popular places where outlines of consonants are blurred and vowels more carelessly sounded, is an ever-present danger to a family. In every generation there are the sons who carry the patronymic to frontier places, where one name is as good as another, and no one cares. In every family group there is the black-sheep cousin who drops out of sight, denaturing the family appellation to suit his own strange surroundings. Every so often, too, in this epic of changing fortunes, there arises the self-made strong man who lops off the distinctive details of the name, because he means to retrieve those fortunes, and must go stripped of all superfluities into the fray. We most naturally have many such in America as in all other new countries.

If your name should happen to be Rochambeau, it would doubtless, though ugly and unhistorical, be more convenient to be known, in an Anglo-Saxon commercial community, as Rockembaugh. Even so the Tagliaferros become Tollivers, and the mediæval St. Johns and St. Clairs, with their hagiological associations, turn into stenographic and unpicturesque Sinjohns and Sinclairs. Less noticed, on the other hand, than these familiar examples, but quite as significant, is the process of rehabilitation of names that takes place whenever people better themselves. A few Americans whose grandfathers were content to be Maginnis, McGowan, and Macomber are beginning, one observes, occasionally to be Mac Innes, and Mac Owen, and Mac Omber. And quite legitimate and very interesting is this return to the old Celtic usage. He should not be surprised to find well-to-do Rices, of Welsh descent, going back to Ap Rhys. In the first generation on the new soil the effort is to be one with the mass, not to stand out from the majority. Almost pathetically we see this in some of our immigrants. How many black-eyed little Mamies and Joes who but a year or two back toddled about Calabria or Sicily! That excellent upholsterer and odd-job man, Schlesinger, who repairs the minor decrepitudes of the household furniture, has moments of glumness unaccountable, until one discovers that one has not called him Slessinger, which is what he calls himself. And yet so good a workman and progressive is Schlesinger, that one foresees how peremptorily his grandchildren, with positions of their own, a little while hence will abjure the mongrel Slessinger, and revert to the authentic pronunciation that reveals their stock! The housekeeper is Mrs. Gensen. It would be gratuitous rudeness to point out to her that no English name, with self-respecting roots of its own, was ever anything like that. But by-and-by there may be coming Jäntzens; and possibly a discovery, some day, that they should really be von Jäntzens!

It all seems to point out that the instinct of separateness, so ineradicable in human nature at certain stages, is but a part of the equally ineradicable æsthetic feeling. Distinction and difference may be the beginnings of snobbishness. It appears to be among the same group of desires, however, that the love of variety is born, and notably the love of clarity. To pull some of the strands of your antecedents out of

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the ruck, so soon as you have leisure to think of such things, is to satisfy the love of clarity, at least. There may not be much to boast of in what is found, but you have mentally more elbow-room; there are clearings in the forest. Things which seemed difficult, inside yourself and out, are plain and quite easy, after all. It is something like a working knowledge of Greek in dealing with modern scientific nomenclature. How distracting to remember accurately just what those hard words stand for until you know the Greek, and then how absurdly clear the compounds. It reminds one of an aeronautical discussion recently overheard. Two enthusiasts were trying to locate the ailerons of a bi-plane. A third, a woman, remembering a little French, observed: "They must be those little planes. Ailerons means little wings."

And there you were.

DICKENS'S popularity is enduring, some one has said, because there is so much eating and drinking in his novels. Say, rather, because there are so many waiters. Find me a chapter in Dickens through whose pages there is no waiter slipping in and out; where Mr. Weller, Senior, fails to call for a double glass of the inwariable, and there is no such incident as this:

"'Here, waiter,' shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, 'glasses around—brandy and water, hot, and strong, and sweet, and plenty!'"

All the world loves a waiter—his fresh linen (so long as it *is* fresh); his flirtatious napkin; his good-natured encouragement of the appetite; his waddling motion, confined to the lower leg. Why is "You Never Can Tell" the pleasantest of Mr. Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" if it be not thanks to good "William"; an infinitely more lovable figure than his accomplished son, the barrister?

Dickens's Waiters

I speak not of your waiters who are not waiters—those who only ask briskly, "Beg pardon, sir, wish see bedroom?"—it is the waiter with something to eat and drink in each hand and a polite invitation to be merry, that I have in mind. At public dinners, even in Dickens, waiters are not themselves:

"Tureens of soup are emptied with awful rapidity—waiters take plates of turbot away, to get lobster sauce, and bring back plates of lobster sauce without turbot,"—and the whole rite is spoiled for us by the interference on the speaker's part that robs the waiter of his sacerdotal character. In "Pickwick Papers" two waiters play, with Weller, Junior, leading rôles in that famous Eatanswill contest of Slumkey *vs.* Fizkin: "pumpin' over the independent voters," as Mr. Weller expresses it to Mr. Pickwick, "at a shilling a head." But it is not for his activity in the political sphere that one most highly values the waiter; nor are we much attracted by that description of the White Horse Cellar, with its uncomfortable travellers' room, "divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers," and furnished with "a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter: which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment"; for here the waiter is "a man with a dirty complexion, and a towel of the same." This is but a poor apology for a noble species: such as we have at its best in one of the Christmas stories and in the "Copperfield." It is in these two places, and these, I think, alone, that the waiter emerges in Dickens a perfectly established personality: a character with its points of likeness to the type and its own fine individuality. First, it is in the tale, "Somebody's Luggage," where the waiter is the representative of a whole line of these great men; born of a family of waiters; owning five brothers that are all practitioners of the art of waiting; one whose only sister is a waitress, or as near to being a waiter as sex, that cruel barrier! will permit. It is the waiter himself who tells the story of "Somebody's Luggage"; which is, so far as I know, the waiter's one excursion into authorship. And lucky it is that the writing bee does not often sting these silent, favored observers of their kind; whose cloister is the dining-room and whose chapel the pantry; who see us alone and in company; at the beginning of the meal, and after burgundy has done its worst. What a story, what an epic, rather might not the waiter write for us, were it but worth his while!

Is that chapter in "Chuzzlewit" remembered wherein John Westlock entertains Tom Pinch in Garden Court, and Tom Pinch's sister Ruth, his sweetheart? There is a waiter in *that* chapter, too; a being who suddenly appeared in a white waistcoat, "carrying under his arm a napkin, and attended by another being with an oblong box upon his head, from which a banquet, piping hot, was taken out and set upon the table."

How Dickens sets one's mouth to watering

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at his banquets, even when they are spread in a lawyer's offices in Garden Court! He finds the way to a man's heart as clever women do; the road is sure and leads not through the ribs. Here is his menu on the present occasion:

"Salmon, lamb, peas, innocent young potatoes, a cool salad, sliced cucumbers, a tender duckling, and a tart—all there. They all came at the right time. Where they came from, didn't appear; but the oblong box was constantly coming and going, and making its arrival known to the man in the white waistcoat by bumping modestly against the outside of the door. . . . He was never surprised, this man; he never seemed to wonder at the extraordinary things that he found in the box; but took them out with a face expressive of a steady purpose and an impenetrable character, and put them on the table. He was a kind man; gentle in his manners, and much interested in what they ate and drank."

The very secret of his power—that impenetrability; that refusal to be astonished (who ever saw an astonished waiter, even for a ten-dollar tip?); that kindly interest in urging on our appetites and suggesting, somehow, that virtue, health, and hearty feeding are all inextricably bound up in one another—if they be not the very same thing, on last analysis. Does the waiter ever frown when we "make it twice"? Has he anything less than a pleasant "Yessir" for us when we order dinner for three—and eat it all ourselves, like Balzac? On the contrary, his mien on such occasions expresses growing respect, as for a record maker. He commends the oysters. He makes a plea for the early vegetables. He shakes his head at our notion of a casserole, and sings the praises of the guinea-hen. And yet—and yet Dickens in "Copperfield" suggests that the waiter's is not always a perfect altruism; suggests that he can, at times, turn to account the tenderness of youth. "Now, six-foot! come on!" he said very affably, this waiter; but there was guile in the invitation. Copperfield's own words best tell this tale of treachery:

"I thanked him, and took my seat at the board; but found it exceedingly difficult to handle my knife and fork with anything like dexterity, or to avoid splashing myself with gravy, while he was standing opposite, staring so very hard, and making me blush in the most dreadful manner every time I caught his eye".

We, too, have blushed to meet the waiter's eye—but that has been when we have given an exceptionally slim order, or have discovered that, if we are to pay the bill presented, we haven't currency enough to give a tip as well. But back to David:

"After watching me into the second chop, he said:

"'There's half a pint of ale for you. Will you have it now?'

"I thanked him and said 'Yes.' Upon which he poured it out of a jug into a large tumbler, and held it up against the light, and made it look beautiful.

"'My eye!' he said. 'It seems a good deal, don't it?' 'It does seem a good deal,' I answered with a smile. For it was quite delightful to me to find him so pleasant. He was a twinkling-eyed, pimple-faced man, with his hair standing upright all over his head; and as he stood with one arm a-kimbo, holding up the glass to the light with the other hand, he looked quite friendly.

"'There was a gentleman here yesterday,' he said—'a stout gentleman, by the name of Topsawyer—perhaps you know him?'

"'. . . No,' I said bashfully, 'I haven't the pleasure.'

"'He came in here,' said the waiter, looking at the light through the tumbler, 'ordered a glass of this ale—*would* order it—I told him not—drank it, and fell dead. It was too old for him. It oughtn't to be drawn, that's the fact.'"

What wonder if, after this, poor David called for water? The unfaithful servant got the ale in this case: "I don't think it will hurt me, if I throw my head back, and take it off quick. Shall I?" It was, decidedly, a mean advantage to take of a boy on his first travels unattended. If any adventure of the sort befell the boy Dickens, I wonder how he was ever able to make the waiters in his books such genial, decent individuals. It would bespeak in the novelist a largeness of mind and a generosity of nature almost superhuman. But perhaps other waiters, later in Copperfield's career, atoned the wrong he suffered when so young and innocent. And perhaps David Copperfield's waiter had had a bad bringing-up, to begin with; and an unfortunate heredity to combat. Certainly he is no fair specimen to judge the rest by—either in Dickens or in real life. I have found them a kindly and a sympathetic race; soft-spoken, useful, and far less garrulous than barbers.

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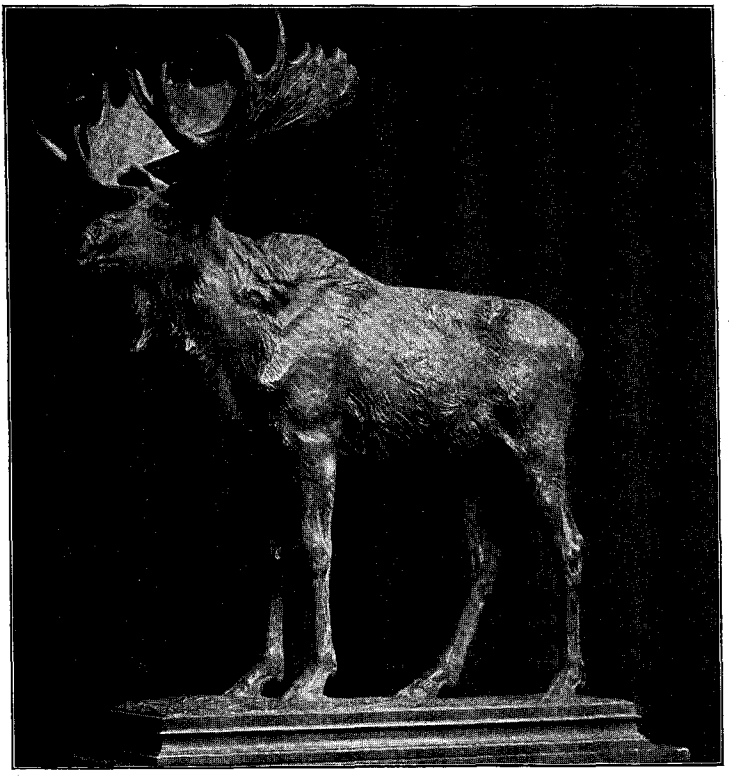
THE FIELD OF ART



Moose by A. Phimister Proctor.

SOME WILD BEASTS SCULPTURED BY A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

PROBABLY the most haunting piece of animal sculpture in the world is the ancient relief of "The Wounded Lioness" in the British Museum, and there are numerous other masterpieces which testify to the fascination exerted by the wild beast upon the artists of the historic past. Yet this and no other is emphatically the age of the animal sculptor, the one in which his true inspiration would seem to be positively in the air, energizing his art constantly and in the simplest, most natural fashion. Barye began it, of course, this modern establishment of the *animalier* upon the right principles, properly co-ordinated. He substituted truth for convention and, since he also possessed a genius for style, he worked a revolution in his field. But even without Barye the art which owes him so much would pretty certainly have travelled far from its old moorings, baffled by the large majestic spirit of classical antiquity, impatient of the naïvete of the mediæval stone-cutters who decorated the Gothic cathedrals with their grotesques, and quickened by a new ideal. That is the ideal of our latter-day scientific dispensation, which has transformed most of our notions and, in one subtle way or another, influenced the rest. The animal sculptor of our time reads with all the kindling sympathy in the world, but with a commentary of his own, that poignant poem of Blake's:

> Tiger! tiger! burning bright,
> In the forest of the night.
> What immortal hand or eye
> Could frame thy fearful symmetry!

A sculptor like Mr. Proctor will cheerfully admit that the poet shows him a mystery, but thereupon he goes off to see and touch and handle the tiger's secret, tracking the beast to its den, stripping the hide from its flesh, and, in short, anatomizing it to the last bone. And

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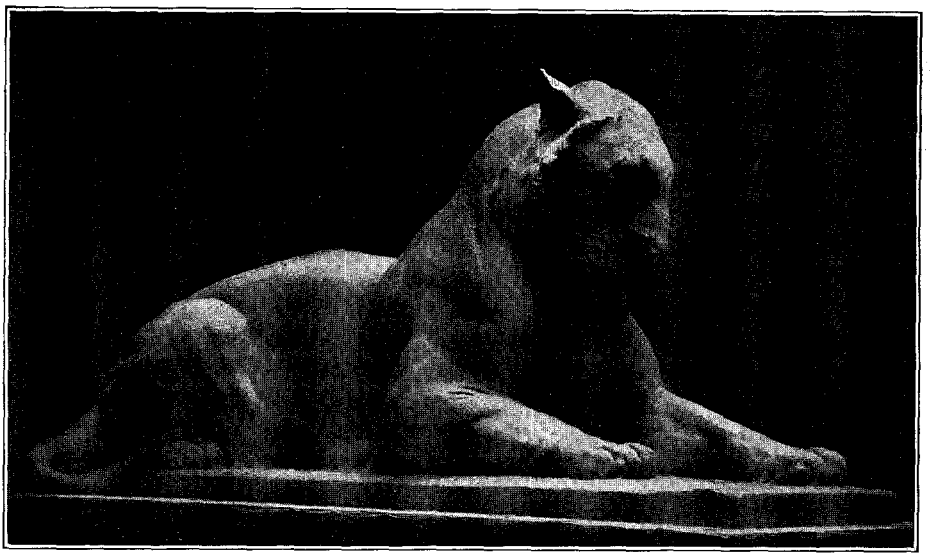

Tigers for the entrance of Nas-
Presented by the

all the time that he is doing this the sportsman, the zoologist, and the photographer are not only playing into his hands, enriching his knowledge, but so educating the public that outside his studio as well as within its walls he has to reckon with an ever more critical standard. Is it any wonder that the cast-iron stags which made proud the lawns of our grandfathers have become ludicrously impossible? Thirty-one years ago the class then graduated from Princeton University presented a couple of lions to their alma mater, placing them on pedestals flanking the entrance to Nassau Hall. It was a fine gift, but there is a parable which I need not elaborate in the fact that the same class has now commissioned Mr. Proctor to model a couple of tigers for the same pedestals.

I have seen the lions and have nothing to say about them save that they are harmless creatures. About the tigers, heroic bronzes nearly nine feet long and about three feet high, there is much to say. Even the plaster model in the sculptor's studio, observed with difficulty from a poor point of view, is eloquent of his intimacy with the secrets of structure and character underlying Blake's "fearful symmetry." Inquiring as to how he achieved it you make little of his having studied at the National Academy and the Art Students' League, and you pause for but a moment, as upon a secondary matter, to note that he strengthened his technique in Paris under Puech and Injalbert. The important thing to know is that when he was in his teens he was roughing it in the mountain forests of Colorado, hunting the grizzly. He has been doing that sort of thing ever since. He can show you the head of a mountain sheep, the largest yet brought down, which he secured with his own gun in British Columbia only last year, and in this present autumn he is travelling to Alberta to study the bison in their former native haunts. His practice is not unlike that of the landscape painter whose summer's sketches give him the material for a winter's work. Mr. Proctor is by turns the naturalist-hunter and the sculptor.

You would guess as much from these colossal tigers of his. They are true monumental statues, fitted to their place against an architectural background, and not only in their generalized masses but in the balancing of one pose with the other, the two animals are made justly to express the idea of entrance guards. Perfectly harmonized, they are nevertheless sufficiently varied to avoid the suggestion of having been cast in the same mould. In other words, it is the aim of the sculptor to give his statues character, to make each one a portrait. Though his tigers are recumbent and immobile with the placidity suiting their decorative purpose they are sentient bodies with a kind of grim vitality made manifest in their heavy yet lithe forms. It is in the simple realism with which they are blocked out that this appears, and, again, in the telling disposition of the limbs, the poise of the head, and those details which do not jump to the eye, but, on close examination, disclose research into structure and expressive modelling. They are the latest of Mr. Proctor's productions, and,

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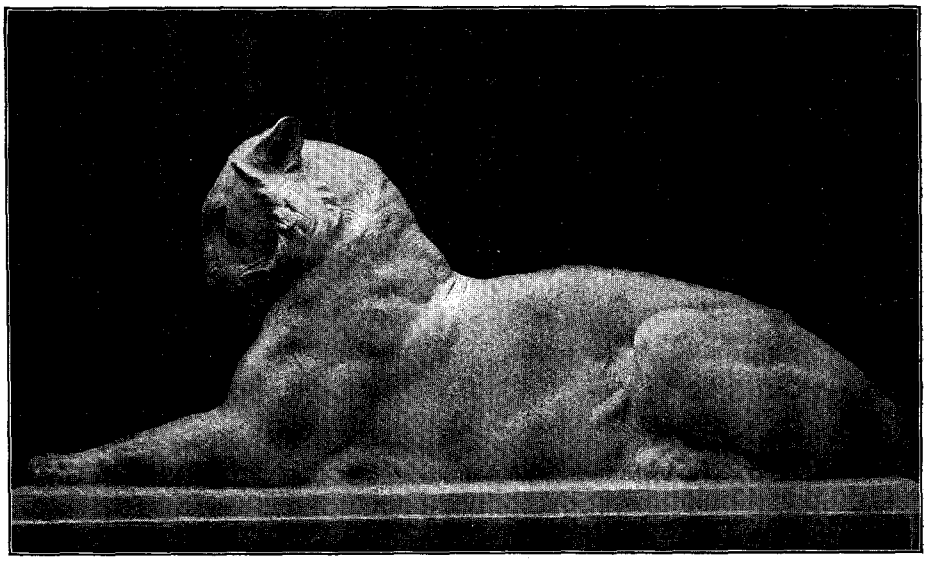

sau Hall, Princeton University.
Class of 1879.

for a certain breadth and dignity, richly imbued with life, I think they are the best. But their central virtue, that of wild beauty, ruggedly and truthfully handled, has been his for a long time.

If he owes it, in a measure, to his experience as a hunter he owes it also to an artless sincerity which has gained him a great deal and has, I think, cost him a little. To return to Barye for a moment, every student of his work will recall the lesson of composition which he teaches. The ingenuities of design which he would wreak upon a movable little bronze so that one might turn it about and about in the hand, always finding new felicities, were not forgotten by him when he labored on a larger scale. You can walk around one of his heroic statues and your interest in it will not falter. Always he saw his composition as a whole and always, too, as I have noted above, he had, at his finger-tips the charm of style. The result is that while he never violates the truths of nature in his art he invariably gives you a fresh and original impression, investing his portrait with the beauty of a work of creative art. Mr. Proctor does not stop abruptly at the portrait, but neither does he greatly heighten its effect in the manner just indicated. His composition is honest and adequate but without compelling individuality or that beautifully rounded constructive quality which makes Barye so beguiling. It is without surprises.

On the other hand, it is happily without the forced picturesqueness which some clever sculptors, lesser men than Barye, have thought it worth while to cultivate. I remember a Salon in which Frémiet exposed his celebrated statue of a gorilla clasping a nude woman in one arm while, with the other, he signified his readiness to defend his prey. The horror of the subject had, of course, nothing to do with the sculptor's technique, but the whole thing breathed a sensationalism which, in spite of much popular applause, was obviously inimical to the rectitude of plastic art. I mention the episode not to compare the technical resources of the two men but merely to illustrate a mood which Mr. Proctor could not develop if he tried. There lies the quality of his defect. He may not be a miracle-worker in composition, but neither is he a sensation-monger. He keeps to the safe level of the observed fact, studiously portrays his model, and leaves the latter to speak for itself. Though, as I have shown, the connoisseur of design, of harmonies of line and surface cunningly interwoven, may miss something, he comes back with contentment to work that is so candid, so full of homely force, so faithful to untutored nature. It has atmosphere, the image of a single beast uplifted on its pedestal in the middle of a gallery evoking a vision in which the quivering body seems bathed in forest light amid rocks and trees.

There was an exhibition of Mr. Proctor's work in New York, last year, which vividly showed how his studies of particular animals are enveloped in his feeling for the whole world out-of-doors. Water-colors and drawings were there, and they struck one not as pendants to the bronzes or in any way subsidiary to those

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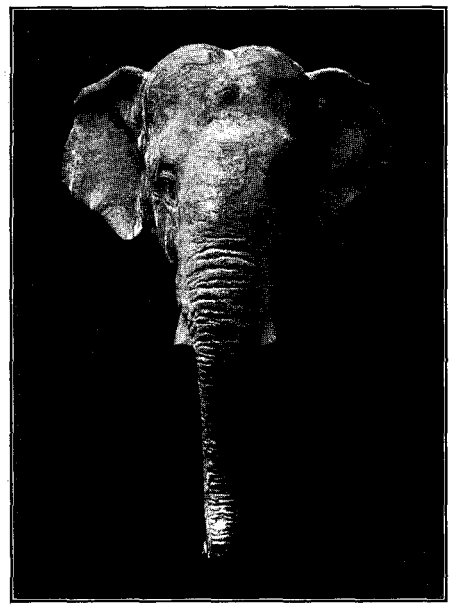
nominally more important things. In them there was the same gusto, the same sense of nature at large, of movement and color, of light and air. I make no reservations in implying that Mr. Proctor's bronzes convey this animated and fairly luminous impression. It is their best trait, the one making them worthy of the French master, that they are so intensely alive, so tingling with the terrible elasticity of the carnivoræ. This is notably true of his "Charging Panther," gripping the earth in its stride, determination in its cruel jowl, fury in its swinging tail, and, in its taut muscles, the clear proclamation of an irresistible leap. It does not require much effort of the imagination to see the long grasses parting before the brute's advance and, all around, you are aware of the hot sun and the smell of the woods. His animals are all like this. He gets their gait, the rippling of their skins, the tense direction of their ears, and the palpitation of their snuffing nostrils. Also he gets their grace and beauty, the charm that makes them worth while even to the beholder who has never slain anything more ferocious than a rabbit.



Head on the elephant house at the New York Zoological Park.

Are we not learning every year to seek a deeper delight in the study of wild beasts? The hunters who use the camera tell us in book and lecture something of their hardships but more of their joy in spectacles of sheer enchantment. Some queer streak in human nature still lures many a visitor into the monkey-house at the Zoo, but the beautiful animals, especially antelopes and the like, and the divers members of the cat family, are more and more appreciated. The Zoo is not, by any means, a place of amusement alone. Its strongest appeal is to the intelligence and to the taste. I have known an enthusiast to wax almost romantic in praise of the beauty to be found in the snake-house. To this finer conception of what the animal kingdom means, such sculptors as Mr. Proctor are forever ministering. They range far afield and set in the light of their art countless types, countless phases of the struggle for life that goes on in the forest. In one of his sculptures Mr. Proctor interprets the anger of a charging elephant, indicating the light movement of massy bulk; and in another he deftly realizes the fragile, shivering character of a young fawn. Turning his back for a moment on these wild themes, he models a commonplace domestic animal, a dog nuzzling a bone, and, by the way, produces in this bronze one of his cleverest, most sympathetic pieces.

In a great deal of this work he puts us peculiarly in his debt, performing for America much the same service that was rendered by the late Frederic Remington. His sculptures make so many records of the fauna of the West, precious souvenirs of an animal life that has been steadily going to the wall. It is good to have work like his in our museums. And, apropos of the statues by him which have passed into public galleries, I must refer to his activities as an architectural sculptor. At expositions held in Chicago, Buffalo, and St. Louis, he has contributed quantities of subjects including equestrian groups, and these ephemeral transactions have well served to foster a natural gift. They have paved the way for his gigantic lions at the base of the McKinley Monument in Buffalo, the heads on the elephant house at the Zoo in New York, and a number of other enduring works in decoration. They remind us how the sculptor of wild beasts has come to exercise functions now as frequently in demand as those of any type in the current development of art. True to his character as an exemplar of modern realism, Mr. Proctor keeps step in practical fashion with his contemporaries. He bears a helpful part in the movement which is not only filling our galleries with works of art, but is beautifying our parks and public buildings. Royal Cortissoz.

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Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE FIRST CARGO.

—"Through the Mists," page 655.

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